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EDITORS
JOHN W. CUNLIFFE
ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS.

Photogravure from a painting by John Faed.

Beginning at the left of the picture, the persons standing are:— Sylvester — Seldon — Beaumont — Raleigh and the Earl of Southampton. The seated figures, beginning on the left, represent:— Camden — the Earl of Dorset — Fletcher — Bacon — Ben Jonson — Daniel Donne — Shakespeare — Sir Robert Cotton and Dekker.

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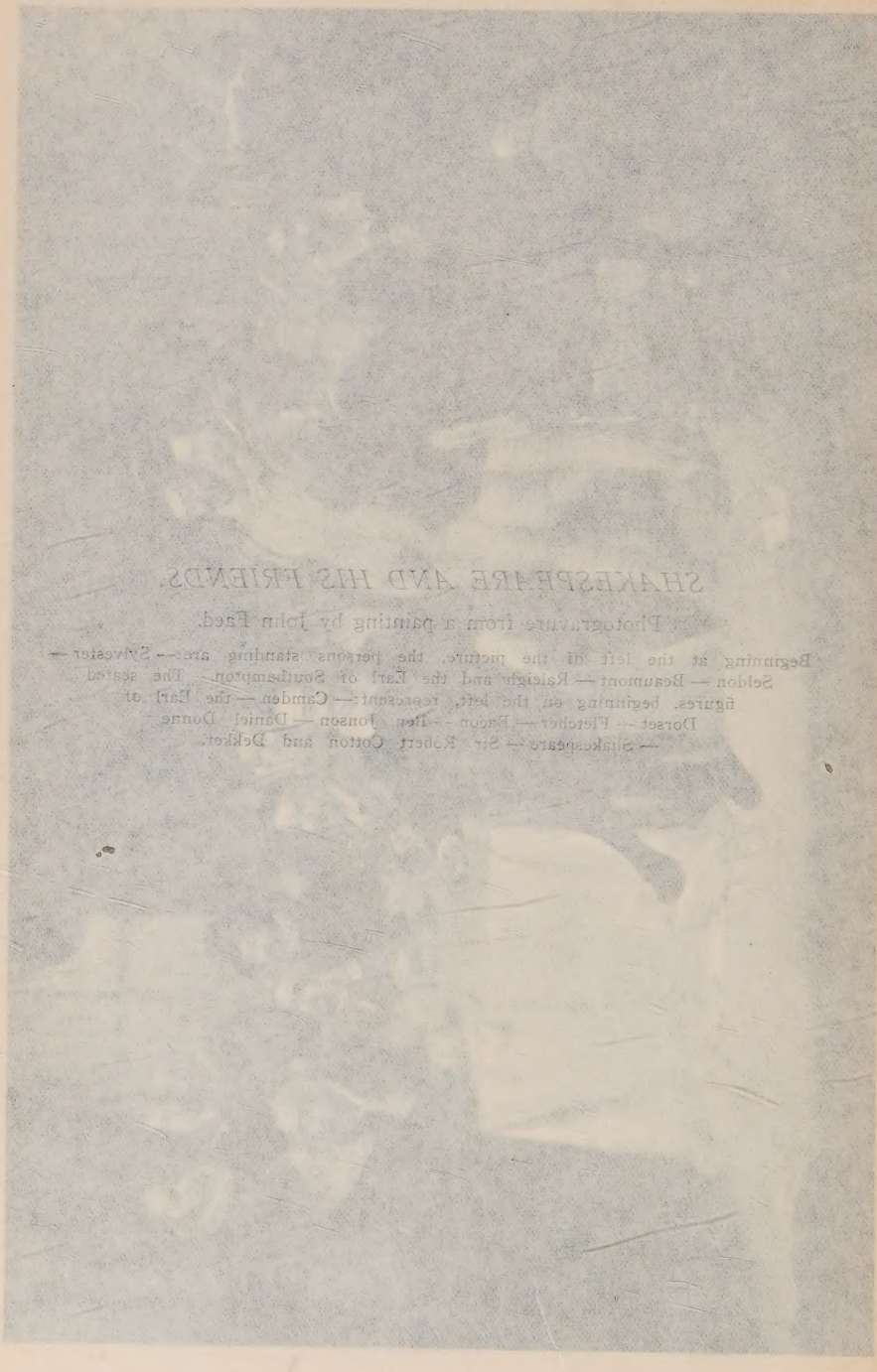

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FOUNDED BY

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

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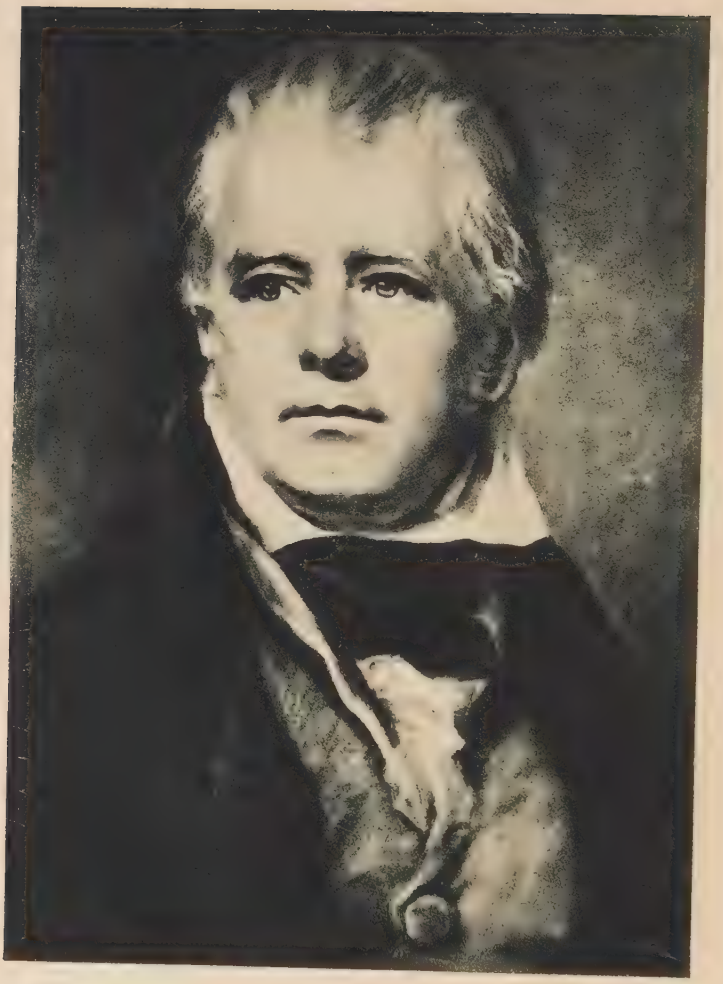

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Photogravure from an engraving by Walker, after a painting by Henry Raeburn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771–1832)

BY ANDREW LANG

OFTEN as it has been my fortune to write about Sir Walter Scott, I never sit down to do so without a sense of happiness and elation. It is as if one were meeting a dear friend, or at the least were to talk with other friends about him. This emotion is so strong, no doubt, because the name and memory and magic of Sir Walter are entwined with one's earliest recollections of poetry, and nature, and the rivers and hills of home. Yet the phrase of a lady, a stranger, in an unpublished letter to Scott, "You are such a friendly author," contains a truth not limited to Scott's fellow-countrymen and fellow-Borderers. To read him, to read all of him almost, to know his works familiarly, is to have a friend, and as it were, an invisible playmate of the mind. Goethe confessed this spell; it affected even Carlyle; all Europe knew its charm; Alexandre Dumas, the Scott of France, not only felt it but can himself inspire it,—the spell of a great, frank, wise, humorous, and loving nature, accompanied by a rich and sympathetic imagination, and equipped with opulence of knowledge. In modern England, few men have had wider influence than two who in many respects are all unlike Scott,—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ruskin; yet their writings are full of admiration for "the Magician who dwelleth in the castle on the Border." To-day, some very "modern" people of letters, in no way remarkable either for knowledge, fancy, or humor, affect to speak of Scott with disdain. The latest criticism which I chanced to read talked of his "romances of chivalry," as if they had no connection with actual "life." He wrote only about three prose "romances of chivalry." It is life itself that throbs in a score, perhaps a hundred, of his characters. Davie Deans, Jeanie Deans, Bessie Maclure, Nantie Ewart, Wandering Willie, Andrew Fairservice, Louis XI., James VI., Ratcliffe, Madge Wildfire, the Dugald Creature, Callum Beg, Diana Vernon, Dugald Dalgetty, the fishers of 'The Antiquary,' Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Claverhouse, Meg Dods,—these are but a few of Scott's immortally living characters. From kings to gillies, they all display life as it has been, and is, and will be lived. Remoteness and strangeness of time and place and society can never alter nature,

nor hide from minds not prejudiced and dwarfed by restricted faculties and slovenly sham education, the creative greatness of Scott.

His life has been told by the first biographer in British literature save Boswell. It has been my lot to read most of the manuscript materials used by Scott's son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart; and the perusal only increases one's esteem for his work. Lockhart's tact in selection was infallible. But his book is a long book; and parts of it which interest a Scot do not strongly appeal to the interest of an Englishman or an American not of Scottish descent. Nevertheless Lockhart's 'Biography' is in itself a delightful, if not indispensable, accompaniment of Sir Walter's works. No biographer had ever less to conceal: a study of the letters and other unpublished documents makes this certain. The one blot on Sir Walter's scutcheon — his dabbling in trade — was matter of public knowledge during his own lifetime. Occasional defects of temper, such as beset the noblest natures, Lockhart did not hide; for which he was foolishly blamed. Speaking from the most intimate knowledge now attainable, one may confidently say that Lockhart's Scott is the real man, "as known to his Maker."

There is no room here for even a sketch of a life already familiar in outline. Persons so unfortunate as "not to have time" to read Lockhart, will find all that is necessary in Mr. R. H. Hutton's sketch ('English Men of Letters' series), or in Mr. Saintsbury's 'Sir Walter Scott' ('Famous Scots' series). The poet and novelist was descended from the Border house of Harden: on the spindle side he had the blood of Campbells, Macdonalls, Haliburtons, and Rutherfords in his veins. All of these are families of extreme antiquity,— the Macdonalls having been almost regal in Galloway and Argyle. Scott's father (born 1729) was a Writer to the Signet, the Saunders Fairford of 'Redgauntlet.'

The poet and novelist was born on August 15th, 1771, and died in 1832. The details of his infancy, his lameness, his genius in childhood, his studious and adventurous boyhood, his incomplete education (like St. Augustine he would not learn Greek), his adoption of the profession of advocate, may be found in every 'Life.' "The first to begin a row and the last to end it," Scott knew intimately all ranks of society before he had published a line. Duchesses, gipsies, thieves, Highlanders, Lowlanders, students, judges, attorneys' clerks, actors, gamekeepers, farmers, tramps,— he was at home with all of them, while he had read everything in literature that most people do not know. It was his fortune to be a poet while England yet had two kings: George III. *de facto*, Charles III. and Henry IX. *de jure*. Hopeless as the Jacobite cause now was, the sentiment lingered; and Scott knew intimately the man who sent the Fiery Cross through Appin in

1745.—Invernahyle. A portrait of Prince Charles was one of his earliest purchases. He had seen Burns, who wrote the last 'Birthday Ode' for a royal Stuart. Yet his youth was contemporary with the French Revolution, which only made him more of a Tory. His infancy dwelt with sad excitement on our disasters in the American War of Independence. Thus he lived in the Medea's-caldron of history, with a head and heart full of the knowledge and love of the past,—in poetry, ballad, legend, charter, custom. From all this rich experience of men and women, of the European "Twilight of the Gods," of clashing societies and politics, of war and literature, came the peculiar and original ply of his genius.

This was ripened probably by a love affair which ended when he was twenty-five (1796); ended as far as hope was concerned, otherwise it closed only with his earthly life, if then. If aught of man's personality persists after death, then what has so deeply colored and become one with the self as a love like Scott's, never dies. You find its traces in his novels, and poems, and Journal: it even peeps out in his review of Miss Austen's novels. From living tradition—on the authority of a lady who, having seen her once, loved her to her own death in extreme age—we are able to say that Scott's lost love was "an angel rather than a woman."

To please her he began to aim at success in letters, starting with a translation of Bürger's romantic ballad, 'Lenore.' But it was in vain. Scott bore his loss like a man. The result was not elegiac poetry, but, as Mr. Saintsbury justly remarks, the conquest of "the violence of Scott's most irritable and ungovernable mind," so described by an early and intimate friend.

To understand Scott, all this must be kept in memory. People complain of his want of "passion." Of passion in its purest and strongest phase no man had known more. But if his passion was potent, more potent was his character. He does not deal in embraces, and such descriptions of physical charms and raptures as fill the lines of Burns and Carew, and Paulus Silentiarius. "I may not, must not sing of love," says his minstrel; but whoever has read 'Rob Roy,' and lost his heart to Diana Vernon, ought to understand. "The rest, they may live and learn." Scott, in Carlyle's phrase, "consumed his own smoke"; which Carlyle never did.

Next year (1797) Scott married the lady—Miss Carpenter or Charpentier—to whom he was the fondest and most faithful of husbands. Hogg calls her "a perfect beauty"; small, dark, and *piquante*, and "a sweet, kind, affectionate creature." Mrs. Scott had humor and high spirits, as one or two of her letters show; she made no kind of literary pretensions; and a certain fretfulness in her latest years may be attributed to the effects of a lingering and fatal illness. Scott and she were very happy together.

The details of his professional career at the bar may be omitted. He was an unsuccessful pleader, but got the remunerative office of «sheriff of the forest» of Ettrick. He roamed in Galloway, Liddesdale, and the Highlands; he met «Monk» Lewis, and began some ballads for a collection of his. Already, in 'The Eve of St. John,' we see the qualities of Scott — and the defects. In 1802 appeared his 'Border Minstrelsy,' printed at Kelm by his school friend, James Ballantyne. This was the beginning of a fatal connection. Scott became secretly a printer and publisher. Though he owns, and justly, to «a thread of the attorney» in his nature, he had neither the leisure nor the balance for a man of business. He became entangled in the system of fictitious credit; he never shook off its meshes; and when a commercial crash came in 1825–26, he was financially ruined. The poet in him had been acquiring treasures of things old, books and curios; he had built for these Abbotsford, an expensive villa on a bad site, but near Tweed; he had purchased land, at exorbitant rates, mainly for antiquarian and poetical reasons of association, partly from the old Scottish territorial sentiment; he had kept open house, and given money with royal munificence; a portion of his gains was fairy gold, mere paper. So Sir Walter was ruined; and he killed himself, and broke his brain, in the effort to pay his creditors. He succeeded, but did not live to see his success. That, in the briefest form, and omitting his politics (which were chivalrous), is the story of a long life, strenuous almost beyond literary example, and happy as men may look for happiness. Of his sons and daughters only one left offspring, — Sophia, wife of John Gibson Lockhart. Of their children, again, only one, the wife of Mr. Hope, later Hope-Scott, left issue, — Mr. Maxwell Scott, from whom descend a flourishing family.

Of Scott's poems it must be said that he is, first of all and above all, a teller of tales in rhyme. Since Spenser, perhaps, no one had been able to interest the world in a rhymed romaunt. Byron, following Scott, outdid him for the hour in popularity; our own age has seen Tennyson's Idylls and Mr. William Morris. Thus rare is success in the ancient art of romance in verse. The *genre* is scarcely compatible (except in Homer's hands) with deep reflection, or with highly finished language. At Alexandria, in the third century before our era, poets and critics were already disputing as to whether long narrative poems were any longer possible; and on the whole they preferred, like Lord Tennyson, brief «idylls» on epic themes.

Sir Walter, of course, chose not epic but romance; he follows the mediæval romanticists in verse, adding popular ballad qualities after the example, in method and versification, of Coleridge's 'Christabel.' The result was a new form; often imitated, but never successfully. How welcome it was to an age wearied with the convention of the Popeian heroic couplet, in incompetent hands, need not be said. In

our age Scott's narrative verse mainly appeals (as he said himself that he appealed) to young people. Older lovers of poetry want subtler style and deeper thought.

> «Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
> Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale,»

said the poet. He judged himself, on the negative side, with perfect accuracy. Nobody knew his own defects better. «Our father says that nothing is so bad for young people as reading bad poetry,» says his daughter; and he did not wish his children to read his 'Lays' and 'Ladys.' Yet he knew by an amiable inconsistency that his appeal was to young people.

In responding to that appeal, the present writer is, and hopes to remain, young. The nine-and-twenty knights of fame who stabled their steeds in Branxholme Hall charm him as much as they did when his years were six. The Ride of William of Deloraine remains the best of riding ballads. The Goblin Page abideth terrible and grotesque. And it is so with the rest. We cannot force our tastes on others. If any man's blood is not stirred by the last stand of the spears of Scotland at Flodden, when

> «The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell,»

in that man's blood there can be very little iron. It is not that one would always be reading poetry of war. But war too has its poetry, and here it is chanted as never before nor since. Scott's «scenery» now wearies many readers; but in the early century it was novel; and was usually seen at the speed of The Chase, or of the hurrying of the Fiery Cross, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' How often, looking at the ruined shells of feudal castles of the west,—Ardtornish, Dunstaffnage, and the others,—one has thought of his verse on these fortresses,—

> «Each on its own dark cape reclined,
> And listening to its own wild wind.»

The task of reviving Celtic romance was left to a Lowland Scot, with very little of Celtic blood in his veins. In 'Rokeby' my own taste prefers the lyrics, as «Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,» and «A weary lot is thine, fair maid,» and «When the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray.» The 'Lord of the Isles' is comparatively confused and feeble.

Apart from — and I think, above — Scott's success in rhymed narrative, his lyrics hold their place. I heard lately of a very "modern" lady, who, for a collection of exquisite lyrics, could find nothing in Scott worth gathering and binding. This it is to be cultivated beyond one's intellect! Mr. Palgrave, in 'The Golden Treasury,' and Mr. Swinburne, have not been of the fair critic's opinion. I have myself edited a collection of all Scott's lyrics. They vary much in merit: but for the essence of all romance, and pitiful contrast of youth and pride and death, 'Proud Maisie' is noted; for fire, speed. and loyalty, 'A Health to King Charles,' 'Bonnie Dundee,' 'Young Lochinvar,' Flora MacIvor's Clan Roll-Call; for restrained melancholy, 'The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill'; for all qualities of the old ballad. 'The Red Harlaw.' The great objections to Scott's narrative poems are, in a hurried age, their length and their diffuseness. In his lyrics he has all his good qualities without the defects. Among defects one would not include want of meditativeness, of the "subjective," of the magically selected word, because these great merits are not included in his aim. About himself, his passions and emotions (the material of most lyrics and elegiacs), he was not going to speak.

Of Scott's novels it is nearly as impossible to write here, in space so brief, as of Shakespeare's plays. Let us take first their defects, to which the author himself pleads guilty. The shortest way to an understanding of Scott's self-criticism is the reading of his Introductions to 'The Abbot' and 'Nigel.' He admits his deficiency in plot and construction, — things of *charpentage*, within the reach of ordinary talent, but often oddly disregarded by genius; witness Shakespeare and Molière. Scott's conclusions, he owns, are "huddled up"; he probably borrowed the word from his friend, Lady Louisa Stuart. "Yet I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my work to scale, dividing it into volumes and chapters, and endeavored to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity, and which finally should terminate in a striking catastrophe." But he could not do it. He met Dugald Dalgetty, or Baillie Jarvie, who led him away from his purpose. If he resisted temptation, he "wrote painfully to himself, and under a consciousness of flagging which made him flag still more. . . . In short, sir, on such occasions I think I am bewitched." So he followed his genius, which was not architectonic. He contented himself with writing "with sense and spirit a few unlabored and loosely put together scenes, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse."

As for his style, he tells Lockhart that he "never learned grammar." His manner is often not only incorrect, but trailingly diffuse; he was apt to pack a crowd of details and explanations, about which

he did not care, into a sentence which began anywhere and died out anyhow. This was arrant carelessness. But it was usually accompanied by simplicity and spontaneity; if it does not charm us by cadence, it never irritates us by self-consciousness and futile research. Such are Scott's palpable defects: and he had of course the "old-fashionedness" of his generation,—not a graceful or magnificent sort of old fashion. For his heroes, and many of his heroines, he entertained a complete contempt,—especially for Waverley. They are only ordinary young people: brave, strong, not clever, honorable, a good deal puzzled by the historical crises in which they find themselves. They are often neither Whig nor Tory, neither Covenanter nor Cavalier, with any energy. The story moves on round them; the characters come and go,—they are not the real interest. Rose Bradwardine is a good, affectionate, ignorant, confiding, pretty girl; perfectly true to nature, but no Rosalind nor Beatrice. Di Vernon, and Catherine Seton, and Rebecca—especially Miss Vernon—are among the few heroines whom we can remember and adore. Then it must be conceded that Scott does not deal in moral or social "problems." His characters, not unlike most of us, know what is the right thing to do, and do it or leave it alone. Ivanhoe vastly preferred Rebecca to Rowena. An author might give us chapters on his moral and psychological difficulties, and they might be excellent chapters. But Ivanhoe merely conquers his passion practically; and as to the secret of his heart, only a word is dropped. Scott never lingers over interminable tragedies of the emotions. Most of us can supply what is lacking for ourselves in that respect.

It will be seen that Scott's novels have the obvious blemishes of which many readers are most intolerant, and lack the qualities ("passion," and "subtlety," and "style") of which people literary do now most delight to be talking. We can love Scott with Goethe, Dumas, Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin,—or we can carp at him with Mr. George Moore. It is a matter of taste, which is in great part a matter of character, training, association, and education. But we who admire, and take lifelong pleasure in, Sir Walter, "have great allies,"—the greatest of critical names; we need not fear to speak with the adversary in the gate. We admit the absence of some excellent qualities: we admit the presence of diffuseness, and of what, to exclusive readers of recent novels, is tediousness. Moreover, if like Huckleberry Finn you have "no use for dead people," and hate history, of course you cannot be pleased with any historical novels. Gentle King Jamie, Queen Mary, Richard of the Lion Heart, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Cavaliers and Covenanters, knights and archers, speak a language which you cannot understand, about matters which do not concern you, thrall as you are to your little day of ideas and vogue.

But Sir Walter, "for a' that," has qualities which delighted all Europe, and which still delight people who love the past, and love humor, adventure, the spectacle of life. These people are not few; for they must be the purchasers of the endless new editions, cheap or dear, of the Waverley Novels. Sir Walter can tell a story, and he can create men and women — not to mention horses and dogs — of endless varieties, and in every rank. Moreover he can create *places:* Tully Veolan and many others are, as Mr. Saintsbury says, "our own — our own to pass freely through until the end of time."

Scott is old now: in his time, as poet and as romancer, he was absolutely new. The poems did not proceed obviously, and by way of manifest gradual evolution, from anything familiar to most men. The old French rhymed romances, Barbour's 'Bruce,' the ancient ballads, and 'Christabel,' all went to their begetting; but in themselves they were *new.* New also was the historical novel, based on vast knowledge, and informed with such life as Shakespeare poured into 'Henry IV.' or 'Julius Cæsar.' Scott created the *genre:* without him there had been no 'Esmond,' no 'Master of Ballantrae,' no 'Mousquetaires.' Alexandre Dumas, as historical novelist, is the greatest of Scott's works.

There is here no space for detailed criticism of the novels. A man might do worse than read 'Waverley,' the earliest, and then 'Redgauntlet,' the most autobiographical, in succession. Here is the romance of the fallen dynasty, of the kings landless, whose tomb the dying Scott visited in Rome. Had I to choose my private favorite, it would be 'Old Mortality'; which might be followed (as 'Waverley' by 'Redgauntlet') by the decline of the Cameronians in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' For chivalry 'Ivanhoe' is pre-eminent; with 'Quentin Durward' for adventure and construction. And after these a man cannot go wrong; though 'Count Robert of Paris,' 'Peveril,' 'Castle Dangerous,' and (in Scott's opinion) 'Anne of Geierstein,' are saddening, and "smack of the apoplexy." 'The Pirate' and 'The Monastery' are certainly not novels to begin with, nor is 'St. Ronan's Well.'

Of his historical works, 'The Tales of a Grandfather' can never be superseded; the 'Napoleon,' though readable, is superseded, and was ungrateful taskwork. The essays are a great treasure of enjoyment; the 'Swift' is an excellent and wise biography. The 'Journal' is the picture of the man,—so much greater, better, kinder, and more friendly than even the author. "Be a good man, my dear," was his last word to Lockhart: it is the unobtrusive moral of all that he wrote and was.

A Lang

CHEAPENING FISH; AND THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE

From 'The Antiquary'

MR. OLDBUCK led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers; whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapors of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your Honor?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck: "caller haddocks and whitings, a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle."

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Antiquary: "do you think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms akimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day — sic a sea as it's yet outby — and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying — it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair: I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately; and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Deil gin their boat were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonnie fish! Od, that's ane indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit, — I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for though you're near enough, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip. I'll gie ye them" (in a softened tone) "for three-and-saxpence."

"Eighteenpence, or nothing!"

"Eighteenpence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll no be for the fish then?"—then louder, as she saw him moving off—"I'll gie ye them—and—and—and a half a dozen o' partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

"Half a crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"Aweel, your Honor maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay—it's easy for your Honor and the like o' you gentlefolks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat, and dry claes, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart,—whilk is warst ava,—wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's-ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning after his exertions last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in 't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny: she'll rin faster;—but I'll ca' on Miss Grizzy for the dram mysell, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it,—which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee,—the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, "ere my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skinflint; though they sometimes

wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But come: wend we on our way to Knockwinnock." . . .

Leaving Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back parlor of the postmaster's house at Fairport; where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters; in order, from the outside of the epistles,—and if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also,—to amuse themselves with gleaning information or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbors. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting—or impeding—Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Eh, preserve us, sirs!" said the butcher's wife, "there's ten—eleven—twall letters to Tennant & Co. Thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side,—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets: "the lieutenant's been awa three weeks."

"Just ane on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Was 't a ship letter?" asked the Fornerina.

"In troth was 't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed: "I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Od, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. "A ship letter—postmark, Sunderland." All rushed to seize it. "Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering: "I hae had eneugh o' that wark,—ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport: "ye ken yoursell, madam, it just cam open o' free will

in my hand. What could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares; "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken onybody wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass,—the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na, I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the postmistress; "but I wad aye be obliging and neighborly, and I'm no again' your looking at the outside of a letter neither: see, the seal has an anchor on 't,—he's done 't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and the chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in 'Macbeth' upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman: she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's frae him, sure eneugh," said the butcher's lady: "I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required; "haud it lower down. Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursell?"

"Whist, whist, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsetter: "there's somebody in the shop;"—then aloud, "Look to the customers, Baby!" Baby answered from without in a shrill tone, "It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken,—we havena had time to sort the mail letters yet; she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment,

and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs. Heukbane: "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake: "to cast up to her that her father's a barber and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersell! Hout! fy for shame!"

"Hout tout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang: it's a line out o' ane o' his sailors' sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae," said the charitable Dame Heukbane; "but it disna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office, thae love-letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour — maist o' them sealed wi' wafers, and no wi' wax. There will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Ay; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats-of-arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Heukbane: "pride will hae a fa'; he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth,—he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs Shortcake: "he's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son the captain, I'm thinking,—the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire. "Twa letters for Monkbarns; — they're frae some o' his learned friends now: see sae close as they're written, down to the very seal,— and a' to save sending a double letter; that's just like Monkbarns himsell. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale; but

he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and such-like sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body, the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbane; "he'll make as muckle about buying a forequarter o' lamb in August as about a back sey o' beef. Let's taste another drop of the sinning" (perhaps she meant *cinnamon*) "waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear. Ah, lasses! an ye had kend his brother as I did: mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk tryst; weel, weel—we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake: "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man; we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week,—only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks*, whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn,—I haena seen the like o' this: For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see!—That's him that the hale town kens naething about—and a weel-fa'ard lad he is: let's see, let's see!" Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of Mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter: "haud awa—bide aff, I tell you; this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it; the postage is five-and-twenty shillings—and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, bide aff: this maunna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter,—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their

sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"'Od, lass," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing doubtless that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this; for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstanes o' Fairport,—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about,—Baby, bring ben the tea-water; muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake,—and we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame; and then we'll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon tell'd me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns;—he's in a high fever wi' pu'ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' sea."

"Silly auld doited carles!" said Mrs. Shortcake: "what gar'd them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs. Heukbane,—"Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, ye ken; and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish-pound, for Monkbarns had threepit on them ta gang in till 't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense!" answered the postmistress: "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxon tell'd it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr. Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns—"

"But, Mrs. Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express?—there's our powny and our callant hae gane express for the office or now, and the powny hasna gane abune thirty mile the day; Jock was sorting him up as I came ower by."

"Why, Mrs. Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsell: we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws,—it's a red half-guinea to him every time he munts his mear; and I daresay he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express gaes aff," said Mrs. Heukbane; "and where are ye then, lass? But ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane," answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humor, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbor-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order — ou, nae doubt, it maun be obeyed. But I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye: I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka ane o' us, ye ken."

"Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our powny reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress gravely: "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'; for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock,— our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at; but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service. Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of town, and by the crack of his whip, and the whoop and halloo of his too well known voice, compelled it to take the road toward Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening; which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent were the rumors to which their communication and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested; others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon; another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal

adieu. It was generally rumored that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion; and this report was only doubted by the wise because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop,—a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy.

THE COVENANTER

From 'Old Mortality'

«My native land, good-night!»
—Lord Byron.

The Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice, since the union of the crowns, vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient, dark, Gothic room adjoining to the house of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst the members at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, general," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a craven to confess, a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, general?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a Whig into the bargain?" said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a Whig; as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my lord duke," said one of the Privy Councilors.

"Ay, ay," returned the duke, laughing: "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog. But come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and

remain in foreign parts until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion; and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply; conscious that in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair,—for his weakness prevented him from standing,—beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed with a deep groan. "A fallen star! —a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge: ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you. Call in the other fellow, who has some common-sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough upon reflection to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave—yes or no? You know you were there."

"It is no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's Honor," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there — yes or no?" said the duke impatiently.

"Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft! Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I canna deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better"

"Better than what?"

"Just then rebellion, as your Honor ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the Church, and pray for the King?"

"Blithely, stir," answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; "and drink his health into the bargain when the ale's gude."

"Egad!" said the duke, "this is a hearty cock. What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, stir," replied the prisoner, "and a daft auld jade of a mither, wi' reference to your Grace's Honor."

"Why, God 'a' mercy, my friend," replied the duke, "take care of bad advice another time: I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair."

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was in like manner demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not: I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in his cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? — I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar: "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbriar in the same dauntless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. Come, laddie, speak while the play is good: you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale; and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner,— a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose; but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbriar, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears or send forth

cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the Rock of Ages."

"Do your duty," said the duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine

"Let him choose for himself," said the duke: "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the best: I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, inclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot or case; and then, placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse, in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible: "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages; and judging from their mute signs, gave on his part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely; and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer; and although unarmed and himself

in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councilors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the surgeon; "he has fainted, my lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "he will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him: we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive: and when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council, and all and sundry his movable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam* with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he announced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the lord president of the Council: but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it; and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly:—

"My lords, I thank you for the only favor I looked for, or would accept, at your hands; namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your

cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained. And why should I not? Ye send me to a happy exchange,—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of frail dust and ashes. Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and in a word, from earth to heaven! If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!"

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

THE MEETING OF JEANIE AND EFFIE DEANS

From 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'

"Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue."
—'Measure for Measure.'

Jeanie Deans was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, whether she remembered him?

A half-pronounced timid "No" was her answer.

"What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?" said he with the same sneer. "Your memory needs redding up, my jo."

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanors he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation, he had shown himself, in a certain

degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie; who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshaled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture; but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony; till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams

of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; "ye are very ill."

"Oh, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply; "what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I am his bairn nae langer now— Oh, I hae nae friend left in the warld —Oh that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt: "dinna be sae dooms doon-hearted as a' that,—there's mony a tod hunted that's na killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel: ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, and ye wad busk up your cockernony a bit; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence.

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word—sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. Oh, see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' Scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner: "isna my crown, my honor, removed? And what am I but a poor, wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell."

"Oh, if ye had spoken ae word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest,—for life is dear even to those who feel it is a burden: "wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kend what he was saying weel eneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it?—I conjure you to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now? Was it—was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words; "was it him, Jeanie, indeed? Oh, I see it was him: poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane,—and him in sic danger on his ain part,—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling toward the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, "O Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him!" answered Effie; "if I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trew ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na! ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend;—and O Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye onything about it?" said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny,—better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him, "d'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has taen 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavoring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness— Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken onything of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the furthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson; and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you; but come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye onything that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "Oh, if ye kend how long it is since I heard his name mentioned!—if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!"

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow," "Poor George," which escaped in whispers and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be man-sworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughten years auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflection seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn. Murder! —I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily: "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I didna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith!—Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stude wi' him as it stands wi' you—" Here she paused and was silent.

"Oh, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offense when it's a sin willfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions,—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on onybody."

A ROYAL RIVAL

From 'Kenilworth'

Have you not seen the partridge quake,
Viewing the hawk approaching nigh?
She cuddles close beneath the brake,
Afraid to sit, afraid to fly.
—PRIOR.

IT CHANCED upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase was the princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side; and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the earl's arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance—gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by—did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting-suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's silvan dress, which was of a pale-blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was therefore well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY'S

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Reduced facsimile of manuscript of part of fourth chapter of

KENILWORTH.

Upper half of page. In the British Museum.

TRANSCRIPTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

Yes such a thing as thou wouldst make of me, might just be suspected of manhood enough to squire a proud dame-citizen to the lecture at Saint Antolin's, and quarrel in her cause with any flat-cap'd thread-maker that would take the wall of her. He must rufle it in another sort that would walk to court in a nobleman's train." "Oh, content you, sir," replied Foster, "There is a change since you knew the English and there are those who can hold their way through the boldest courses, and the most secret, and yet never a swaggering word or an oath or a profane word in their conversation." "That is to say," replied Lambourne, "they are in a trading copartnery, do the devil's business without mentioning his name in the firm? — Well, I will do my best to counterfeit rather than lose ground in this new world, since thou sayest it is so precise. But, Anthony, what is the name of this nobleman, in whose service I am to turn hypocrite?" "Aha! Master Michael, are you there with your bears?" said Foster, with a grim smile; "and is this the knowledge you pretend of my concernments? — How know you now there is such a Person in rerum natura, and that I have not been putting a jape upon you all this time?" "Thou put a jape on me, thou sodden-brained gull?" answered Lambourne, nothing daunted; "why, dark and muddy as thou think'st thyself, I would engage in a day's space to see as clear through thee and thy concernments, as thou call'st them, as through the filthy horn of an old stable lanthorn."— At this moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream from the next apartment.—"By the holy cross of Abingdon," said Anthony Foster, forgetting his protestantism in his alarm, "I am a ruined man!" So saying, he rushed into the apartment whence the scream issued, followed by Michael Lambourne. But to account for the sounds, which interrupted their conversation, it is necessary to recede a little way in our narrative. N. L.— It has been already observed, that when Lambourne followed Foster into the Library, they left Tressilian alone in the ancient parlour. His dark eye followed them forth of the apartment with a glance of contempt, a part of which his mind instantly transferred to himself for having stooped to be even for a moment their familiar companion. "These are the associates, Amy"— it was thus he communed with himself,— "to which thy cruel levity — thine unthinking and most unmerited falsehood has condemned him, of whom his friends once hoped far other things and who now. . . .

courtier - yes such a thing as there wouldn't make of me might just be suspected of manhood enough to squire a proud dame - citizen to the lecture at Saint Antoines and quarrel in her cause with any flat cap'd thread maker that would take the wall of her. He must suffer it in another sort that would walk to court in a nobleman's train." - O certain you sir "replied Foster" there is a change since you know the English and there are those who can hold their way through the boldest courses and the most secret and yet never a swaggering word or an oath or a profane word in their conversation" - "That is to say" replied Lambourne "they do the duty business without mentioning his name in the form - well I will do my best to counterfeit rather than lose ground in this new world since then says it is so precise. But the long what is the name of this nobleman in whose service I am to turn hypocrite?" - "Aha Master Michael are you there with your bears said Foster with a grim smile" and is this the knowledge you pretend of my concernments - How know you now there is such a person in rerum natura and that I have not been putting a jape upon you all this time" "There put a jape on me there sodden - brained gull - answered Lambourne nothing daunted why dark and muddy as there thinkest myself I would engage in days space to see as clear through thee and thy concernments as thou callest them as through the fetthy horn of an old stable lanthorn" - At this moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream from the next apartment. "By the holy Cross of Abingdon" said Anthony Foster forgetting his prosecutorism in his alarm "I am a mind man" So saying he rushed into the apartment whence the sound issued followed by Michael Lambourne. But to account for the sounds which interrupted their conversation it is necessary to recede a little way in our narrative. N.L. It has been already observed that when Lambourne followed Foster into the library they left Trissilian alone in the ancient parlour. His dark eye followed them forth of the apartment with a glance of contempt which his mind instantly transferred to himself for having stooped to be even for a moment their familiar companion. There are the associates thing "it was thus he communed with himself to which thy cruel levity thine unthinking and most unmerited falsehood has condemned him of whom his friends are hope of fair other things and who now

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master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles as well as shepherd swains will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view: or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that hath crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman, the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain — had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious

ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents, —"no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign— No, Leicester, urge it no more— Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How—leave you, madam!" said Leicester. "Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence; and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself, "Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—But no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion; but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria; and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition

known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form that approached her,—and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian nymph,—such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage; and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness: "How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom

men term Fear? We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said: "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel: what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician; nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore —" stammered forth the unfortunate countess — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney — Sir Richard Varney — the servant of Lord Leicester! What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to —"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. — Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her

very inmost soul,—"thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth: "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches: Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father,—thy look confesses it; cheated Master Tressilian,—thy blush avouches it; and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with—"No, madam, no: as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman! I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her,—"tell me, woman,—for by God's day, I WILL know,—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy: thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen,—Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth in utter astonishment —"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated with kindling anger.—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of

the grotto and along the principal alley of the pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward: and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around.—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and

sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride, to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers: to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man? — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England: attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, — for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient — God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me: thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs and her own danger in her apprehensions for him; and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless — no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency and of self-interest: "oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandon her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney — born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius — rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon! or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her; and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new

scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle — to deal with her as the worst of criminals — "But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing what will destroy the little judgment I have left, — the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the Queen, moved by a new impulse: "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury, — he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the Queen. — "My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no. — You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues: our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest. — Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost unconsciously; his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye. She had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed: "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of St. Asaph, — "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, — hath a

broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Deans," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as she spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And by my word,—I hope there is no sin in that affirmation,—I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more — so at least it seemed to Elizabeth — with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles; — thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal."

"She is then distraught?" said the Queen; — "indeed we doubted not of it, — her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe-keeping?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of

her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity: your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started; but making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney: we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you — such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple — you may make it up, without further scandal to our court or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort; but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, that "he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded, the hounds bayed, the horses pranced; but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were

summoned, with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil.* There was doubt and fear and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Varium et mutabile,*" answered Raleigh in a similar tone.

"Nay, I know naught of your Latin," said Blount; "but I thank God Tressilian took not the sea during that hurricane. He could scarce have missed shipwreck, knowing as he does so little how to trim his sails to a court gale."

"Thou wouldst have instructed him?" said Raleigh.

"Why, I have profited by my time as well as thou, Sir Walter," replied honest Blount. "I am knight as well as thou, and of the earlier creation."

"Now, God further thy wit," said Raleigh; "but for Tressilian, I would I knew what were the matter with him. He told me this morning he would not leave his chamber for the space of twelve hours or thereby, being bound by a promise. This lady's madness, when he shall learn it, will not, I fear, cure his infirmity. The moon is at the fullest, and men's brains are working like yeast. But hark! they sound to mount. Let us to horse, Blount: we young knights must deserve our spurs."

THE TOURNAMENT

From 'Ivanhoe'

THE lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England, and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich; while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe or border around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and at the same time setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries,—it being a

high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession; and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances; to the extremities of which were in many cases attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little: —

> The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.*

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins; the place that once knew them knows them no more: nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What then would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

* These lines are part of an unpublished poem by Coleridge.

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds and compelling them to move slowly, while at the same time they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights, as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood; and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies — were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent, — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor

of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions; and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated,—to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet upon the whole the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge,—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry; who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*,—that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games

of chivalry; although with the arms of his Saxon ancestors he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric in a marked tone: "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark; for Wamba thrust in his word, observing "it was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment: but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights: fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the

banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had with a single spear overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaler's shield: he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists; and to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption; but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse,—an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars; qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors,

each made a demivolte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet,—a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged; but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine; and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers; and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly; but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim; and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist by a herald the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth; and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

THE HERMIT—FRIAR TUCK

From 'Ivanhoe'

THE anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience—spare thy strength, good traveler, and I will presently undo the door; though it may be my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit—a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes—stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link; and in the other a baton of crab-tree, so thick and heavy it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveler as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight who stood without, the hermit—altering probably his original intentions—repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut; making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honor to our Lady or St. Dustan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture,—"the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defense against any risk of thieves; not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your Holiness: first, where I am to put my horse? secondly, what I can have for supper? thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger: it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there; and—" reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighboring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added—"your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders; and leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterward shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace,—which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase,—set example to his

guest by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease; a miserable grist, as it seemed, for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armor; and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustaches darker than his hair,—and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvelously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water were blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the king of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayest call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy; but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray thee for the name of my honorable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed perhaps as thou hast been to the license of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities: and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food,— which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage" (pointing to the provisions upon the table), "and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There

was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile too had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest; who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk; for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty, on which his guest was making dangerous inroads,—a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet I think were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking-cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drink hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the King and law; and were I to spoil my liege's game I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon — as I pattered my prayers — I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practiced such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit,—"respecting thy valor much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliah, at which I am not a match for thee. But if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp and other matters of very uncanonical appearance were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and

I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan,—which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and naught pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."

RICHARD AND SALADIN

From 'The Talisman'

THE two heroic monarchs—for such they both were—threw themselves at once from horseback; and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the Soldan fixed upon him; and the Soldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard,—with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed!"

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre — even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found.—A most flourishing house of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them."

"Hush, De Vaux," said Richard, "I command thee.— Noble Saladin," he said, "suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground. Seest thou," pointing to the litters,— "I too have brought some champions with me, though armed perhaps in breach of agreement; for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

The Soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking toward Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

"Nay," said Richard, "they will not fear a closer encounter, brother: wilt thou not ride toward their litters? — and the curtains will be presently withdrawn."

"That may Allah prohibit!" said Saladin, "since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered."

"Thou shalt see them, then, in private, brother," answered Richard.

"To what purpose?" answered Saladin, mournfully. "Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me? — But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses; the officers of my household will attend your followers; and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (*capa*), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore; and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen,— a broad, straight blade, the seemingly

unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter: this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English, "For the Blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned: give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around: "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English: "it will be long ere your long jackanapes fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard: "by our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning; be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan indeed presently said, "Something I would fain attempt — though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying,

he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King: "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibar of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar; a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was on the contrary of a dull-blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim; then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent effort that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat,—"there is gramarye in this."

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him; for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent,—equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow; and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength. Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech: I have much to thank him for, and had brought some small present."

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban for a Tartar cap. He had no sooner done so, than De Vaux opened at once his extended mouth and his large round eyes, and Richard gazed with scarce less astonishment, while the Soldan spoke in a grave and altered voice: "The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered he knoweth not even his face when he looks upon him."

"A miracle! a miracle!" exclaimed Richard.

"Of Mahound's working, doubtless," said Thomas de Vaux.

"That I should lose my learned Hakim," said Richard, "merely by absence of his cap and robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"Such is oft the fashion of the world," answered the Soldan: "the tattered robe makes not always the dervish."

"And it was through thy intercession," said Richard, "that yonder Knight of the Leopard was saved from death, and by thy artifice that he revisited my camp in disguise!"

"Even so," replied Saladin: "I was physician enough to know that unless the wounds of his bleeding honor were stanched, the days of his life must be few. His disguise was more easily penetrated than I had expected from the success of my own."

"An accident," said King Richard (probably alluding to the circumstance of his applying his lips to the wound of the supposed Nubian), "let me first know that his skin was artificially discolored; and that hint once taken, detection became easy, for his form and person are not to be forgotten. I confidently expect that he will do battle on the morrow."

"He is full in preparation and high in hope," said the Soldan. "I have furnished him with weapons and horse, thinking nobly of him from what I have seen under various disguises."

"Knows he now," said Richard, "to whom he lies under obligation?"

"He doth," replied the Saracen; "I was obliged to confess my person when I unfolded my purpose."

"And confessed he aught to you?" said the King of England.

"Nothing explicit," replied the Soldan; "but from much that passed between us, I conceive his love is too highly placed to be happy in its issue."

"And thou knowest that his daring and insolent passion crossed thine own wishes?" said Richard.

"I might guess so much," said Saladin; "but his passion had existed ere my wishes had been formed — and, I must now add, is likely to survive them. I cannot, in honor, revenge me for my disappointment on him who had no hand in it. Or if this high-born dame loved him better than myself, who can say that she did not justice to a knight of her own religion, who is full of nobleness?"

"Yet of too mean lineage to mix with the blood of Plantagenet," said Richard haughtily.

"Such may be your maxims in Frangistan," replied the Soldan. "Our poets of the Eastern countries say that a valiant camel-driver is worthy to kiss the lip of a fair Queen, when a cowardly prince is not worthy to salute the hem of her garment. But with your permission, noble brother, I must take leave of thee for the present, to receive the Duke of Austria and yonder Nazarene knight,— much less worthy of hospitality, but who must yet be suitably entreated, not for their sakes, but for mine own honor; — for what saith the sage Lokman? 'Say not that the food is lost unto thee which is given to the stranger; for if his body be strengthened and fattened therewithal, not less is thine own worship and good name cherished and augmented.'"

The Saracen monarch departed from King Richard's tent; and having indicated to him, rather with signs than with speech, where the pavilion of the Queen and her attendants was pitched, he went to receive the Marquis of Montserrat and his attendants, for whom, with less good-will but with equal splendor, the magnificent Soldan had provided accommodations. The most ample refreshments, both in the Oriental and after the European fashion, were spread before the royal and princely guests of Saladin, each in their own separate pavilion; and so attentive was the Soldan to the habits and taste of his visitors, that Grecian slaves were stationed to present them with the goblet, which is the abomination of the sect of Mohammed. Ere Richard had finished his meal, the ancient Omrah, who had brought the Soldan's letter to the Christian camp, entered with a plan of the ceremonial to be observed on the succeeding day of the combat. Richard, who knew the taste of his old acquaintance, invited him to pledge him in a flagon of wine of Schiraz: but Abdallah gave him to understand, with a rueful aspect, that self-denial, in the present circumstances, was a matter in which his life was concerned: for that Saladin, tolerant in many respects,

both observed, and enforced by high penalties, the laws of the Prophet.

"Nay, then," said Richard, "if he loves not wine, that lightener of the human heart, his conversion is not to be hoped for, and the prediction of the mad priest of Engaddi goes like chaff down the wind."

THE LAST MINSTREL

Prelude to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry:
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye,—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter,—rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;—
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain,—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.

And then he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head:
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

LOCHINVAR

From 'Marmion'

OH, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west:
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none:
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
«O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?»—

«I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.»

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
«Now tread we a measure!» said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, «'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.»

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
«She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,» quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

ELLEN DOUGLAS'S BOWER

The Retreat of the Douglas

From 'The Lady of the Lake'

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device,
Of such materials as around
The workman's hands had readiest found.
Lopped off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and the Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.

An instant in this porch she staid,
And gayly to the stranger said:—
«On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!»

«My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.»
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed;
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade.

Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;—
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deerskins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised;—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length;
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
«I never knew but one,» he said,
«Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field.»
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:—
«You see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart:
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.»

The mistress of the mansion came:
Mature of age, a graceful dame,
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,

That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names:—
«The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James:
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here.»

Fain would the knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away:—
«Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast:
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmèd rhymes we sing.»
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony bêtween.

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armor's clang, nor war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came:—

SONG CONTINUED

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
  While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
  Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
  Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
  How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun;
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

The hall was cleared; the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday:
And doubt distracts him at the view,—
Oh, were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love:
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high,
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,

The grisly visage, stern and hoar.
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wafted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:—
«Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race!
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more: by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.»
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold;
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose:
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

THE DISCLOSURE

From the 'Lady of the Lake'

THAT early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose:
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high
It held the copse in rivalry.

But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

«Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,» the Saxon said,
«I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war:
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied.»—
«Yet why a second venture try?»—
«A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day:
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.»

«Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?»—
«No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;

Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said:—
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holyrood!
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—

"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain.—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael:
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,—
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,—
And well the mountain might reply:—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James:—"And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—

"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—

'I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek (good faith) a Highland maid,'—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury."—

"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!"—

"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How sayest thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave.—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick marked; and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood;—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low:
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

SONG: JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this willfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale:
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair:
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'—
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

HIGHLAND SONG: PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,—
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting-gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW

HEAR what Highland Nora said:—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke:
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae:
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly:
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,—
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

THE BALLAD OF 'THE RED HARLAW'

In 'The Antiquary'

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging-sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrup stood,
That Highland host to see.
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame.
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl!"—

«Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

«If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

«My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.»

* * * * * *

He turned him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

SONG: BRIGNALL BANKS

From 'Rokeby'

Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily:—
«Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.»—

«If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.»—

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood."—
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."—
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay:
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."—
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And oh! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die:
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,—
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Chorus:—Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street:
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,—
The gude town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee." [*Chorus.*

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee! [*Chorus.*

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market* was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged:
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:—
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee." [*Chorus.*

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;

*The place of public execution.

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,—
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!" [*Chorus.*

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on;
Till on Ravelston's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lea,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG

From 'Waverley'

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded,—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last!
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! the exiled, the dear!
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

AUGUSTIN EUGENE SCRIBE

(1791–1861)

AFTER the spirited comedy of Beaumarchais came a lull in dramatic production in France. The public yawned over long dull plays, or applauded mediocre work for its cheap reflection of popular sentiment. Then Eugène Scribe came to the rescue, having gradually found out what the public taste craved. He had learned this through perhaps a dozen failures, when his shrewd instinct guided him to seize upon vaudeville, and dignify it to the rank of laugh-provoking comedy. His plot, as ingeniously contrived as a Chinese puzzle, was a frame upon which he hung clever dialogue, catchy songs, puns, popular allusions, and manifold witticisms.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE

His first successful vaudeville, 'Une Nuit du Garde National,' in one act, written in collaboration with Poirson, another young author, was played at the Gymnase in 1816, and was the beginning of Scribe's astonishing popularity.

For about forty years he was the master playwright of France. He grew more and more cunning in estimating his audience, flattering their foibles, and reflecting contemporary interests. He was strictly unmoral, and offered no problems. His light frothy humor required no mental effort; he diverted without fatiguing. So Paris loved Scribe, paid him a fortune, made him a great social as well as literary light, and in 1836 admitted him to the Academy. From his father, a prosperous silk merchant in Paris, where he himself was born in 1791, he inherited decided business talent. Perhaps no author has ever received fuller measure of pecuniary success.

Wonderful tales are told of his intuitive comprehension of dramatic possibilities. One day 'La Chanoinesse,' a dull five-act tragedy, was read to him. Before the end had been reached, his mind had the plot transformed into a witty one-act burlesque. He was less inventive than skillful at adaptation, so he often borrowed ideas from more fertile and less executive brains. For these, Scribe, always the

honorable business man, gave due credit. So it is said that many a poverty-stricken writer was surprised to be claimed as collaborator by the great M. Scribe, and to receive generous payment for ideas which in their changed form he could hardly recognize as his own.

After 1840 Scribe partially deserted the clever buffoonery of his vaudeville, and attempted serious five-act dramas. Of these, two of the best — 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' and 'La Bataille des Dames' (The Ladies' Battle) — were written with Legouvé; and in translation are familiar to American playgoers.

Scribe turned his hand to most kinds of composition. He wrote several volumes of charming tales. He was especially skillful in the composition of librettos for the operas of Verdi, Auber, Meyerbeer, and other composers. He was remarkably prolific, and about four hundred pieces are included in the published list of his works; from which, however, many waifs and strays of his talent are omitted.

Although most of his plays, once so cordially liked, are now obsolete, Scribe has a lasting claim to remembrance in that his mastery of stage technique guided greater dramatists than himself to more effective expression. Perhaps no one ever lived with a stronger sense of scenic requirements. His plays could not drag. Although often superficial in his effort to sketch lightly contemporary life, and in his preoccupation with every-day general human interests, Scribe anticipated the drama of realism.

MERLIN'S PET FAIRY

One night, Merlin, sad and dreamy, was gazing over the immensity of heaven. He thought he heard a light sound below him. A frightful tempest was upheaving the ocean. The waves, piled mountain high, scattered salt water to the skies. Merlin went higher to avoid a wetting; and by the light of the stars he saw, like an imperceptible point on the summit of the waves, a vessel about to sink. There was service to render, suffering to relieve. Merlin forgot his dreams and darted forth, but too late. Pitiless fate anticipated him; and the ship, dashed against the cliffs, was flying in a thousand pieces.

All the passengers had perished except one woman, who was still struggling. She held a little daughter in her arms whom she tried to save.

"Protecting angels," she cried, "save her! watch over her!"

When her strength deserted her she disappeared, just as Merlin descended from the clouds and touched the surface of the

water. He heard the poor mother's last words, caught up her child, and bore it back to the skies.

He warmed the little creature's chilled limbs in his hands. Was she still breathing? In doubt, he recalled her to life or gave her a new one by means of his magic power, with a ray of dawn and a drop of dew. Then Merlin gazed at the poor child with delighted eyes

"You shall be a fairy," he said to her. "You shall be my pet fairy. The misfortune and death which presided over your birth can never thenceforth touch you."

The baby opened her eyes and smiled at him, and Merlin carried his treasure to his crystal and flowery palace in the clouds.

The young fairy was charming, and Merlin wished to endow her with all gifts, all talents, all virtues. He gave her the heart which loves and is loved; the mind which pleases and amuses others, and the grace which always charms.

He gave her his own power (without making her his equal, however), with only one condition: that she should love him, and prefer him to all the sylphs and heavenly spirits, however beautiful, who shone in Ginnistan. Mighty Alaciel, the supreme genie presiding over this empire, loved the enchanter Merlin, and consented to all his desires. All that he asked for the young fairy was granted and immutably ratified by destiny.

Never had Merlin been more happy than while pretty Vivian was growing up under his eyes. That was the name he had given her, the name which was to make her immortal; for never has love been more celebrated than that of the enchanter Merlin for the fairy Vivian. All legends tell of it, all chronicles attest it, and traces of it are still preserved on the walls of old monuments.

Merlin had no other delight than in Vivian; and she knew no joy apart from her benefactor. Although still very young, the wit and intelligence with which she was endowed soon taught her to appreciate his worth and all that she owed to him. Full of gratitude for his goodness and admiration for his talents, she listened to his lessons with an avidity and pleasure which flattered the scholar's self-love; while, gracious and attentive, her cares for him delighted the old man's heart.

So she could not be separated from him, but accompanied him in all his journeys and investigations, and shared all his

labors, which were pleasures for her. She loved to soar through space with him, admiring far off the stars, whose revolutions and movements in heaven he explained to her; then redescending toward earth, both invisible, they would hover over castles and cottages, inspiring noble lords with kind thoughts for their vassals, and bearing hope and consolation to the vassals. In sleep they showed the poor mother her absent son; to the young girl her lover; to all they sent golden dreams which later were realized. Do you see that pilgrim worn out with heat and fatigue sleeping under an elm on the wayside? He wakes consumed with hunger and burning thirst, and sees over his head a bough loaded with superb pears. O surprise! Where did this tree which he had not noticed before, come from? Or rather, what changed the sterile young elm into a fruit-tree during his sleep? It was Vivian!

And that young girl, how unhappy she is! Sitting on the bank of a stream, she weeps and mourns! She had a gold cross, her only ornament, her riches! Taking it off to clean it or look at it, she has let it fall to the bottom of the deep water. Lost! lost forever! And just then she feels around her neck a wet ribbon, which an invisible hand has replaced; and at the end of the ribbon shines the gold cross, which she thought never to see again. The little fairy has plunged under the waves and brought it back.

Another time a poor tenant, torn from his family, is being dragged to prison because he owes a pitiless master ten crowns rent, which he has not been able to pay! And suddenly his sobbing wife, who accompanies him, finds in her apron pocket twenty bright gold crowns which she does not remember ever putting there! Who slipped them there? Vivian's little hand! Oh, kind pleasant fairy, delighting in the good she does—and Merlin still happier at seeing her do it!

Months and years succeeded each other. Fairies grow quickly. Their beauty need not fear to ripen, as it is to endure always! Nothing more charming than Vivian ever shone in Ginnistan. Her pretty blonde hair, her blue eyes reflecting the sky, her dainty figure, light and airy, her quick smile, set her above other fairies.

As to character, hers was charming and impossible to define. She was both reasonable and frivolous, equally serious over feasts and toilets, good works and pretty dresses; knowing a great

deal, and as amusing as if she knew nothing. Coquettish in mind but not in heart, gracious and good, laughing and mischievous, above all kind and beloved by every one,—such was Vivian. With a word or a smile she triumphed over all resistance, overturned all obstacles; and when her pretty little hand caressed Merlin's white beard, the great enchanter could refuse her nothing. Far more, he exercised all his art to discover her tastes and anticipate her wishes! To him science had no longer any end but that of creating pleasures for Vivian.

Thus, anticipating by magic the genius of future ages, he devised wonders for her which we think we have discovered since then, but which we have only refound. Our new inventions are only copies, more or less able, of all Merlin's secrets. Among them were prodigies compared with which those of steam are only child's play,—the art of traversing air and directing one's course at will on a cloud or winged dragon, and a thousand other sorceries which we do not know yet.

Not content with creating palaces and aerial gardens for Vivian, to please her he descended to the least details. Our prettiest—I mean oddest—fashions, our most coquettish jewels, our most precious fabrics, were then invented for her. Her crystal palace was lighted by a thousand magical fires, which since we have learned to call gas or electric light.

Within this palace he had raised a fairy temple, which many centuries later we thought to invent under the name of Opera! In rooms enriched with gold and velvet, Vivian and the court of Ginnistan gave themselves to noble pleasures. Dancing and music exerted all their allurements. There were delicious songs still unknown to earth, which later Merlin revealed to Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, unless indeed these stole them for themselves from heaven.

Thus Merlin watched over the amusements of his young fairy, and still more over the happiness of her every minute; for he had taught her never to be idle. Under her skillful fingers the brush or the needle created little masterpieces, so perfect and elegant that they gave rise to the expression "to work like the fairies"!

And note that before Vivian, fairies did nothing. Their only diversion was to busy themselves with love affairs or intrigues on earth. Their home was most monotonous, and they did not know what to do with themselves in heaven. There, as in all

courts of any rank, the receptions and companies almost killed one with their dullness. Drawn up in a circle on feast days, the fairies gazed upon each other in fixed beauty, which they did not have even the fear of losing or seeing change.

As to the sylphs and genii who stood behind them, they too yawned in their immortality. Judge then how they appreciated the presentation to court of a witty, amiable, vivacious fairy. She turned all heads, and drew all attention. They knew the distractions of love; and the genii thought it would be delightful to rob the old enchanter of the charming young girl he was guarding.

One morning in Merlin's absence, Vivian found a satiny little note on her dressing-table, containing a declaration of love, signed Zelindor. Zelindor was the handsomest and most foppish of all the genii. In manner and bearing, in his least actions, he concerned himself with only one thing,— to know if he was admired; and his eyes, which were superb, seemed to have been given him only to see whether or not he was being noticed.

That evening Vivian found in her work-basket a dozen other little satiny papers.

As soon as Merlin returned, she carried him the whole collection. The indignant enchanter wanted to rage.

"Read them first," she said.

He read, and then tremblingly asked what she thought of all these demonstrations of affection.

"I think," she answered, "that they are very badly written."

"They say nothing to your heart?"

"Nothing."

Merlin wore two rings on his left hand. One was an emerald: when he took it off his finger and held it to his mouth, he ceased to be invisible, and appeared under his true form to mortal eyes. The other, more useful and more to be feared, was of a single ruby. With this ring he could read hearts, and see what every one was thinking.

He seized this ring, regarded it attentively, and was soon convinced that Vivian had spoken the truth.

"Yes! yes!" he cried. "You are indifferent to Zelindor and all the other sylphs, and prefer me."

"Ah! that's unkind!" cried Vivian interrupting him, "very unkind!"

"To convince myself of your friendship?"

"No! But to surprise the secrets that I want to have the pleasure of telling you."

"Ah! you are charming!" cried Merlin, transported with joy. "So you love me, then?"

"Aren't you my friend, my benefactor, my father, to whom I owe everything?"

"Yes,—it is true," said the enchanter, only half satisfied: "and I love you too, Vivian, ardently, passionately; and that is the way I want you to love me."

"I don't understand," said Vivian. "I prefer you to all whom I see or hear,—to all who are about us."

"Yes," said Merlin to himself, "that is just what I once asked from Alaciel, and which he has granted. But," he said, speaking out loud without meaning to do so, "I made a great mistake in not asking more."

"And what more do you want?" she asked with an affectionate smile.

"When you are with me, does your heart beat more quickly?"

"No," answered Vivian in a pure, candid voice.

"And yet you love me a little?"

"Better than all the world."

"And you consent, dear child, to be mine?"

"Yes."

Merlin kissed the fresh rosy cheek of the young fairy, and trembling with emotion, let himself fall into a chair, gazing after Vivian as she bounded away and disappeared behind the clumps of lilacs.

THE PRICE OF LIFE

JOSEPH, opening the parlor door, came to tell us the post-chaise was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves in my arms.

"It is not too late," they said. "Give up this journey. Stay with us."

"Mother, I am a gentleman; I am twenty years old; I must have a name in the country. I must make my way, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone, what will become of me, Bernard?"

"You will be happy and proud to hear of your son's success."

"And if you are killed in some battle?"

"What matters it? What is life? Does a man think of that? When a man is twenty and a gentleman, he thinks only of glory. In a few years, mother, I'll come back a colonel, or marshal, or else with a fine office at Versailles."

"Ah well! what will come of it if you do?"

"I shall be respected and thought much of."

"What then?"

"Then every one will salute me."

"And then?"

"Then I will wed my cousin Henrietta, and settle my young sisters in marriage, and we will all live with you, tranquil and happy in my Bretagne domain."

"And why can't you begin to-day? Didn't your father leave us the finest fortune in the country? Is there a richer domain for ten leagues around, or a finer castle than Roche-Bernard? Do not your vassals respect you? As you go through the village, does any one fail to take off his hat? Don't leave us, my son! Stay with your friends, your sisters, and your old mother who may not be here when you come back. Don't squander in vain-glory, or shorten by all kinds of cares and torments, the days that roll so fast anyway. Life is so sweet, my boy, and the sun of Bretagne so glorious!"

While speaking, she pointed through the windows at the pretty paths of my park, the old chestnut-trees in blossom, the lilacs and honeysuckles which perfumed the air. In the ante-chamber the gardener and all his family had gathered sad and silent, seeming to express — "Don't go, young master, don't go." Hortense, my elder sister, pressed me in her arms; and Amélie, my little sister, who was looking at the pictures in a volume of La Fontaine, offered me the book.

"Read, read, brother," she said weeping.

It was the fable of the two pigeons! I rose brusquely; I pushed them all away.

"I am twenty, and a gentleman: I must have honor and fame. Let me go."

And I hurried into the court. I was stepping into the post-chaise when a woman appeared on the steps. It was Henrietta. She did not weep, she did not utter a word; but, pale and trembling, she could scarcely support herself. With the white

handkerchief in her hand she waved me a last good-by, then fell unconscious. I rushed to her, lifted her, pressed her in my arms, swore to love her always; and as she came to herself, leaving her to the care of my mother and sisters, I ran to my carriage without stopping or turning my head. If I had looked at Henrietta I could not have gone.

A few minutes later the post-chaise was rolling along the thoroughfare. For a long time I thought of nothing but my sisters, my mother, and Henrietta, and all the happiness I was leaving behind me. But as the towers of Roche-Bernard gradually vanished, these ideas faded; and soon dreams of glory and ambition took possession of my mind. What projects, what castles in Spain, what fine actions, I created for myself in my post-chaise! Riches, honors, dignities, all kinds of success,—I denied myself nothing; I merited and received everything; finally, rising in rank as I proceeded, I became duke, peer, provincial governor, and marshal of France, before reaching my inn in the evening! My servant's voice, modestly calling me "Monsieur," forced me to return to myself and abdicate.

The following days the same dreams, the same intoxication, —for my journey was a long one. I was going to the neighborhood of Sedan, to the Duke of C——; an old friend of my father, and patron of my family. He was to take me to Paris, where he was expected at the end of the month; present me at Versailles, and obtain for me through his influence a company of dragoons.

I reached Sedan in the evening, and as it was late I postponed calling upon my patron until the morrow; and went to lodge at the Arms of France,—the finest hotel in the city, and the usual rendezvous for officers. For Sedan is a garrisoned town. The streets have a warlike aspect, and the citizens themselves a martial bearing, which seems to tell strangers, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne."

While chatting at the supper table I inquired the way to the Duke of C——'s castle, which was about three leagues from the town.

"Any one will tell you," they said. "It is well known about here. It is there that a great warrior, a celebrated man,—Marshal Fabert,—died."

And the conversation turned to Marshal Fabert, as was quite natural among young soldiers. They talked of his battles, his

exploits, his modesty,—which made him refuse letters of nobility and the collar of his order offered him by Louis XIV. They spoke especially of the remarkable good fortune which had made the simple soldier—the son of a printer—a marshal of France. At that time he was the sole example of such advancement, which even during his life had seemed so extraordinary that the vulgar had not hesitated to assign it to supernatural causes. They said that from childhood he had busied himself with magic and sorcery; that he had made a compact with the devil.

And our landlord, who added the credulity of the Breton to the stupidity of a peasant of Champagne, assured us with great coolness that in the castle where Fabert had died, a black man whom no one knew had been seen to go into his room, and had then disappeared, bearing with him the marshal's soul, which belonged to him from an earlier purchase. He said that even yet, in May, the time of Fabert's death, the black man appeared at evening carrying a little light.

This story enlivened our dessert, and we drank a bottle of champagne to Fabert's familiar demon, inviting him to take us also under his protection, and to make us gain a few battles like Colhoures and La Marféc.

The next day I rose early, and made my way to the castle of the Duke of C——; an immense Gothic manor which at another time I might not have noticed especially, but which, remembering the account of the evening before, I now regarded with curiosity and emotion.

The valet to whom I addressed myself answered that he did not know whether his master was at home, or if he could receive me. I gave him my name, and he left me alone in a kind of armory, hung with paraphernalia of the chase and family portraits.

I waited for some time, and no one came. So the career of glory and honor I had dreamed began in the antechamber, I said to myself; and grew discontented and impatient. I had counted the family portraits and the beams of the ceiling two or three times, when I heard a slight sound. A door not quite closed had been blown ajar. I looked in, and saw a very pretty room, lighted by a glass door and by two great windows which looked upon a magnificent park. I took a few steps in this room, and then stopped at a sight I had not yet noticed. A man with his back toward me was lying on a sofa. He rose, and without noticing

me, rushed to the window. Tears furrowed his cheeks. Profound despair seemed printed on all his features. He stood motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then he began to stride up and down. Now he saw me and trembled. I, pained and abashed at my own indiscretion, wanted to withdraw, murmuring words of excuse.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said in a strong voice, holding my arm.

"I am Sir Bernard of Roche-Bernard; and I have just arrived from Bretagne."

"I know, I know," he said, and threw himself into my arms; then made me sit beside him, talking so eagerly of my father and all my family that I did not doubt he was the owner of the castle.

"You are M. de C——?" I asked.

He rose and looked at me excitedly. "I was, but I am no longer; I am nothing!" And seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, "Not another word, young man: do not question me!"

"But, sir, I have unintentionally witnessed your sorrow; and if my friendship, my devotion, can bring you any comfort—"

"Yes, yes, you're right. Not that you can change my fate, but at least you can receive my last wishes. That is all I ask of you!"

He closed the door; then sat down again beside me, who, trembling and agitated, awaited his words. His physiognomy bore an expression I had never seen on any one. The brow I studied seemed marked by fatality. His face was pale; his black eyes flashed; from time to time his features, changed by suffering, contracted with an ironic, infernal smile.

"What I am going to tell you," he continued, "will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will not believe—I myself still doubt very often, at least I try to: but there are the proofs; and in all our surroundings—in our very organization—there are many other mysteries that we have to accept without understanding."

He stopped a moment as though to collect his ideas, passed a hand over his brow, and went on:—

"I was born in this castle. I had two brothers, both older, who would inherit the property and titles of our family. There was nothing for me but an abbé's mantle; and yet thoughts of glory and ambition fermented in my head, and made my heart

beat. Unhappy in obscurity, hungry for renown, I dreamed only how to acquire it, and was insensible to all the pleasures and sweetness of life. The present was nothing to me; I lived only in the future, and that presented itself to me in darkest colors.

"I was almost thirty, and had accomplished nothing. At that time, in the capital, literary reputations whose fame reached even our province were springing up everywhere.

"Ah! I often said to myself, if I could only win a name in letters! That would give me the glory which is the only happiness!

"As confidant of my sorrows I had an old servant, an aged negro, who had been in the castle before I was born, and was certainly the most ancient inmate, for no one remembered his coming. The country people declared even that he had known Marshal Fabert, and had witnessed his death."

I started; and the speaker asked me what was the matter.

"Nothing," I answered; but I could not help thinking of the black man about whom my landlord had been talking the evening before.

M. de C—— continued: "One day, before Yago (that was the negro's name), I yielded to the despair inspired by my obscurity and useless existence, and cried out, 'I would give ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of our authors!'

"'Ten years,' he said coldly: 'that is a great deal. That is a large price for a slight thing. Never mind. I accept your ten years. I will take them. Remember your promise; I will keep mine.'

"I cannot paint my surprise at hearing this. I thought the years must have enfeebled his reason. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders; and a few days later I left this castle to go to Paris. There I found myself launched in literary circles. Their example encouraged me; and I published several works whose success I won't recount now. All Paris hastened to applaud them; the journals resounded with my praises; the new name I had adopted became famous: and even yesterday, young man, you yourself were admiring it—"

Here another gesture of surprise from me interrupted him.

"Then you are not the Duke de C——?" I exclaimed.

"No," he answered coldly.

And I said to myself, "A celebrated author!—is he Marmontel? is he D'Alembert? is he Voltaire?"

My unknown smiled; a sigh of regret and contempt touched his lips, and he continued:—

"The literary reputation I had desired soon ceased to satisfy a spirit as ardent as mine. I aspired to nobler success; and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris: 'There is no real glory or veritable fame except in the career of arms. What is a man of letters, a poet? Nothing at all. Tell me of a great captain, a general,—that is the destiny for me; and for a grand military reputation I would give ten of the years which remain to me.'

"'I accept them,' answered Yago. 'I take them. They belong to me. Don't forget it.'"

At this point the unknown stopped again, seeing the trouble and hesitation in my face.

"I told you, young man, you could not believe me. This seems a dream, a chimera, to you—to me also! And yet the rank, the honors I obtained, were no illusion: the soldiers I led under fire, the redoubts captured, the flags conquered, the victories with which all France resounded, were all my work;—all this glory was mine!"

While he was walking up and down, talking thus with heat and enthusiasm, my surprise increased, and I thought: "Who is beside me? Is it Coigny? is it Richelieu? is it Marshal Saxe?"

From a state of exaltation, my unknown fell into depression; and drawing near, he said gloomily:—

"Yago was right; and later, when disgusted with the vain incense of military glory, I aspired to what is alone of real and positive value in this world,—when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired gold and riches, he granted them to me. Yes, young man; yes, I have seen fortune second and surpass all my wishes,—lands, forests, castles. This very morning all was still in my power; and if you don't believe me, if you doubt Yago,—wait—wait—he is coming, and you will see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what confounds your reason and mine is unhappily only too real."

The unknown approached the mantelpiece, looked at the clock, made a gesture of horror, and said in a low voice:—

"This morning at dawn I felt so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely rise. I rang for my valet. Yago appeared.

"'What is the matter with me?' I said to him.

"'Master, nothing that is not very natural. The hour is approaching; the moment is at hand.'

"'And which—?'

"'Can't you guess? Heaven had accorded you sixty years of life; you had had thirty when I began to obey you.'

"'Yago!' I cried in terror, 'are you speaking seriously?'

"'Yes, master; in five years you have expended in glory twenty-five years of existence. You gave them to me. They belong to me, and will now be added to mine.'

"'What! That was the price of your services?'

"'Others have paid still more; for example, Fabert, whom also I protected.'

"'Be quiet! Be quiet!' I said to him. 'This isn't possible. It isn't true!'

"'As you will: but prepare yourself; for you have only half an hour to live.'

"'You are mocking me; you are deceiving me!'

"'Not at all. Calculate it yourself. Thirty-five years which you have really lived, and twenty-five that you have lost! Total, sixty. That is your account. To every one his own!'

"And he wantèd to go—and I felt myself growing weaker; I felt life escaping from me.

"'Yago! Yago! Give me a few hours—a few hours more!'

"'No, no,' he answered. 'That would shorten my account, and I know better than you the price of life. There is no treasure worth two hours of existence.'

"And I could scarcely speak; my eyes were clouding, the coldness of death was chilling my veins.

"'Ah!' I said with an effort, 'take back the gifts for which I have sacrificed everything. For four hours more I will renounce my gold and all the opulence I so desired.'

"'So be it. You have been a good master, and I will grant you that.'

"I felt my strength coming back; and I cried, 'Four hours is so little! Yago! Yago! grant me four more, and I will give up my literary fame, and all the works which placed me so high in the esteem of the world.'

"'Four hours for that!' said the negro disdainfully. 'It is a great deal. Never mind: I will not refuse this last grace.'

"'No, not the last,' I said clasping my hands. 'Yago! Yago! I implore you, give me until evening,—the entire day,—and let

my exploits and victories, my military fame, be forever effaced from the memory of men! This day, Yago, this whole day, and I will be content!'

"'You abuse my goodness,' he answered; 'and I am making a foolish bargain. But never mind again. You shall live till sunset. Ask no more. Then good-by until evening! I will come for you.'

"And he went away," continued the unknown despairingly, "and this day is the last which remains to me!" Then approaching the glass door which opened upon the park, he cried: "I shall no longer see this beautiful sky, these green lawns, this sparkling water; I shall no longer breathe the air fragrant with spring! Fool that I was! For twenty-five years longer I might still enjoy the good things which God bestows upon all, and whose sweetness I appreciate now for the first time! And I have exhausted my days! I have sacrificed them to a vain chimera, to a sterile fame, which did not make me happy, and which is dead before me! See — see —" he said, pointing to the peasants who were singing as they crossed the park to their work: "what would I not give to share their labor and poverty! But I have no longer anything to give nor anything to hope, here below — not even unhappiness!"

At that moment a ray of sun, of the sun of May, lighted up his pale distracted features. He seized my arm with a kind of delirium and said: —

"See — see them! How beautiful the sun is! How beautiful the country is! I must leave all that! Ah, at least let me enjoy it once more! Let me catch the full savor of this pure beautiful day: for me there will be no morrow!"

He rushed out into the park, and disappeared down a winding path before I could stop him.

In truth I had not strength to do it. I had fallen back on the sofa, overcome with what I had seen and heard. I rose and walked, to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Then the door opened, and a servant said to me: —

"Here is my master, the Duke de C——."

A man of about sixty, of distinguished appearance, came forward, offering me his hand, and apologizing for keeping me waiting.

"I was not at home," he said. "I have just come from town, where I have been seeking advice upon the health of my younger brother."

"Is his life in danger?" I exclaimed.

"No, monsieur, thank Heaven," answered the duke: "but in his youth, thoughts of glory and ambition exalted his imagination; and recently a severe illness has left him prey to a kind of delusion, in which he is constantly convinced that he has only one day longer to live. It is his mania."

All was explained!

"Now as to you, young man," continued the duke: "we must see what we can do to advance you. We will start for Versailles at the end of the month. I will present you."

"I know your kind disposition toward me, monsieur, and wish to thank you; but—"

"What! you have not renounced the court, and the advantages which await you there?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But remember that with my help you can make your way rapidly; and that with a little patience and perseverance you can in ten years—"

"Ten lost years!" I exclaimed.

"But then," he continued in astonishment, "is that too dear a price for glory and fortune and honors? Come, come, young man, we will go to Versailles."

"No, duke: I am going back to Bretagne; and once more I beg you to receive my thanks, and those of my family."

"It is madness!" exclaimed the duke.

And thinking of what I had seen and heard, I said to myself, "It is wisdom!"

The next day I started, and with what delight I saw again my noble castle of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of my park, the glorious Bretagne sun! I had recovered my vassals, my sisters, my mother—and happiness! which has never deserted me since; for one week later I married Henrietta.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584–1654)

OF SELDEN, Milton wrote, "The chief of learned men reputed in this land, John Selden." So our own Sumner: "John Selden, unsurpassed for learning and ability in the whole splendid history of the English bar." And Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon: "Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue." Selden was the writer of many learned books: books upon the law, books upon the customs of the Hebrews, books upon all manner of abstruse subjects, books in English and in Latin; that which remains of him is a book which he neither published nor wrote. Like White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and not a few other books which "were not born to die," Selden's 'Table-Talk' was a work which came without observation. Much of his deliberate work is dry as dry could be. Aubrey, who is relied upon in some measure for his biography, says that he was a poet, and quotes Sir John Suckling as authority; nothing would seem more improbable from what he has to say upon poetry: "'Tis a fine thing for Children to learn to make Verse; but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laught at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in Verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his Leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go."

JOHN SELDEN

His father was "a sufficient plebeian," of the village of Salvington in Sussex, and proficient in music; by which he is said to have won his wife, who was of somewhat higher station in life. John was born in his cottage at Salvington, December 16th, 1584, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and died, a man of great distinction and wealth, at Whitefriars in London, November 30th, 1654, in the sixth year of the Commonwealth. It was a rich period in English literature; the period of Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton and Jonson and their companions. And it was a stirring period in history,

covering as it did the reigns of James I. and Charles I., the trial and beheading of the latter, and the ascendency of Cromwell and the Puritans. The boy John Selden, educated at the Free School in Chichester, and at Hart Hall, Oxford, had hardly more than settled himself at the Inner Temple and reached man's estate, when he had "not only run through the whole body of the law, but become a prodigy in most parts of learning; especially in those which were not common, or little frequented or regarded by the generality of students of his time. So that in a few years his name was wonderfully advanced, not only at home, but in foreign countries; and was usually styled the great dictator of learning of the English nation."

In 1618, after issuing several other works, he published a 'History of Tithes,' which had been licensed without question by the censor, but nevertheless excited such an outcry that its author was summoned before the King, and subsequently before the High Commission Court, and forced to recant. He acknowledged the error that he had committed in publishing the book, but appears not to have acknowledged any error in the book. The book was suppressed, and afterward "confuted" by Dr. Montagu; and King James told Selden, "If you or your friends write anything against his confutation, I will throw you into prison." He soon had an opportunity to test the King's prisons for other reasons. He was incarcerated for five weeks in 1621, for his share in the protest of the House of Commons in respect to the rights and privileges of the members; and again in 1629 he was imprisoned in the Tower for many months on the charge of sedition. He entered Parliament in 1624, and with the exception of Charles's first Parliament, and the Short Parliament, he appears to have been a member until his death. In the Long Parliament he represented Oxford University, being returned without opposition.

Selden was always a conservative, not so much in the political as in the natural, the literal, sense. During the earlier years of the long contest between the King and the Commons, he leaned toward the latter: but in after years his attitude was less satisfactory to them. He was the arch-supporter of the law,—of human law: for the Higher Law—at all events for the *Jus Divinum* as interpreted by the clergy—he had slight esteem as against the law of the land. In this he represented to the full one side of the shield: the other, that which exhibits the supreme inner right of the individual, he seemed sometimes wholly to ignore.

His reputation was so great that his support was sought on all sides; but his independence caused him to reject some overtures, while it prevented others. King Charles thought to make him Keeper of the Great Seal; but was dissuaded on the ground that "he would absolutely refuse the place if it were offered to him." In 1647 he

was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but declined. It is said that he was so bent on preserving his thoughts that he would sometimes write while under the barber's hands; which seems to show that the barber did not make it a point to be so entertaining in those days as of latter time.

For the last twenty years of his life, the Rev. Richard Milward was his amanuensis; and it was by him that the 'Table-Talk' was taken down bit by bit. It was not published until many years after the death of both. Says Milward in his dedication: "I had the opportunity to hear his Discourse twenty years together; and least all those Excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to writing. . . . Truly the Sense and Notion here is wholly his, and most of the words." The book is a rich storehouse. Coleridge says: "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer."

In taking passages from it here and there, it should be premised that other samples might be found of a sense quite different.

FROM THE 'TABLE-TALK'

The Scriptures

The Text serves only to guess by: we must satisfie our selves fully out of the Authors that liv'd about those times.

In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10,—meaning four was but four Unities, and five, five Unities, etc., and that he had in all but ten pounds; the other that sees him, takes not the Figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports that he hath five pounds in one Bag, and six pounds in another Bag, and nine pounds in another Bag, &c., whenas in truth he has but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a Text here and there to make it serve our turn; whereas, if we take it all together, and consider'd what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

The Bishops

The Bishops were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aim'd at. The old Story of the

Fellow that told the Gentleman that he might get to such a place if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

. . . . . .

Bishops are now unfit to Govern, because of their Learning. They are bred up in another Law; they run to the Text for something done amongst the Jews that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a Man would have a Kettle, and he would not go to our Brazier to have it made as they make Kettles, but he would have it as Hiram made his Brass work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple. . . .

They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of Government, do as he that pulls down an old House and builds another in another fashion: there's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble; the old rubbish must be carryed away, and new materials must be brought; Workmen must be provided: and perhaps the old one would have serv'd as well.

Books

In Answering a Book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long I shall give my Adversary a huge advantage: somewhere or other he will pick a hole. . . .

To quote a modern Dutch Man where I may use a Classic Author, is as if I were to justify my Reputation, and I neglect all Persons of Note and Quality that know me, and bring the Testimonial of the Scullion in the Kitchen.

Ceremony

Ceremony keeps up all things. 'Tis like a Penny-Glass to a rich Spirit, or some Excellent Water: without it the water were spilt, the Spirit lost.

Of all people, Ladies have no reason to cry down Ceremonies, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with Ceremony,—with Compliments and Addresses, with Legs, and Kissing of Hands,—they were the pittyfullest Creatures in the World; but yet methinks to kiss their Hands after their Lips as some do, is like little Boys, that after they eat the Apple, fall to the paring, out of a Love they have to the Apple.

Clergy

The Clergy would have us believe them against our own Reason, as the Woman would have her Husband against his own Eyes. "What! will you believe your own Eyes before your own sweet Wife?"

The House of Commons

The House of Commons is called the Lower House in Twenty Acts of Parliament; but what are Twenty Acts of Parliament amongst Friends?

Competency

That which is a Competency for one Man, is not enough for another: no more than that which will keep one Man warm, will keep another Man warm; one man can go in Doublet and Hose, when another Man cannot be without a Cloak and yet have no more Cloaths than is necessary for him.

Conscience

He that hath a Scrupulous Conscience is like a Horse that is not well weigh'd: he starts at every Bird that flies out of the Hedge.

A Knowing Man will do that which a tender Conscience Man dares not do, by reason of his Ignorance: the other knows there is no hurt,—as a Child is afraid to go into the dark, when a Man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

Consecrated Places

All things are God's already: we can give him no right by consecrating any, that he had not before; only we set it apart to his Service. Just as when a Gardiner brings his Lord and Master a Basket of Apricocks, and presents them, his Lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains; and yet the Apricocks were as much his Lord's before as now.

Council

They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils; when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.

Devils

A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his head (I wonder'd what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me (with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was mad); he said he knew I could Cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolv'd to go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an Opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubl'd him, took him in hand, warranted him if he would follow my directions to Cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a Card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of Taffata, and put strings to the Taffata, and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his Neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his House, and askt him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me: he had four Devils in his head, and he perceiv'd two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck: three days after, he came to me to my Chamber and protest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extreamly thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but my self and one Physitian more in the whole Town, that could Cure the Devils in the head; and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wisht him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could Cure his Disease, as well as my self. The Gentleman lived many Years, and was never troubl'd after.

Friends

Old Friends are best. King James us'd to call for his Old Shoos: they were easiest for his Feet.

Humility

Humility is a Vertue all preach, none practice; and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his Servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.

Jews

Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are Cursed, they thrive where e'er they come; they are able to oblige the Prince of their Country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together: and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

The King

The King calling his Friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at Oxford, is as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the Cellar, and takes the Spiggot; in the mean time all the Beer runs about the House: when his Friends are absent the King will be lost.

The Court of England

The Court of England is much alter'd. At a solemn Dancing, first you had the grave Measures, then the Corrantoes and the Galliards, and this is kept up with Ceremony, at length to French-more, and the Cushion-Dance, and then all the Company Dance, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchen-Maid, no distinction. So in our Court in Queen Elizabeth's time Gravity and State were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but French-more and the Cushion-Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly, polly, hoite come toite.

Language

If you look upon the Language spoken in the Saxon time, and the Language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a Cloak that he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since, here has put in a piece of Red, and there a piece of Blew, and here a piece of Green, and there

a piece of Orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latine, as every Pedantick man pleases.

We have more words than Notions,—half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometime we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a Piece a Gun. The word Gun was in use in England for an Engine to cast a thing from a man, long before there was any Gun-powder found out.

Words must be fitted to a man's mouth: 'twas well said of the Fellow that was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he desir'd to take the measure of his Lordship's mouth.

Libels

Tho' some make slight of *Libels*, yet you may see by them how the wind fits: as take a straw and throw it up into the Air, you shall see by that which way the Wind is; which you shall not do by casting up a Stone. More solid things do not show the Complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

Marriage

Of all Actions of a man's life, his Marriage does least concern other people; yet of all Actions of our Life, 'tis most medled with by other people.

Measure of Things

We measure the Excellency of other men by some Excellency we conceive to be in our selves. Nash, a Poet, poor enough (as Poets us'd to be), seeing an Alderman with his Gold Chain, upon his great Horse, by way of scorn said to one of his Companions, Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks: why, that fellow cannot make a blank Verse!

Number

All those misterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground; because number in it self is nothing, has not to do with Nature, but is merely of Human Imposition, a meer sound. For Example, when I cry one a Clock, two a Clock, three a Clock,—that is but Man's division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in Nature if those Hours had been call'd nine, ten, and eleven. So when

they say the Seventh Son is Fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise Fortunate?

Oaths

When men ask me whether they may take an Oath in their own Sense, 'tis to me as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own Legs: I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

Opinion

Opinion and Affection extremely differ: I may affect a Woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the Handsomest Woman in the World. I love Apples the best of any Fruit, but it does not follow I must think Apples to be the best Fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give Reason why all the World should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

'Tis a vain thing to talk of an Heretick; for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the Primitive times there were many Opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held. One of these Opinions being embrac'd by some Prince, and received into his Kingdom, the rest were Condemn'd as Heresies; and his Religion, which was but one of the several Opinions, first is said to be Orthodox, and so have continu'd ever since the Apostles.

Peace

Though we had Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e'er things be settled. Tho' the Wind lye, yet after a Storm the Sea will work a great while.

Pleasure

Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it,—Orchards, Gardens, etc.,—and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy

Councillor,—if you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

Prayer

"God hath given gifts unto men." General Texts prove nothing: let him shew me John, William, or Thomas in the Text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble Tongue, we say, He hath the gift of Prayer. His gift is to pray long,—that I see; but does he pray better?

We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say any thing.

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty Reasons why he should grant this or that: he knows best what is good for us. If your Boy should ask you a Suit of Cloaths, and give you Reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad, but he shall discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a Suit of Cloaths.

Preaching

The main Argument why they would have two Sermons a day, is, because they have two Meals a Day; the Soul must be fed as well as the Body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two Noses because I have two Eyes, or two Mouths because I have two Ears. What have Meals and Sermons to do one with another?

Preferment

When the Pageants are a coming there's a great thrusting and a riding upon one another's backs, to look out at the Window: stay a little, and they will come just to you; you may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new Statesman or Officer is chosen: there's great expectation and listening who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.

Reason

The Reason of a Thing is not to be inquired after, till you are sure the Thing it self be so. We commonly are at "What's

the Reason of it?" before we are sure of the Thing. 'Twas an excellent Question of my Lady Cotten, when Sir Robert Cotten was magnifying of a Shooe which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondring at the strange Shape and Fashion of it: But Mr. Cotten, says she, are you sure it is a Shooe?

Religion

Men say they are of the same Religion for Quietness's sake; but if the matter were well Examin'd, you would scarce find Three any where of the same Religion in all Points.

Disputes in Religion will never be ended, because there wants a Measure by which the Business would be decided. The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: if he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another; and there is, I say, no Measure to end the Controversie. 'Tis just as if Two men were at Bowls, and both judg'd by the Eye: one says 'tis his Cast, the other says 'tis my Cast; and having no Measure, the Difference is Eternal. Ben Jonson Satyrically express'd the vain Disputes of Divines by Inigo Lanthorne, disputing with his Puppet in a Bartholomew Fair: It is so; It is not so; It is so; It is not so,—crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together.

'Tis to no purpose to labor to Reconcile Religions, when the Interest of Princes will not suffer it. 'Tis well if they could be Reconciled so far that they should not cut one another's Throats.

Thanksgiving

At first we gave Thanks for every Victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a Child: give him a Plum, he makes his Leg; give him a second Plum, he makes another Leg; at last when his Belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do: then his Nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his Duty—*Where's your Leg?*

Wife

He that hath a handsome Wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her and be in her company. but the Husband is cloy'd with her. We are never content with what we have.

You shall see a Monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great way below on this side; the Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog,— himself is got up very high, takes place of the Temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

'Tis reason a man that will have a Wife should be at the charge of her Trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a Monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the Glasses he breaks.

Wisdom

Never tell your Resolution before hand; but when the Cast is thrown, Play it as well as you can to win the Game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to Play Size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

ÉTIENNE PIVERT DE SENANCOUR

(1770–1846)

ONE work of Senancour's has lived. The others — moral and philosophical treatises, and one feeble novel, 'Isabelle,' written in his old age as a sequel to his famous 'Obermann' — are now forgotten. "But 'Obermann,'" says Matthew Arnold, "has qualities which make it permanently valuable to kindred minds." Arnold himself, while suffering the spiritual isolation there portrayed, did not go off alone to suffer; but did a great and practical work in the world of men. Other noble minds have sympathized with Obermann, among them George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; but for most people, such writing, however noble and eloquent, must needs be somewhat futile. It must after all be healthy instinct which guides men as well as children to turn from abstractions to accounts of positive achievement. Heroic action is far more thrilling than even its prompting impulse, unfulfilled. It is so much more satisfactory to receive some practical lesson in living, some stimulus to richer sensation, than to be disheartened by the wailings of failure.

Senancour early showed a want of adaptability to existing social conditions. He was born at Paris in November 1770, of a noble family, to whom the Revolution brought ruin. Sickly from childhood, he was destined to the Church. Obliged by his father to enter St. Sulpice, he rebelled against the monastic constraint, and aided by his mother, escaped to Switzerland. There he married, and lived till toward the end of the century; when, after his wife's death, he returned to Paris.

'Obermann' appeared in 1804. It is a treatise on disillusion and hopelessness, lacking in vitality; and although noble in tone, has not been widely appreciated. It is less a novel than an exposition, in a series of letters, of Senancour's own point of view. Obermann, the hero, is Senancour in very slight disguise. He is "a man who does not know what he is, what he likes, what he wants; who sighs without cause; who desires without object; and who sees nothing except that he is not in his place: in short, who drags himself through empty space and in an infinite tumult of vexations."

'Obermann' is valuable and interesting as a pathological study; as a reflection of the spirit of revolt and discouragement which swept over Europe, and spurred on Rousseau, Byron, and many others.

Senancour strongly felt himself a product of his time. Voltairean cynicism struggled in him with Rousseauesque sensibility,—the latter augmenting a longing to believe, while the former made faith impossible. He had the terrible controlling self-consciousness which prevented a moment's escape from his own unsatisfied desires. He was too noble, too much of an idealist, to enjoy what was petty and possible; but there are envious tones in Obermann, who sometimes seems half to despise himself that he cannot do and feel like other men.

The strong note of Senancour's character was an uncompromising need of sincerity. He detested hypocrisy in himself and others. He sought truth at the price of all pleasant illusion. His work evidences Rousseau's influence; but unlike Rousseau, he never posed. His confidences are genuinely unreserved. His constant unhappiness—as George Sand pointed out in an appreciation which prefaces the later editions of 'Obermann'—was caused by want of proportion between his power of conception and his capacity to perform. He had a lifelong realization of failure. He was akin to Amiel, but less scholarly; more emotional and less intellectual.

In love of nature he found perhaps his keenest satisfaction. He is eloquent in description of the Alpine summits with their fair cold austerity, and the pleasant valleys, the mountain streams, and the green pastures, upon which he loved to look down.

Senancour was always oppressed by poverty. Forced to write for his living for half a century, and unable to win favor, he fell into want in his old age. His friends' efforts, especially those of Thiers and Villemain, obtained for him a small pension from Louis Philippe which rendered him comfortable until his death at St. Cloud in 1846.

ALPINE SCENERY

From 'Obermann'

IMAGINE a plain of white and limpid water. It is vast but circumscribed; in shape oblong and somewhat circular, it stretches toward the winter sunset. From lofty summits, majestic chains close it in on three sides. You are seated on the slope of the mountain, above the northern strand which the waves alternately quit and then recover. Perpendicular rocks are behind you. They rise to the region of clouds. The sad polar wind has never breathed upon this happy shore. At your left open the mountains: a tranquil valley stretches along their

depths; a torrent descending from snowy summits closes it; and when the morning sun shines on the mists between the frozen peaks, when voices from the mountains indicate châlets above the meadows still in shadow, it is the awakening of primitive earth,—it is a monument of our destinies ignored!

Behold the first nocturnal moments, the hour of repose and sublime sadness. The valley is hazy, it begins to grow dark. Toward noon, the lake is in night. The rocks surrounding it are a shadowy belt under the icy dome which surmounts them, and which seems to retain the daylight in its rime. Its last fires gild the numerous chestnut-trees on the wild rocks: they pass in long rays under the lofty spires of the Alpine pines, they burnish the mountains, they illume the snows, they kindle the air; and the waveless water, glowing with light and blending with the heavens, becomes infinite like them, and still purer, more ethereal, more beautiful. Its calm astonishes, its limpidity deceives, the airy splendor it reflects seems to penetrate its depths; and under these mountains, separated from the globe, and as it were suspended in space, you find at your feet the emptiness of heaven and the immensity of the world. Then there is a time of illusion and oblivion. You no longer know where the sky is, where the mountains are, nor where you stand. You no longer find a level; there is no longer a horizon. Your ideas change, your sensations are novel, you have emerged from common life. And when the darkness has covered this valley of water, when the eye no longer discerns objects or distances, when the evening wind has raised the waves,—then the end of the lake toward the sunset is illumined by a pale light, but all that the mountains surround is only an indistinguishable gulf. And in the midst of darkness and silence, you hear, a thousand feet below, the rhythmic cadence of the ceaseless waves which tremble on the beach at regular intervals, are swallowed up in the rocks, and break against the wall with a sound which echoes like a long murmur in the invisible abyss.

It is in sounds that nature has placed the strongest expression of the romantic character. Especially by the sense of hearing we receive strongly, and in a few touches, the realization of extraordinary places and things. Odors produce quick and immense but vague perceptions; those of sight seem to affect the mind rather than the heart: we admire what we see, but we feel what we hear. The voice of a beloved woman is still more

beautiful than her features. The sounds which render places sublime make an impression profounder and more durable than is created by their forms. I have never seen a picture of the Alps which made them as truly present to me as the Alpine air itself.

The 'Ranz des Vaches' does not merely recall memories, it paints. I know that Rousseau has said the contrary, but I think he was mistaken. This is not an imaginary effect: it happened that as two persons were glancing over the 'Tableaux Pittoresques de la Suisse' [Picturesque Views of Switzerland], both said at sight of the Grimsel, "There is the spot to hear the 'Ranz des Vaches.'" If expressed with truth rather than skill, if he who plays it feels it deeply, the first sounds take us to the high valleys, under the bare reddish-gray rocks, under the cold sky, under the burning sun. You are on the top of the rounding summits covered with pastures. You realize the slowness of things, and the grandeur of the place. There is the slow march of the cows and the measured movement of their great bells, near the clouds, in the gently sloping stretch from the crests of immovable granite to the ruined granite of the snowy ravines. The winds shiver austerely in the distant larches; you discern the rolling of a torrent in the precipices where it has been excavating for long centuries. To these sounds isolated in the space, succeed the hurried heavy accents of the *küheren* [the men who lead the cows to the high pastures and care for them there]; nomad expression of a pleasure without gayety,—of a mountain joy. The songs cease. The men are going away; the bells have passed the larches; you hear nothing but the shock of falling pebbles, and the interrupted fall of trees pushed toward the valley by the torrent. The wind intensifies or holds back these Alpine sounds; and when you lose them, all seems cold, dead, and motionless. It is the domain of the man who feels no eagerness. He comes out from under the broad low roof which is assured against tempests by heavy stones. If the sun is burning, if the wind is strong, if the thunder is rolling under his feet, he does not know it. He goes where the cows should be: they are there. He calls them: they gather together, they approach one after another; and he returns with the same slowness, loaded with the milk destined for the plains he will not know. The cows stop; they chew the cud. There is no visible movement, there are no more men. The air is cold, the wind has ceased

with the evening light; there remain only the gleam of the ancient snows and the fall of waters, the wild murmur of which, rising from the depths, seems to add to the silent permanence of the glaciers, the lofty summits, and the night.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS

From 'Obermann'

FONTAINEBLEAU, August 7.

MONSIEUR W——, whom you know, said lately: "While I take my cup of coffee I put all the world in order." I too permit myself similar dreams; and when I walk on the heaths among the junipers still wet, I sometimes surprise myself imagining men happy. I assure you, it seems to me they might be. I do not wish to create another species or another globe. I do not wish to reform everything. Such hypotheses lead to nothing, you will say, since they are not applicable to anything known. Very well: let us take what necessarily exists; let us take it as it is, and only arrange what is accidental therein. I do not desire new or chimerical species; but behold my materials, — with them I will make my plan according to my thought.

I desire two things certain: a fixed climate, true men. If I knew when the rain would cause the waters to overflow, when the sun would dry up my plants, when the hurricane would shake my dwelling,— my industry would have to fight against the natural forces opposed to my needs; but when I am ignorant of the moment anything will happen, when the evil oppresses me without the danger having warned me, when prudence may destroy me, and when the interests of others confided to my precautions forbid unconcern and even security,— is it not necessary that my life should be anxious and unhappy? Is it not true that inaction succeeds forced labor, and that, as Voltaire has so well said, I consume all my days in convulsions of disquiet or in the lethargy of weariness?

If men nearly all dissimulate, if the duplicity of a part forces others at least to be reserved, does it not follow necessarily that they augment the inevitable harm which many for their own benefit do to others, with a much greater mass of needless injuries? Does it not follow that people harm each other reciprocally in spite of themselves, that each is eying the other, that each is

prejudiced, that enemies are inventive and friends are cautious? Does it not follow that an honest man is ruined in public opinion by an indiscreet suggestion, by a false judgment; that an enmity born of an ill-founded suspicion becomes mortal; that those who would have liked to do right are discouraged; that false principles are established; that cunning is more useful than wisdom, courage, magnanimity; that children reproach their father for not having committed a trickery, and that States perish from not committing a crime? In this perpetual uncertainty, I ask what becomes of morality; and in the uncertainty of all things, what becomes of surety? Without surety, without morality, I ask if happiness is not a child's dream?

The moment of death should remain unknown. There is no evil without duration; and for twenty other reasons death should not be put in the number of misfortunes. It is well to ignore when all must finish: one rarely begins what may not be concluded. I think then that with man about what he is, ignorance as to the length of life is more useful than embarrassing; but the uncertainty of the things of life is not like that of their duration. An incident that you could not foresee deranges your plan, and prepares you long vexations. As for death, it annihilates your plan, it does not derange it: you will not suffer from what you do not know. The plan of those who remain may be thwarted, but to be certain about one's own affairs is to have certainty enough; and I do not wish to imagine things altogether good according to man. I should doubt the world I am arranging if it did not contain more evil, and I cannot suppose perfect harmony except with a kind of fright. It seems to me that nature does not admit of it.

A fixed climate, and above all, men who are true, inevitably true,—these suffice me. I am happy if I understand things. I leave to the sky its storms and thunderbolts; to the earth its wet and dry; to the soil its sterility; to our bodies their weakness and degeneration; to men their differences and incompatibilities, their inconstancy, their errors, even their vices and their necessary egoism; to time its slowness and irrevocability: my city is happy if everything is ruled, if thoughts are known. It needs only a good legislation; and if thoughts are known, it cannot fail to have one.

OBERMANN'S ISOLATION

From 'Obermann'

I WISH I had a trade: it would animate my arms and tranquillize my head. A talent would not do this; yet if I knew how to paint, I think I should be less unquiet. I have long been in a stupor; I am sorry to have waked. I was in a depression more tranquil than actual depression.

Of all the rapid and uncertain moments when I have thought in my simplicity that one was on this earth to live, none have left me such profound remembrances as those twenty days of forgetfulness and hope, when, about the period of the March equinox, near the torrent before the rocks, between the happy hyacinth and the simple violet, I imagined it would be given me to love.

I was touching what I could never seize. Without inclinations, without hope, I might have been able to vegetate, bored but tranquil. I had a presentiment of human energy, but in my shadowy life I endured my sleep. What sinister force opened the world to me, and thus removed the consolations of nothingness?

Drawn into an expansive activity, eager to love all, to sustain all, to console all; ever struggling between a need of seeing a change in many sad things and a conviction that no change will occur,—I am wearied with the evils of life, and still more indignant at the perfidious seduction of pleasure; my eyes always arrested by the immense heap of hatreds, iniquities, opprobriums, and miseries upon this misguided earth.

And I! I am in my twenty-seventh year: the fine days are over, I did not even see them. Unhappy in the age of happiness, what can I expect of other ages? I spent in emptiness and weariness the happy season of confidence and hope. Everywhere oppressed, suffering, my heart empty and torn, I have attained while still young the regrets of old age. Accustomed to see all the flowers of life shrivel under my sterile steps, I am like those old men from whom everything has escaped; but more unhappy than they, I have lost all long before my own end. With my ardent spirit I cannot rest in this silence of death. . . .

What places were ever to me what they are to other men? What times were tolerable, and under what skies did I find repose of heart? I have seen the stir of towns, the emptiness of country places, and the austerity of mountains. I have seen the

grossness of ignorance and the torment of the arts. I have seen the useless virtues, the indifferent successes, and all good things lost in evil things; man and fate always unequal, ceaselessly deceiving themselves; and in the mad struggle of all the passions, the odious conqueror receiving as price of his triumph the heaviest link of the ills it has caused.

If man were adapted to unhappiness, I should pity him far less; and considering his transitory duration, I should despise for him as for myself the torment of a day. But all good things surround him; all his faculties bid him enjoy, all say to him, "Be happy": and man has said, "Happiness shall be for the brute: art, science, glory, grandeur, shall be for me." His mortality, his griefs, his crimes themselves, are but the slightest part of his wretchedness. I deplore his losses,—calm, choice, union, tranquil possession. I deplore a hundred years that millions of sentient beings have wasted in anxiety and restrictions, in the midst of what would make security, liberty, joy; living with bitterness upon a voluptuous earth, because they have desired imaginary and exclusive good things.

However, all that amounts to very little. I did not witness it half a century ago, and in half a century more I shall see it no longer.

I said to myself: If it was not part of my destiny to recall to primordial morals an isolated circumscribed land, if I ought to force myself to forget the world, and think myself happy enough in obtaining tolerable days upon this deluded earth,—then I would ask but one favor, one spirit in that dream from which I no longer wish to awaken. There rests upon earth, such as it is, an illusion which can still deceive me; it is the only one. I would have the wisdom to be deceived by it: the rest is not worth an effort. This is what I said then; but chance alone could grant me the inestimable mistake. Chance is slow and uncertain: life rapid and irrevocable, its springtime passes; and this unsatisfied craving, by wasting my life, must finally alienate my heart and change my nature. Sometimes already I feel myself growing sour: I become angry, my affections narrow; impatience makes my will fierce, and a kind of contempt bears me toward great but austere designs. However, this bitterness does not endure in all its force: afterward I abandon myself as if I felt that distracted men, and uncertain things, and my life so short, did not merit a day's uneasiness, and that a severe awakening is useless when one must soon sleep forever.

SENECA

SENECA

(About 4 B. C.–65 A. D.)

The greatest of Christian evangelists was haunted by the awful dread lest, while he pointed out to others the path to bliss, he himself "should become a castaway." The most fluent, tolerant, and persuasive of Roman ethical teachers, Seneca, demonstrated by his tragic failure in the trying crises of his life, how hard it was to be brave, consistent, or even free from crime, under the mad despotism of a Caligula, a Claudius, and a Nero.

At Cordova there is still shown a ruined villa bearing by tradition the name "House of Seneca." In Spain, then, the native land of so many Roman scholars and authors, the great philosopher's father was born. The race was already wealthy, and enjoyed the privileges of Roman knighthood. The father was at least a devoted amateur student of rhetoric, and endowed with a memory as phenomenal as Macaulay's. After once hearing a speech of several thousand words, he could easily repeat it verbatim. He knew the world-city well, for he had repeatedly heard all the orators and pleaders since Cicero. Still, especially after his rather late marriage, he seems to have preferred more and more the security and quiet of his estates in Spain.

The two books by the elder Seneca of which we hear, were probably both undertaken largely for the education of his three sons. His history of the civil wars and the early empire is wholly lost. We are told that in a general preface he compared the earlier epochs in the development of the State to the stages of human life. This comparison itself has a certain pedagogical sound. His other work, extant in a fragmentary form, is chiefly made up of quotations from the noted rhetoricians he had heard, taking both sides in a series of very academic *Adversariæ*, or subjects for debate, such as—"Should Leonidas retreat from Thermopylæ?" "Should Cicero beg his life from Antony?" etc., etc. In his prefaces to the various books the elder Seneca shows a pleasing wit, an unexpectedly pure Latin style, —and his prodigious memory.

The three sons already mentioned are memorable for very different reasons. The youngest, Mela, was merely the father of the poet Lucan, whose brief life ended in utter ignominy and cowardice, dragging his parents down with him.

The eldest of the trio was adopted by his father's friend Gallio. Under that name he has enjoyed an unwelcome fame among Christians,

as the Roman governor of Greece who "cared for none of these things" (Acts, xviii. 12–17). As to the strife between the old Hebrew Paul of Tarsus and his fellow Jews, or even as to street brawls in Corinth, though the Greeks mobbed and beat the Israelitish high priest before the very judgment-seat of the Prætor, Gallio of course maintained the indifference and contempt shown by the typical Roman aristocrat toward all quarrels among the subject races of the empire. Canon Farrar reminds us effectively how trifling and soon forgotten this incident was to the man who was destined to be remembered chiefly thereby, and not by his famous brother's loving words: "No mortal was ever so sweet (*dulcis*) to any one as he was to all men."

The greatest man of the race, however,—the most brilliant literary figure of three imperial reigns,—was the second son, Lucius Annæus Seneca, like his father a native of Corduba. Born shortly before the Christian era, and always of a delicate and sickly constitution, he devoted himself, not like his kinsmen chiefly to rhetoric, but rather to philosophy. The Stoic school was far more sympathetic to Roman character than its only powerful rival, the sect of Epicurus. With these devotees to duty rather than to pleasure as the chief end of life, Seneca associated himself. He also had a strong regard for the Cynics, whose school may be regarded as the superlative degree—or as the *reductio ad absurdum*—of Stoicism. But it is a pleasing trait in this genial and tolerant nature, that he saw too how nearly Epicurus himself and his austerest followers had arrived by a different road at the same ethical goal. Indeed, in Rome at any rate, such commonplaces as the uncertainty of all prosperity, or the duty of meeting calamity with fortitude, needed in those evil days no instiller save the demoniacal caprice of "Cæsar," and the insatiate cruelty and greed of countless satellites, informers, and spies.

Such lessons Seneca has left us in a hundred sermons,—under which general title we may include nearly all his epistles, the avowed essays, and the "dialogues," which narrow to monologues as inevitably as a Ciceronian treatise or a poem of Wordsworth. The themes are few, and not often new; the illustrations, epigrams, tropes, disguise the monotony and obviousness of the thought. As Quintilian sternly says, the style is an essentially vicious one, and doubly dangerous because its errors are clothed in brilliant beauty. The tendency of Seneca is constantly to put manner above matter, to hide familiar and undisputed truth under striking and picturesque ornament.

This advocate of contented poverty was the wealthiest and most profuse of courtiers. He assured his disciples that contentment abides only in the huts of humility,—and entertained them at five hundred splendid tables of cedar and ivory. Such inconsistency, indeed, he

frankly confesses; bidding us follow rather his aspirations and future intentions than his present example.

The very prominence of Seneca's position exposed him to yet more deadly perils and temptations. His youthful successes as an advocate exposed him to the dangerous jealousy of Caligula, who was only mollified by the assurance that the feeble consumptive was already at death's door. Promptly banished by the next emperor, Claudius, Seneca for eight years (41–49 A. D.) languished an exile in Corsica. Thence he addressed to the dissolute freedman Polybius, favorite of the half-witted tyrant Claudius, the most fulsome flatteries intended for the ears of both. One of the great philosophic treatises 'On Consolation' is nominally written to condole with this arch-villain upon the death of a brother. The long-prayed-for return to Rome came at last through the infamous Agrippina, when she had destroyed her imperial rival, and begun her lifelong machinations for the advancement of her ungrateful son, the future emperor Nero. Of this precocious monster Seneca became the guardian or tutor. Whether the sage connived at the murder of the emperor Claudius (54 A. D.), is an insoluble problem of court scandal. He did not denounce the guilty, and he shared the fruits of the crime. He even composed and read, to amuse his pupil and the guilty queen mother, a heartless and irreverent account of Claudius's reception and condemnation in the world of the dead. This is the same Claudius who was so extolled and flattered in the 'De Consolatione ad Polybium'!

Nero in the first five years of his reign gave some promise of statesmanlike development and a juster balance of character. Doubtless for the best acts of this period his mentor deserves the chief credit. While his fellow guardian, the sturdy Burrus, lived to control the turbulent prætorian guards, Seneca was as secure in his position as he can be who draws his breath by the permission of a young tyrant with madness in his blood, bred to folly and self-indulgence. The culminating horror in Nero's lurid reign is of course the monarch's assassination of his own mother, whose worst crimes had been committed in the son's interest. After condoning at least, and justifying as a political necessity, this awful deed, Seneca himself must have felt that his pulpit should be vacated. He soon realized that his only hope of life was in the abdication of all authority, the "voluntary" proffer of his wealth to the young emperor, and a prompt retirement to Cordova or some equally remote retreat. Even this path he found blocked. Accused of treason, he was commanded to put an end to his own life. Thus set face to face with the inevitable, Seneca offered the usual example of a philosophic death (an example, by the way, which his pupil Nero, almost alone among

eminent Romans, failed to follow). This was in 65 A. D. His wife attempted to share his fate, and was rescued against her will.

There are numberless pleasing traits in Seneca's character. Indeed, it is much the same here as with his literary style. The central motive we may be forced to condemn, yet a hundred charming touches lend to it a dangerous attractiveness. He loved power, wealth, glory; and to them sacrificed his own approval and his after fame. But he was faithful to all the ties of human friendship, in a century when betrayal and ghastly selfishness were inbred in most men. Especially in his love for children, and his delight in them, he is almost un-Roman. In many of his educational and social doctrines he is surprisingly in advance of his age. And after all, the errors of his life are largely inferred rather than proven,—and certainly have long since ceased to do harm. Many of his ethical doctrines are of so lofty a nature that he has actually been recognized by popes and councils as at least in part an authority for Christian doctrine.

Perhaps to the same cause we may attribute the well-invented but baseless legend that Seneca was in correspondence, and even on terms of personal friendship, with the apostle Paul, during his two years' imprisonment in Rome. Seneca, like the other Romans of his day, made no distinction between the Christians and the other sects of the "most detestable" Jews. Indeed, he never mentions the new sect by name. When Seneca's brother Gallio refused to hear Paul speak in his own defense, the opportunity for personal influence of the great apostle upon that gifted and haughty family undoubtedly passed by forever.

Most of Seneca's prose works we have already characterized. There is indeed one series of essays, in which he attempts to discuss the laws and phenomena of the physical world. Based of course upon the Ptolemaic system, these books had much influence throughout the Middle Ages, but have become mere curiosities in the broader daylight of modern science.

The mocking satire upon the dead Claudius is written partly in prose and partly in verse; and so may be classed as an example of "Menippean" satire. Most of Seneca's other poetic productions have perished.

An important exception to the last statement must probably be made, in that ten tragedies have been handed down to us under his name. Composed long after the decay of drama, rhetorical and bombastic, unsuited to our ideas of scenic effect, these have nevertheless an extreme interest and importance, as the only specimens of serious Roman drama still extant. They were highly esteemed during the Renaissance, and exercised considerable influence on the revival of European tragedy in general and of English tragedy in particular. See

J. W. Cunliffe's ‹The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy› (1893) and his ‹Early English Classical Tragedies› (1912). Probably only seven of the tragedies are Seneca's, but all ten passed with the Elizabethans as his, and were well known to them, both in the original and in translation.

There are excellent texts of the prose works of Seneca in Latin published in Leipzig — of the larger works by Haase (1893–5) and Hosius (1899); of the Epistles by Henze (1898); of the Quæstiones Naturales by Gercke (1907). Of the Tragedies there is an older text by Peiper and Richter, and a more recent one by Leo, in the Teubner series. There is a translation by Holtze in the Tauchnitz German Series. The English versions exhibit an astonishing gap after the Elizabethan translation mentioned above; it had no successor until early in the twentieth century, when a prose version by Watson Bradshaw was published in London (1902). This was quickly followed by verse translations by Ella Isabel Harris (Yale, 1904) and Frank Justus Miller (Chicago, 1907). There is a good English translation of the Quæstiones Naturales by John Clarke (1910) but no adequate rendering of the prose works as a whole.

TIME WASTED

In the distribution of human life, we find that a great part of it passes away in evil-doing, a greater yet in doing just nothing at all, and in effect, the whole in doing things beside our business. Some hours we bestow upon ceremony and servile attendance, some upon our pleasures, and the remainder runs to waste. What a deal of time is it that we spend in hopes and fears, love and revenge; in balls, treats, making of interests, suing for offices, soliciting of causes, and slavish flatteries! The shortness of life, I know, is the common complaint both of fools and philosophers,—as if the time we have were not sufficient for our duties. But it is with our lives as with our estates—a good husband makes a little go a great way; whereas, let the revenue of a prince fall into the hand of a prodigal, it is gone in a moment. So that the time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough to answer all the ends and purposes of mankind; but we squander it away in avarice, drink, sleep, luxury, ambition, fawning addresses, envy, rambling voyages, impertinent studies, change of councils, and the like: and when our portion is spent we find the want of it, though we give no heed to it in the passage; insomuch that we have rather made our life short than found it so. You shall have some people perpetually

playing with their fingers, whistling, humming, and talking to themselves; and others consume their days in the composing, hearing, or reciting of songs and lampoons. How many precious mornings do we spend in consultation with barbers, tailors, and tire-women, patching and painting betwixt the comb and the glass? A council must be called upon every hair we cut, and one curl amiss is as much as a body's life is worth. The truth is, we are more solicitous about our dress than our manners, and about the order of our periwigs than that of the government. At this rate let us but discount, out of a life of a hundred years, that time which has been spent upon popular negotiations, frivolous amours, domestic brawls, saunterings up and down to no purpose, diseases that we have brought upon ourselves,—and this large extent of life will not amount, perhaps, to the minority of another man. It is a long being, but perchance a short life. And what is the reason of all this? We live as if we should never die, and without any thought of human frailty; when yet the very moment we bestow upon this man or thing may peradventure be our last.

Paraphrased from Seneca by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

INDEPENDENCE IN ACTION

All men, brother Gallio, wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving exactly what it is that makes life happy: and so far is it from being easy to attain to happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must therefore define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we may most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to get a good understanding. Let us not therefore decide whither we must tend, and by what path,

without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the region which we are about to enter: because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in them some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whither we ought, but whither the rest are going.

PRAISES OF THE RIVAL SCHOOL IN PHILOSOPHY

MEN are not encouraged by Epicurus to run riot; but the vicious hide their excesses in the lap of philosophy, and flock to the schools in which they hear the praises of pleasure. They do not consider how sober and temperate — for so, by Hercules, I believe it to be — that "pleasure" of Epicurus is; but they rush at his mere name, seeking to obtain some protection and cloak for their vices. They lose, therefore, the one virtue which their evil life possessed, — that of being ashamed of doing wrong; for they praise what they used to blush at, and boast of their vices. Thus modesty can never reassert itself, when shameful idleness is dignified with an honorable name. The reason why that praise which your school lavishes upon pleasure is so hurtful, is because the honorable part of its teaching passes unnoticed, but the degrading part is seen by all.

I myself believe, though my Stoic comrades would be unwilling to hear me say so, that the teaching of Epicurus was upright and holy, and even, if you examine it narrowly, stern; for this much-talked-of pleasure is reduced to a very narrow compass, and he bids pleasure submit to the same law which we bid virtue do, — I mean, to obey nature. Luxury, however, is not satisfied with what is enough for nature. What is the consequence? Whoever thinks that happiness consists in lazy sloth and alternations of gluttony and profligacy, requires a good patron for a bad action; and when he has become an Epicurean, having been led to do so by the attractive name of that school, he follows, not the pleasure which he there hears spoken of, but that which he brought thither with him; and having learned to think that his vices coincide with the maxims of that philosophy, he indulges in

them no longer timidly and in dark corners, but boldly in the face of day. I will not, therefore, like most of our school, say that the sect of Epicurus is the teacher of crime; but what I say is, it is ill spoken of, it has a bad reputation, and yet it does not deserve it.

INCONSISTENCY

If any one of those dogs who yelp at philosophy were to say, as they are wont to do: — "Why then do you talk so much more bravely than you live? why do you check your words in the presence of your superiors, and consider money to be a necessary implement? why are you disturbed when you sustain losses, and weep on hearing of the death of your wife or your friend? why do you pay regard to common rumor, and feel annoyed by calumnious gossip? why is your estate more elaborately kept than its natural use requires? why do you not dine according to your own maxims? why is your furniture smarter than it need be? why do you drink wine that is older than yourself? why are your grounds laid out? why do you plant trees which afford nothing except shade? why does your wife wear in her ears the price of a rich man's house? why are your children at school dressed in costly clothes? why is it a science to wait upon you at table? why is your silver plate not set down anyhow or at random, but skillfully disposed in regular order, with a superintendent to preside over the carving of the viands?" Add to this, if you like, the questions: — "Why do you own property beyond the seas? why do you own more than you know of? — it is a shame to you not to know your slaves by sight; for you must be very neglectful of them if you only own a few, or very extravagant if you have too many for your memory to retain." I will add some reproaches afterwards, and will bring more accusations against myself than you think of; for the present I will make you the following answer: —

"I am not a wise man, and I will not be one in order to feed your spite; so do not require me to be on a level with the best of men, but merely to be better than the worst: I am satisfied if every day I take away something from my vices and correct my faults. I have not arrived at perfect soundness of mind; indeed, I never shall arrive at it: I compound palliatives rather

than remedies for my gout, and am satisfied if it comes at rarer intervals and does not shoot so painfully. Compared with your feet, which are lame, I am a racer." I make this speech, not on my own behalf,—for I am steeped in vices of every kind,—but on behalf of one who has made some progress in virtue.

"You talk one way," objects our adversary, "and live another." You most spiteful of creatures, you who always show the bitterest hatred to the best of men, this reproach was flung at Plato, at Epicurus, at Zeno; for all these declared how they ought to live, not how they did live. I speak of virtue, not of myself; and when I blame vices, I blame my own first of all: when I have the power, I shall live as I ought to do: spite, however deeply steeped in venom, shall not keep me back from what is best; that poison itself with which you bespatter others, with which you choke yourselves, shall not hinder me from continuing to praise that life which I do not indeed lead, but which I know I ought to lead,—from loving virtue and from following after her, albeit a long way behind her and with halting gait.

ON LEISURE (OTIUM)

With leisure we can carry out that which we have once for all decided to be best, when there is no one to interfere with us, and with the help of the mob pervert our as yet feeble judgment; with leisure only can life, which we distract by aiming at the most incompatible objects, flow on in a single gentle stream. Indeed, the worst of our various ills is that we change our very vices, and so have not even the advantage of dealing with a well-known form of evil; we take pleasure first in one and then in another, and are besides troubled by the fact that our opinions are not only wrong, but lightly formed: we toss as it were on waves, and clutch at one thing after another; we let go what we just now sought for, and strive to recover what we have let go. We oscillate between desire and remorse: for we depend entirely upon the opinions of others; and it is that which many people praise and seek after, not that which deserves to be praised and sought after, which we consider to be best. Nor do we take any heed of whether our road be good or bad in itself; but we value it by the number

of footprints upon it, among which there are none of any who have returned. You will say to me: — "Seneca, what are you doing? do you desert your party? I am sure that our Stoic philosophers say we must be in motion up to the very end of our life: we will never cease to labor for the general good, to help individual people, and when stricken in years to afford assistance even to our enemies. We are the sect that gives no discharge for any number of years' service; and in the words of the most eloquent of poets,—

'We wear the helmet when our locks are gray.'

We are they who are so far from indulging in any leisure until we die, that if circumstances permit it, we do not allow ourselves to be at leisure even when we are dying. Why do you preach the maxims of Epicurus in the very headquarters of Zeno? nay, if you are ashamed of your party, why do you not go openly altogether over to the enemy rather than betray your own side?"

I will answer this question straightway: What more can you wish than that I should imitate my leaders? What then follows? I shall go whither they lead me, not whither they send me.

Now I will prove to you that I am not deserting the tenets of the Stoics; for they themselves have not deserted them: and yet I should be able to plead a very good excuse even if I did follow, not their precepts, but their examples. I shall divide what I am about to say into two parts: first, that a man may from the very beginning of his life give himself up entirely to the contemplation of truth; secondly, that a man when he has already completed his term of service has the best of rights — that of his shattered health — to do this; and that he may then apply his mind to other studies, after the manner of the Vestal Virgins, who allot different duties to different years,—first learn how to perform the sacred rites, and when they have learned them, teach others.

I will show that this is approved of by the Stoics also: not that I have laid any commandment upon myself to do nothing contrary to the teaching of Zeno and Chrysippus, but because the matter itself allows me to follow the precepts of those men; for if one always follows the precepts of one man, one ceases to be a debater and becomes a partisan. Would that all things were already known; that truth were unveiled and recognized, and that none of our doctrines required modification! but as it is, we have

to seek for truth in the company of the very men who teach it. The two sects of Epicureans and Stoics differ widely in most respects, and on this point among the rest; nevertheless, each of them consigns us to leisure, although by a different road. Epicurus says, "The wise man will not take part in politics, except upon some special occasion." Zeno says, "The wise man will take part in politics, unless prevented by some special circumstance." The one makes it his aim in life to seek for leisure, the other seeks it only when he has reasons for so doing; but this word "reasons" has a wide signification. If the State is so rotten as to be past helping, if evil has entire dominion over it, the wise man will not labor in vain or waste his strength in unprofitable efforts. Should he be deficient in influence or bodily strength, if the State refuse to submit to his guidance, if his health stand in the way, then he will not attempt a journey for which he is unfit; just as he would not put to sea in a worn-out ship, or enlist in the army if he were an invalid. Consequently, one who has not yet suffered either in health or fortune has the right, before encountering any storms, to establish himself in safety, and thenceforth to devote himself to honorable industry and inviolate leisure, and the service of those virtues which can be practiced even by those who pass the quietest of lives. The duty of a man is to be useful to his fellow-men; if possible, to be useful to many of them; failing this, to be useful to a few; failing this, to be useful to his neighbors; and failing them, to himself: for when he helps others, he advances the general interests of mankind. Just as he who makes himself a worse man does harm not only to himself, but to all those to whom he might have done good if he had made himself a better one,—so he who deserves well of himself does good to others by the very fact that he is preparing what will be of service to them.

Let us grasp the fact that there are two republics: one vast and truly "public," which contains alike gods and men, in which we do not take account of this or that nook of land, but make the boundaries of our State reach as far as the rays of the sun; and another to which we have been assigned by the accident of birth. This may be that of the Athenians or Carthaginians, or of any other city which does not belong to all men but to some especial ones. Some men serve both of these States, the greater and the lesser, at the same time; some serve only the lesser, some only the greater. We can serve the greater commonwealth

even when we are at leisure: indeed, I am not sure that we cannot serve it better when we are at leisure to inquire into what virtue is, and whether it be one or many; whether it be nature or art that makes men good; whether that which contains the earth and sea and all that in them is, be one, or whether God has placed therein many bodies of the same species. . . .

"But," say you, "it makes a difference whether you adopt the contemplative life for the sake of your own pleasure, demanding nothing from it save unbroken contemplation without any result; for such a life is a sweet one and has attractions of its own." To this I answer you: It makes just as much difference in what spirit you lead the life of a public man; whether you are never at rest, and never set apart any time during which you may turn your eyes away from the things of earth to those of heaven. It is by no means desirable that one should merely strive to accumulate property without any love of virtue, or do nothing but hard work without any cultivation of the intellect; for these things ought to be combined and blended together: and similarly, virtue placed in leisure without action is but an incomplete and feeble good thing, because she never displays what she has learned. Who can deny that she ought to test her progress in actual work; and not merely think what ought to be done, but also sometimes use her hands as well as her head, and bring her conceptions into actual being? But if the wise man be quite willing to act thus,—if it be the things to be done that are wanting, not the man to do them,—will you not then allow him to live to himself? What is the wise man's purpose in devoting himself to leisure? He knows that in leisure as well as in action he can accomplish something by which he will be of service to posterity. Our school at any rate declares that Zeno and Chrysippus have done greater things than they would have done had they been in command of armies, or filled high offices, or passed laws; which latter indeed they did pass, though not for one single State, but for the whole human race. How then can it be unbecoming to a good man to enjoy a leisure such as this, by whose means he gives laws to ages to come, and addresses himself not to a few persons, but to all men of all nations, both now and hereafter? To sum up the matter, I ask you whether Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and Zeno lived in accordance with their doctrine? I am sure that you will answer that they lived in the manner in which they taught that men ought to live; yet no

one of them governed a State. «They had not,» you reply, «the amount of property or social position which as a rule enables people to take part in public affairs.» Yet for all that, they did not live an idle life: they found the means of making their retirement more useful to mankind than the perspirings and runnings to and fro of other men; wherefore these persons are thought to have done great things, in spite of their having done nothing of a public character.

Moreover, there are three kinds of life, and it is a stock question which of the three is the best: the first is devoted to pleasure, the second to contemplation, the third to action. First let us lay aside all disputatiousness and bitterness of feeling, which, as we have stated, causes those whose paths in life are different to hate one another beyond all hope of reconciliation; and let us see whether all these three do not come to the same thing, although under different names: for neither he who decides for pleasure is without contemplation, nor is he who gives himself up to contemplation without pleasure; nor yet is he whose life is devoted to action, without contemplation. «It makes,» you say, «all the difference in the world, whether a thing is one's main object in life or whether it be merely an appendage to some other object.» I admit that the difference is considerable: nevertheless, the one does not exist apart from the other; the one man cannot live in contemplation without action, nor can the other act without contemplation: and even the third, of whom we all agree in having a bad opinion, does not approve of passive pleasure, but of that which he establishes for himself by means of reason; even this pleasure-seeking sect itself, therefore, practices action also. Of course it does; since Epicurus himself says that at times he would abandon pleasure and actually seek for pain, if he became likely to be surfeited with pleasure, or if he thought that by enduring a slight pain he might avoid a greater one. With what purpose do I state this? To prove that all men are fond of contemplation. Some make it the object of their lives: to us it is an anchorage, but not a harbor.

THE WOOING OF MEGARA

(Hercules Furens,) Act II.

[*Enter* Amphitryon *and* Megara, *father and wife of* Hercules, *suppliants with his children at the altars of the gods.*]

AMPHITRYON — Olympus' ruler great and judge of earth
Now place at last a term to our distress
And make an end of sadness. Never dawn
Flashed on me free from care. One evil's end
Ever begins a new one. Even now
For him returning a new foe's prepared.
Before he gains his happy home he goes
Bidden to another war. Nor any rest
Nor any time of leisure is there granted
But he has some commands. From the very first
Juno pursues him hostile. Wherein was free
From care his infant years? Monsters he tamed
Ere he could even know them. Serpents twain
With crested heads threatened him open-mouthed
Whom boldly ran to meet the little child,
Seized, gazing on the serpents' fiery looks
With undisturb'd, serene, and cheerful heart
[With quiet face he bore their knotted folds,]
Pressing with tender hands their swelling throats
He crushed to death and to the future dragon
Thus gave a prelude. Mænalus' swift stag
Bearing aloft a head bright with much gold
He chased and caught. Nemea's greatest fear,
The lion, groaned, crushed by his sinewy strength.
Why should I tell the Bistones' dread stalls
And the king made a prey to his own herds?
The shaggy boar of Mænalus that used
To shake the Arcadian groves upon the heights
Of Erymanthus. Why should I also tell
The bull to hundred nations no light fear?

. . . . . .

Amid the far-off flocks of the western isle
The triple shepherd of the Tartesian shore
Was slain, the booty driven from utmost west.
Cithæron feared the beast known to the sea.
Bidden to explore the climes of summer sun,
The scorchèd realms where midday ever burns,
On either side he loosed the mountains, burst

The barrier, for the rushing mighty waves
Made a wide way. Arriving afterwards
At the abodes of the rich grove he bore
Away the dragon-guarded golden spoils.
Why should I tell of Lerna's monsters fierce,
A numerous pest, whom he at last with fire
Conquered and taught to die. In the very clouds
He shoots the Stymphalian birds which hitherto
Were wont to veil the day with outspread wings.
He was not conquered by the widow queen
Of couch unspotted on the Thermodon,
Nor did the task of Augeas' dirty stable
Dismay his hands, to every noble deed
Made bold. But what avails all this? He lacks
The world that he defended. All the lands
Have felt that he, the author of their peace,
Is far away. Lucky, successful crime
Is virtue called at Thebes. The good obey
The bad, and might is right, and slavish fear
Bears down the laws. Before my face I saw
With savage hand the royal princes slain,
Their father's throne defending, and himself
A victim fall, the last of Cadmus' stock.
I saw the crown that royal heads adorns
Torn off with the head itself. Who Thebes enough
Can pity? Land renowned for births of gods,
What master dost thou fear! Thou from whose fields,
A fertile womb indeed, a youthful band
Sprang with drawn swords, whose walls divine Amphion
Built with his lyre, whose strain the rocks obeyed,
Into whose city more than once the king
Of gods came down and left the sky. Which oft
Has been the host of gods, has made them too
And — be it right to say — perchance shall make them,
With sordid yoke is now this land oppressed.
[To what depths, sons of Cadmus and the state
Of great Amphion have ye fallen down?
Fear ye an unknown exile who has fled
His fatherland, and now oppresses ours?
And he who crime pursues by land and sea
And breaks with righteous hand the tyrants' sway
Now serves, though absent, and endures himself

What he forbids to others.] Exiled Lycus
Reigns over Thebes, the Thebes of Hercules.
But reign he will not. He will come to seek
His vengeance due and suddenly emerge
From hell to light of day. He'll find a way
Or make one. O, I pray, come safe and sound,
Return a victor to your vanquished home.

Megara — Come forth, my spouse, and far asunder riven
Break through the darkness. If there's no way back
And every path is closed, then cleave in twain
The earth, return, and whatsoe'er lies hid,
Bound with the bonds of night, bring with you forth.
Just as by torn-up ridges you once stood
And for the hurried river sought a way
Precipitous; riven with the mighty rush
Tempe lay wide revealed; driven by your breast
The mountains hither, thither fell, and, bursting
Its dykes, Peneus ran a course unknown —
So now in search of parents, children dear,
And fatherland, burst through the bonds of things,
Bring with you whatsoever greedy time
Has hidden in lapse of many years. Return
And drive before you nations lost to view,
Forgetful of themselves, afraid of day.
Unworthy are your spoils if you bring back
What is commanded only. — But too much
I boast, forgetting our sad lot. For whence
To me that day when I shall grasp your hand,
May kiss it, wail your slow return, unmindful
Of me and all my woes? To thee, O monarch
Of all the gods, a hundred untamed bulls
Shall bring their necks for slaughter. Queen of fruits,
I'll pay thee secret rites. In silent faith
Shall mute Eleusis cast thee torches long.
Then I will own the life and breath restored
To my dead brothers and my father happy,
Ruling in his own realms. If greater power
Keeps you a prisoner, then we follow. All
Either defend returning safe, or all
Drag to a like destruction. You will drag
Us down and no god raise us up again.

Amphitryon — O partner of our blood, faithful and chaste
Keeping the couch and sons of Hercules,

Take better hope and call your courage up.
Forthwith he will be here of greater might
Than ever, as his wont has been, each task
Accomplished.

Megara — What in grief too much we wish
We easily believe.

Amphitryon — Nay, what we fear
Too much, we think can never be removed.
Faith in the worst is ever prone to fear.

Megara — Sunk, buried, weighted down with all the earth
Above him, what way can he find to light?

Amphitryon — That which he found when through the parchèd waste
And billowy sands like ocean tempest-tossed
He traveled, twice the main he cleaved, and twice
Returned, when with abandoned barque embarrassed
He stuck in Syrtes' shallows, and, the boat
Remaining fast, went o'er the sea on foot.

Megara — The greatest virtue unfair fortune spares
But rarely. To so oft repeated dangers
Can no one long expose himself with safety.
Misfortune misses oft but hits at last.
But lo! with fierce and threatening countenance
Comes Lycus, wielding sceptres not his own.

[*Enter* Lycus.]

Lycus — The ruler of the wealthy realms of Thebes
And whatsoe'er contain with fertile soil
The slopes of Phocis that Ismenus waters,
[Whate'er Cithæron sees from his high top
And the thin isthmus cutting oceans twain] —
I do not hold a sire's ancestral sway,
A slothful heir. I have no noble line
Of ancestors, no race of ancient fame,
But excellence distinguished. He who boasts
His noble birth, praises another's deeds
And not his own. But sceptres won by force
Are held in fear. All safety lies in steel.
The unsheath'd sword guards what you know you hold
Against your subjects' will. In foreign soil
No kingdom stands secure. But Megara
Can stay my power in royal wedlock joined.
Her noble birth to my obscurity

Will color give. I cannot think 'twill be
That she'll refuse and spurn with scorn my couch.
But if persistently with violent mind
She should say no, one plan alone remains,
To overwhelm in one destruction all
The house of Hercules. The people's voice
With hatred such a deed will follow close.
Well, rule's first art is the ability
To suffer hatred. Therefore let us try,
Since chance has given us opportunity,
For she herself, her head in sorrow covered,
Stands veiled by the protecting deities,
And by her side clings Hercules' true sire.

Megara — What new plot plans that man, our race's ruin?
What is he attempting?

Lycus — O thou who drawest
From royal stock a noble name, a little
Gracious with patient ear receive my words.
If mortals always wage eternal hatred,
If never from our minds madness departs
When once it's made a home there, but the victor
Still carries arms, and fresh ones forge the vanquished,
War will leave nothing. With wide fields the country
Will desert lie and squalid, burning dwellings
Will overwhelm the nations, in the ashes
Of their own houses buried. It befits
The conqueror to wish for peace. The vanquished
Must hold it a necessity. Come then
And share my realm. Be one with me in mind
And take this pledge of faith, touch my right hand.
But why with countenance fierce do you keep silence?

Megara — Am I to touch a hand stained with the blood
Of my own father, and my brothers' slaughter?
First shall the morning see the sun go down
And eve bring back the day. 'Twixt snow and flame
First shall be faithful peace, and Scylla join
Sicily's shore to Italy [and first
Shall the Euboic wave of Euripus,
With changeful swiftness flying, stand unmoved.]
You robbed me of my native land, my home,
My sire, my brothers. What remains to me?

One thing is left, dearer than sire or brother,
Than native land, than hearth and home, my hatred
Of thee, which I but mourn because I share it
With all the people. But how great a portion
Of hate is mine? Rule, swol'n with pride. Display
Your haughty spirit. The avenging god
Pursues the proud behind. The realms of Thebes
I know of old. Why should I tell the wrongs
That mothers dared and bore? The double crime
And mingled name of spouse and child and sire?
Why the twin camps of hostile brothers, why
So many funeral piles? Now stiff with grief
Stands the proud mother, Tantalus' fair daughter,
And weeps the rock in Phrygian Sipylus.
[Cadmus himself, lifting a serpent's head,
Crested and threatening, the Illyrian kingdoms
Measured in flight from end to end, and left
The long marks of his dragging steps behind.]
These instances await you. As you will,
Rule till our realm's accustomed fates shall call.

Lycus — Come, mad one, lay aside these savage words
And learn from Hercules, your spouse, to bear
A king's commands. Although with conquering hand
I wield a sceptre won with violence,
And all things rule without a fear of laws,
Which arms have conquered, I will speak a little
In my own cause. In bloody war your father
Fell with your brothers. Arms observe no bounds,
Nor is it easy to restrain or rule
The anger of the unsheath'd sword. In gore
War takes delight — he in his realm's defense,
We urged by wicked lust — war's end is sought
And not its cause. But let all memory
Now perish from our minds. For since his arms
The victor has laid down, the vanquished too
To lay aside his hatred it behoves.
Not that on bended knee you should adore
Us reigning do we seek. But this doth please us
That you accept your ruin with great mind.
You are a lady worthy of a king,
A queenly wife. Then come and share my couch.

Megara — A chilling tremor strikes my bloodless limbs.
What crime has reached my ears? I did not tremble
When peace was broken and the crash of war

Sounded about the rampart. Fearlessly
I bore all terrors. From your nuptial couch
Trembling I shrink. Now first of all I feel
Myself a prisoner. Now let heavy chains
Weigh down my body and with hunger slow
Let death be long drawn out. No force shall break
My constancy. I'll die, Alcides, thine.

Lycus — Your spouse inspires your heart in depths of hell?
Megara — He sank to hell that he might rise to heaven.
Lycus — The earth's unmeasured weight now keeps him down.
Megara — No weight keeps that man down who bore the sky.
Lycus — You will be forced.
Megara — What force can o'ercome death?
Lycus — Confess what royal gift could I prepare
Equal to marriage bonds?
Megara — Your death or mine.
Lycus — Mad, will you die?
Megara — I'll run to meet my spouse.
Lycus — Do you prefer a slave to me, a monarch?
Megara — How many monarchs has that slave destroyed?
Lycus — Then why serves he a king and bears the yoke?
Megara — Take hard commands away, and where is virtue?
Lycus — You think it virtue to meet beasts and monsters?
Megara — 'Tis virtue's part to vanquish what all fear.
Lycus — Now the Tartarean shades oppress the boaster.
Megara — It is no easy path from earth to heaven.
Lycus — Born of what father does he hope for heaven?
Amphitryon — Now list, Alcides' miserable spouse.
My part it is to give to Hercules
His sire and true extraction. Do but think on
So many famous deeds of our great hero,
Whatever Titan rising, setting, sees,
Tamed by his hand, so many monsters vanquished
And Phlegra's land scattered with gore rebellious
Against the gods, the gods themselves defended.
Is not his father clear? Do we wrong Jove?
Trust Juno's hatred.
Lycus — But why slander Jove?
The mortal race cannot be joined with heaven.
Amphitryon — Many gods had this common origin.
Lycus — And were they slaves before they reached the sky?
Amphitryon — The Delian shepherd fed Admetus' flocks.
Lycus — But wandered not an exile through all lands.
Amphitryon — On wandering isle of exiled mother born.

Lycus — Did Phœbus fear fierce monsters or wild beasts?
Amphitryon — The dragon dyed his arrows with its blood.
Do you not know what ills the baby bore
Cast by the thunder from his mother's womb?
[He soon stood boldly by his thundering sire.]
And did not he, who rules the sky and shakes
The clouds, lie hid an infant in a cave
On Ida's mount. Such high nativities
Are paid with anxious care. The cost is great,
Both is and has been, to be born a god.
Lycus — Whomever you see luckless, know a man.
Amphitryon — Whomever you see valiant, call not luckless.
Lycus — Are we to call him valiant from whose shoulders
The lion's skin and club fell, to be made
A wench's gift, whose side shone clothed in purple?
Are we to call him valiant whose stiff hair
Was wet with ointment, whose renownèd hands
Moved to the unheroic timbrel's sound?
Amphitryon — With barbarous coif his savage forehead binding
Young Bacchus did not blush his locks to spread
Wide to the breeze, or with soft hand to wield
The thyrsus light, when with unmartial step
He wore a robe bright with barbaric gold.
Virtue relaxes after many toils.
Lycus — The house of o'erwhelmed Teuthras speaks to that
And flocks of virgins pure oppressed like cattle.
This did not Juno, nor Eurystheus bid.
These are his own achievements.
Amphitryon — You know not all.
His own achievement was it to beat Eryx
With his own gloves, yea and to Eryx joined
Libyan Antæus. And the bloody hearths,
Stained with the gore of guests, were made to drink
The righteous blood of wicked Busiris.
His own achievement was it to slay Cycnus,
As yet untamed, who ran upon the sword,
And Geryon, more than one, by one hand vanquished.
But you, no doubt, are one of those good people
Who by no shameful deed have injured wedlock
Of marriage-bed inviolate.
Lycus — What Jove may do,
A king may. A wife to Jove you gave, a wife you'll give
To me, a king. And by your tutorship

Your daughter here will learn this old, old lesson,
Which e'en her spouse approves, the better man
To follow. If she steadfastly refuses
To join with me in marriage, from her body,
Ravished by force, a noble stock I'll raise.

Megara — Ye shades of Creon and the household gods
Of Labdacus and the dread nuptial torch
Of Œdipus, give your accustomed fates
To your communion. Now ye cruel daughters
Of King Egyptus come with blood-dyed hands.
One of their number lack the Danaïdes.
I will fill up the place, complete the crime.

Lycus — Since stubbornly you spurn with scorn our union
And terrify a king, you now shall know
The power of a king's sceptre. You will cling
Fast to the altars, but no god shall save you
Not if, the world removed, Alcides came
Victorious, to the gods in triumph borne.
Heap up the wood. Let the fire blaze and fall
In on the suppliants. Apply the torch
And let one pyre burn wife and all the flock.

Amphitryon — This boon I pray from thee, Alcides' sire,
Which be it fit to ask, that first I fall.

Lycus — Who bids one punishment slay all together
Knows not to be a tyrant. Ask again
And something different. The unhappy man
Forbid to die, the happy bid destroy.
I, while with faggots grows the funeral pile
Will sacrifice to Neptune, ocean's lord.

Amphitryon — O highest power of deities on high,
Ruler omnipotent, at whose weapons tremble
All human things, this wicked king's right hand
Smite and restrain! Why vainly pray to gods?
Where'er thou art, my son, O hear! — Why totter
The temples tossed with sudden motion? Why
Groans loud the ground? From lowest depths of hell
A crash infernal thundered. We are heard.
It is, it is the step of Hercules.

Translated by J. W. Cunliffe.

MATILDE SERAO

(1856–)

AMONG the novel-writers of the present generation in Italy, Matilde Serao occupies a place of honor and popularity. She was born on March 7th, 1856, in Patras, a seaport of Greece; so that Italian is in reality for her an acquired language. Her mother was a Greek, and descended from the princes Scanavy, who gave emperors to Trebizond. Her father was a Neapolitan exile, who returned to his native city only when Matilde was twelve years of age. Signora Serao superintended the early education of her daughter, who is said to have been a lazy child, with a strong dislike of study. She found reading a pleasant pastime, however, and was interested in people and in the general routine of life. When sent to school in France she fed her mind on the novels of the French realistic school, and soon began to write on her own account. When seventeen years of age she published her first story, which was entitled 'Opal.' This tale created some little stir; and De Zerbi, editor of the Neapolitan Piccolo, offered her a place on his journal. The Serao family was poor, and this offer was eagerly accepted. In order to do better work as a reporter, she assumed a man's dress and cropped her hair. The adaptability of her temperament enabled her to write to order with great facility. When her talent was left entirely free she usually wrote sensuous love tales, in which the dews of the fields and the stars of the sky were called upon to witness the raptures and the sorrows of her heroes and heroines. With equal ease, however, she produced sermons and criticisms. Her teeming imagination overflowed the restriction of subject. Despite her versatility and her need of money, it seems to have been always her aim to do the best of which she was capable; and thus her work was always a means of development to her talent. She married Signor Eduardo Scarfoglio, and with him established the Corriere di Roma. They afterwards removed to Naples, where they edited the Corriere di Napoli. In 1881 and 1883 she published two long romances, and gathered into volumes those of her short stories which she deemed worthy to live. She is fond of studying child life; and in her story 'Little Minds,' written for grown people, she pictures the little woes and pleasures and philosophies of children with that detail and objective passion which is characteristic of her.

'An Unsteady Heart' was her first long novel, and was followed by 'Fantasia.' This is the story of a morbid and fanatically religious invalid, who through her sickly romanticism is led into sinful feeling. She infatuates the husband of her dearest friend, and finally leaves her own husband to run away with him; but, overcome with remorse, evades her lover, and smothers herself with charcoal, to secure the happiness of the deserted wife.

Madame Serao's plots are usually tragedies, and are worked out with precision and refinement of passion. She is a painter of details; no incident or expression is too trivial for her observation, and she loves the minutest traceries of life, which she sees purely from its emotional side. She is sometimes called "La petite Sand Italienne"; but while her mind has perhaps been influenced by French realists, her stories are essentially the creations of a more southern temperament. Many of her later novels have been translated into English.

FROM 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM'

Massimo was alone. A friend of his youth whom he had not seen for years until to-day, when he had accidentally met him in the street, had returned to dine with him at seven o'clock after the happy recognition took place. Massimo was enduring wearily the burden of a summer in town. Always before he had gone to the country in June; but he had looked forward to this as a happy evening of memories in the companionship of his recovered friend. Between the pleasures of dinner, of cigarettes, and of wine, they had indeed passed two cozy hours in chatting of old times. They began all their sentences by saying "Do you remember?" They laughed deliciously at dear memories which crowded upon their minds; interrupting each other occasionally by an exclamation of regret or a sigh of longing for the return of those old days.

Yet in the very midst of the friendly merriment which filled their hearts, they had become conscious of a sense of melancholy. The two men had traveled different paths through life, and had become very unlike in everything. They had set out from the same point, and had studied together. But the friend was now a well-known lawyer in one of the provinces; he had a wife and family, was guided by simple, practical ideas, and by a mind and

temperament somewhat slow and deliberate. Massimo, on the contrary, had wandered for ten or fifteen years in foreign countries, connected now with this legation, now with that; a diplomat without enthusiasm; indolent, and unable on account of his laziness to build up a career. He was content or not, according to his mood, with his position of secretary. He was a handsome man of the southern type, but had already lost the freshness of youth; his hair was growing thin over his forehead, and his eyes were lustreless. He had comfortable means without being extremely rich, and was now playing the martyr in Naples on a leave of absence; his friends called it a penance. Massimo was refined, and a man of spirit and intelligence; but he was consumed by the monotony of his existence, and also oppressed by private cares and sorrows. His friend was a man of talents, but strong and quiet; rather stout and lethargic in his appearance; controlled always by sound provincial common-sense, which condemns originality as folly, and sacrifices the pleasures of the present for the sake of enjoying a too distant future.

Thus, while one man told the story of his life, the other listened and judged it according to his temperament; judged it coldly in his heart, though for the sake of the old friendship he was not too honest in his expressions, but gently modified his speech. Nevertheless, they felt the distance which was between them. At one juncture they even searched each other's face in doubt, so much like strangers did they seem; but they said nothing. Perhaps in his heart Massimo envied the provincial lawyer of reputation, with his limited ambition and his power of assiduous work, envied him his fat, peaceful family, so well sheltered from the storms of life, and his comfortable house, which had been the house of his ancestors and which would become the home of his descendants; envied him his practicality, his seriousness and equilibrium, and indeed all those possessions which were lacking to himself. And the lawyer envied Massimo his vagabond life of an aristocrat in foreign courts; his future, which he had the power to make splendid; his bachelor freedom, and the adventures of his ideal existence; and the elegant and exquisite apartments which he shared with no one. These were dreams which had never disturbed his provincial sleep.

Simultaneously they sighed. The evening was hot; the door was open between the room where they smoked and the balcony, but no breath of air came to them; only a heavy fragrance of

jessamine. They were conscious of having grown sad. They had recalled too much of the past, had unearthed too many buried monuments, evoked too many lost friends who had once been dear, and too many dead loves. This cannot be done without a mingled feeling of sadness and pleasure; and the pleasure soon vanishes, while the sadness remains. They smoked on in silence, their heads resting on the high back of the sofa. Then the lawyer looked at his watch, and said out of courtesy:—

"Will you come out with me?"

Had they not said all which they had to say? Had they not, perhaps, done foolishly in telling so much? Massimo replied politely that he was obliged to write some urgent letters, but that he would be at the villa later, at about eleven o'clock. The lawyer replied in an indifferent tone that he too would be there then; and the friends separated, each assured that they would not meet again this evening,—perhaps indeed that they would never meet again. However sweet the past has been, it is dead; and phantoms, however beautiful they may be, trouble the soul of the most courageous.

When he was alone, Massimo regretted that he had brought this friend to his house. So many closed wounds had begun again to bleed in these last two hours! While he continued to smoke, he heard his servant arranging things in the small dining-room. After a little, the boy came to ask if his master had need of him this evening; if not, he wanted to go out with a few friends and find relief from the heat. Massimo dismissed him readily; the door closed, and he was entirely alone. But his evening was lost. He had imprudently ascended the river of the past in company with a person whom he had loved; the voyage had discouraged him, had made him lose all which had remained to him of moral force, through which he had been enabled to endure the loneliness and discomforts of a Neapolitan summer. In his hours of rebellion, when he was spiritually prostrated and the victim of excessive physical inertia, and when his heart rose within him resentfully, he was wont to smoke certain soothing Egyptian cigarettes, which usually in the end quieted him. On this summer evening, however, the cigarettes went out between his drawn lips, and he threw them away one by one when they were but partly burned. He went to the balcony. He lived on the third floor of a large palace in the Via Gennaro Serra; and because on account of the slope of the street the houses in front

of him were lower than his, he had a glimpse of the sea and saw a great sweep of starry sky.

The night was most beautiful; the Milky Way was trembling luminously: but no breeze stirred, and the air hung heavy. His head seemed on fire. Though alone and weary, he could not keep still; he took a pen and tried to write. Suddenly his face grew whiter than the paper in front of him; it was as though he had seen a vision among the shadows of the room. There was a continuous rumble of carriages in the Via Gennaro Serra. All the people were coming out of their houses and walking the streets in search of air to breathe; they wanted to look at the stars, and to enjoy the Neapolitan night, beautiful, and even cool in the small hours. Again he went to the balcony; he was suffocating. He returned to his desk to write, but was unable to do so. Why should he write? Of what use are black letters traced on white paper when one is suffering from passionate loneliness? The parent or friend or sweetheart to whom they are addressed will perhaps read them aloud to some stranger, and laugh unsympathetically at their expressions. Too much time and too many events lie between the moment of writing and that of reading.

A hand-organ began to play in the Piazza Monte de Dio. It played in slow, measured time a song which should have been gay, but which thus became curiously sad. Massimo was irritated by this sentimental or tired organ-grinder, who changed a tarantella into a funeral march. Perhaps he was old, however; perhaps his day had been poor: surely he must be an unhappy creature, or he would not grind out such a mournful funeral dirge. Massimo leaned over the balcony railing, and impulsively threw him a two-franc piece. After a moment the music ceased, and Massimo was sorry. He felt more lonely, more comfortless, more desperate, than ever before during his stay in Naples. What could he do? Where could he go? where could he carry his weary soul and body? Was there any one at hand whom he knew, in whose company, no matter how insipid and unpleasing it might be, he could pass this summer night? He felt that he could not sleep. He knew indeed that there was no help for his melancholy.

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THE BOARDING-SCHOOL

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"THE discipline for to-morrow is this," said the preacher, reading from a small card: "You will sacrifice to the Virgin Mary all the sentiments of rancor that you cherish in your hearts, and you will kiss the schoolfellow, the teacher, or the servant whom you think you hate."

In the twilight of the chapel there was a slight stir among the grown-up girls and teachers: the little ones remained quiet; some of them were asleep, others yawned behind tiny hands, and their small round faces twitched with weariness. The sermon had lasted an hour, and the poor children had not understood a word of it. They were longing for supper and bed. The preacher had now descended from the pulpit, and Cherubina Friscia, the teacher who acted as sacristan, was lighting the candles with a taper. By degrees the chapel became flooded with light. The cheeks of the dazed, sleepy little girls flushed pink under it; their elders stood immovable, with blinking startled eyes and weary indifferent faces. Some prayed with bowed heads, while the candle-light played with the thick plaits of their hair coiled close to their neck, and with certain blonde curls that no comb could restrain. Then when the whole chapel was lighted for the recital of the 'Rosary,' the group of girl scholars in white muslin frocks, with black aprons, and the various colored ribbons by which the classes were distinguished, assumed a gay aspect, despite the general weariness. A deep sigh escaped Lucia Altimare.

"What ails thee?" queried Caterina Spaccapietra, under her breath.

"I suffer, I suffer," murmured the other dreamily. "This preacher saddens me. He does not understand Our Lady, he does not feel her." And the black pupils of her eyes, set in bluish-white, dilated as in a vision. Caterina did not reply. The directress intoned the 'Rosary' in a solemn voice, with a strong Tuscan accent. She read the 'Mystery' alone. Then all the voices in chorus, shrill and low, accompanied her in the 'Gloria Patri' and in the 'Pater.'

She repeated the 'Ave Maria' as far as the "Frutto del tuo ventre"; the teachers and pupils taking up the words in unison. The chapel was filled with music, the elder pupils singing with a fullness of voice that sounded like the outpouring of their souls: but the little ones made a game of it. While the directress, standing alone, repeated the verses, they counted the time, so that they might all break in at the end with a burst; and nudging each other, tittered under their breath. Some of them would lean over the backs of the chairs, assuming a devout collectedness; but in reality pulling out the hair of the playfellows in front of them. Some played with their rosaries under their pinafores, with an audible click of the beads. The vigilant eye of the directress watched over the apparently exemplary elder girls: she saw that Carolina Pentasuglia wore a carnation at the buttonhole of her bodice, though no carnations grew in the college gardens; that a little square of paper was perceptible in the bosom of Ginevra Avigliana, beneath the muslin of her gown; that Artemisia Minichini, with the short hair and firm chin, had as usual crossed one leg over the other, in contempt of religion: she saw and noted it all. Lucia Altimare sat leaning forward, with wide-open eyes fixed upon a candle, her mouth drawn slightly on one side; from time to time a nervous shock thrilled her. Close to her, Caterina Spaccapietra said her prayers in all tranquillity, her eyes void of sight as was her face of motion and expression. The directress said the words of the 'Ave Maria' without thinking of their meaning; absent, preoccupied, getting through her prayers as rapidly as possible.

The restlessness of the little ones increased. They twisted about, and lightly raised themselves on their chairs, whispering to each other, and fidgeting with their rosaries. Virginia Friozzi had a live cricket in her pocket, with a fine silken thread tied round its claw; at first she had covered it with her hand to prevent its moving, then she had allowed it to peep out of the opening of her pocket: then she had taken it out and hidden it under her apron; at last she could not resist showing it to the neighbors on her right and on her left. The news spread, the children became agitated, restraining their laughter with difficulty, and no longer giving the responses in time. Suddenly the cricket dragged at the thread, and hopped off,—limping into the midst of the passage which divided the two rows of chairs. There was a burst of laughter.

"Friozzi will not appear in the parlor to-morrow," said the directress severely.

The child turned pale at the harshness of a punishment which would prevent her from seeing her mother.

Cherubina Friscia, the sacristan-teacher, of cadaverous complexion and worn anæmic face, descended the altar steps and confiscated the cricket. There was a moment of silence, and then they heard the gasping voice of Lucia Altimare murmuring, "Mary— Mary— Divine Mary!"

"Pray silently, Altimare," gently suggested the directress.

The 'Rosary' began again, this time without interruption. All knelt down, with a great noise of moving chairs; and the Latin words were recited, almost chanted, in chorus. Caterina Spaccapietra rested her head against the back of the chair in front of her. Lucia Altimare had thrown herself down, shuddering, with her head on the straw seat and arms hanging slack at her side.

"The blood will go to your head, Lucia," whispered her friend.

"Leave me alone," said Lucia.

The pupils rose from their knees. One of them, accompanied by a teacher, had mounted the steps leading to the little organ. The teacher played a simple devotional prelude for the 'Litany to the Virgin.' A pure fresh voice, of brilliant quality, rang out and permeated the chapel, waking its sleeping echoes; a young yearning voice, crying with the ardor of an invocation, "Sancta Maria!" And from below, all the pupils responded in the minor key, "Ora pro nobis!" The singer stood in the light on the platform of the organ, her face turned towards the altar. She was Giovanna Casacalenda, a tall girl whose white raiment did not conceal her fine proportions; a girl with a massive head, upon which her dark hair was piled heavily, and with eyes so black that they appeared as if painted. She stood there alone, isolated, infusing all the passion of her youth into her full mellow voice, delighting in the pleasure of singing as if she had freed herself and lived in her song. The pupils turned to look at her, with the joy in music which is inherent in childhood. When the voice of Giovanna came down to them, the chorus rising from below answered, "Ora pro nobis!" She felt her triumph. With head erect, her wondrous black eyes swimming in a humid light, her right hand resting lightly on the wooden balustrade, her white

throat throbbing as if for love, she intoned the medium notes, ran up to the highest ones, and came down gently to the lower, giving full expression to her song: "Regina Angelorum!" One moment of silence, in which to enjoy the last notes; then from below, in enthusiastic answer, came childish and youthful voices: "Ora pro nobis!" The singer looked fixedly at the altar, but she seemed to see or hear something beyond it — a vision or music inaudible to the others. Every now and then a breath passed through her song, lending it warmth, making it passionate; every now and then the voice thinned itself to a golden thread, that sounded like the sweet trill of a bird, while occasionally it sank to a murmur, with a delicious hesitation.

"Giovanna sees heaven," said Ginevra Avigliana to Artemisia Minichini.

"Or the stage," rejoined the other skeptically.

Still, when Giovanna came to the poetic images by which the Virgin is designated,— Gate of Heaven, Vase of Election, Tower of David,— the girls' faces flushed in the ecstasy of that wondrous music: only Caterina Spaccapietra, who was absorbed, did not join in, and Lucia Altimare, who wept silently. The tears coursed down her thin cheeks. They rained upon her bosom and her hands; they melted away on her apron; and she did not dry them. Caterina quietly passed her handkerchief to her, but she took no notice of it. The preacher, Father Capece, went up the altar steps for the benediction. The Litany ended with the 'Agnus Dei.' The voice of the singer seemed overpowered by sheer fatigue. Once more all the pupils knelt, and the priest prayed. Giovanna, kneeling at the organ, breathed heavily. After five minutes of silent prayer, the organ pealed out again slowly over the bowed heads, and a thrilling resonant voice seemed to rise from mid-air towards heaven, lending its splendor to the sacrament in the 'Tantum Ergo.' Giovanna was no longer tired; indeed her song grew in power, triumphant and full of life, with an ebb and flow that were almost voluptuous. The throb of its passion passed over the youthful heads below, and a mystic sensation caused their hearts to flutter. In the intensity of their prayer, in the approach of the benediction, they realized the solemnity of the moment. It dominated and terrified them, until it was followed by a painful and exquisite prostration. All was silent; then a bell rang three peals. For an instant Artemisia Minichini dared to raise her eyes; she was alone, looking at

the inert forms upon the chairs, looking boldly at the altar; after which, overcome by childish fear, she dropped her eyes again.

The holy sacrament, in its sphere of burnished gold, raised high in the priest's hands, shed its blessing on those assembled in the church.

"I am dying," gasped Lucia Altimare.

At the door of the chapel, in the long gas-lighted corridor, the teachers were waiting to muster the classes, and lead them to the refectory. The faces were still agitated; but the little ones hopped and skipped about, and prattled together, and pinched each other, in all the joyous exuberance of childhood released from durance vile. As their limbs unstiffened, they jostled each other, laughing the while. The teachers, running after some of them, scolding others, half threatening, half coaxing, tried to range them in a file of two and two. They began with the little ones, then came the elder children, and after them the grown-up girls. The corridor rang with voices, calling:—

"The Blues, where are the Blues?" "Here they are, all of them." "Friozzi is missing." "Where is Friozzi of the Blues?" "Here!" "In line, and to the left, if you please." "The Greens, in line the Greens, or no fruit for dinner to-morrow." "Quick! the refectory bell has rung twice already." "Federici of the Reds, walk straight!" "Young ladies of the White-and-Greens, the bell is ringing for the third time." "Are the Tricolors all here?" "All." "Casacalenda is missing." "She is coming; she is still at the organ." "Altimare is missing."

"Where is Altimare?"

"She was here just now,—she must have disappeared in the bustle; shall I look for her?"

"Look; and come to the refectory with her."

Then the corridor emptied, and the refectory filled with light and merriment. With measured, almost rhythmic step, Caterina went to and fro in the deserted passages, seeking her friend Altimare. She descended to the ground floor, called her twice from the garden: no answer. Then she mounted the stairs again, and entered the dormitory. The white beds formed a line under the crude gaslight: Lucia was not there. A shade of anxiety began to dawn on Caterina's rosy face. She passed by the chapel twice, without going in. But the third time, finding the door ajar, she made up her mind to enter. It was dark

inside. A lamp burning before the Madonna scarcely relieved the gloom. She passed on, half intimidated despite her well-balanced nerves; for she was alone in the darkness, in church.

Along one of the altar steps, stretched out on the crimson velvet carpet, a white form was lying, with open arms and pallid face,—a spectral figure. It was Lucia Altimare, who had fainted.

The fan of Artemisia Minichini, made of a large sheet of manuscript, waved noisily to and fro.

"Minichini, you disturb the professor," said Friscia, the assistant teacher, without raising her eyes from her crochet work.

"Friscia, you don't feel the heat?" returned Minichini insolently.

"No."

"You are lucky to be so insensible."

In the class-room where the Tricolor young ladies were taking their lesson in Italian history, it was very hot. There were two windows opening upon the garden, a door leading to the corridor, three rows of benches, and twenty-four pupils. On a high raised step stood the table and arm-chair of the professor. The fans waved hither and thither, some vivaciously, some languidly. Here and there a head bent over its book as if weighted with drowsiness. Ginevra Avigliana stared at the professor, nodding as if in approval, though her face expressed entire absence of mind. Minichini had put down her fan, opened her *pince-nez*, and fixed it impudently upon the professor's face. With her nose tip-tilted, and a truant lock of hair curling on her forehead, she laughed her silent laugh that so irritated the teachers. The professor explained the lesson in a low voice. He was small, spare, and pitiable. He might have been about two-and-thirty; but his emaciated face, whose dark coloring had yellowed with the pallor of some long illness, proclaimed him a convalescent. A big scholarly head surmounting the body of a dwarf, a wild thick mane in which some white hairs were already visible, proud yet shy eyes, a small, dirty-black beard, thinly planted towards the thin cheeks, completed his sad and pensive ugliness.

He spoke without gesture, his eyes downcast; occasionally his right hand moved ever so slightly. Its shadow on the wall seemed to belong to a skeleton, it was so thin and crooked. He proceeded slowly, picking his words. These girls intimidated him: some because of their intelligence, others because of their

impertinence, others simply because of their sex. His scholastic austerity was perturbed by their shining eyes, by their graceful and youthful forms; their white garments formed a kind of mirage before his eyes. A pungent scent diffused itself throughout the class, although perfumes were prohibited; whence came it? And at the end of the third bench, Giovanna Casacalenda, who paid not the slightest attention, sat, with half-closed eyes, furiously nibbling a rose. Here in front, Lucia Altimare, with hair falling loose about her neck, one arm hanging carelessly over the bench, resting her brow against her hand and hiding her eyes, looked at the professor through her fingers; every now and then she pressed her handkerchief to her too crimson lips, as if to mitigate their feverishness. The professor felt upon him the gaze that filtered through her fingers; while, without looking at her, he could see Giovanna Casacalenda tearing the rose to pieces with her little teeth. He remained apparently imperturbable, still discoursing of Carmagnola and the conspiracy of Fiesco, addressing himself to the tranquil face of Caterina Spaccapietra, who penciled rapid notes in her copy-book.

"What are you writing, Pentasuglia?" asked the teacher Friscia, who had been observing the latter for some time.

"Nothing," replied Pentasuglia, reddening.

"Give me that scrap of paper."

"What for? There is nothing on it."

"Give me that scrap of paper."

"It is not a scrap of paper," said Minichini audaciously, taking hold of it as if to hand it to her. "It is one, two, three, four, five, twelve useless fragments—"

To save her schoolfellow, she had torn it to shreds. There was silence in the class: they trembled for Minichini. The teacher bent her head, tightened her thin lips, and picked up her crochet again as if nothing had happened. The professor appeared to take no notice of the incident, as he looked through his papers; but his mind must have been inwardly disturbed. A flush of youthful curiosity made him wonder what those girls were thinking of; what they scribbled in their little notes; for whom their smiles were meant, as they looked at the plaster bust of the King; what they thought when they drew the tricolor scarves round their waists. But the ghastly face and false gray eyes of Cherubina Friscia, the governess, frightened him

"Avigliana, say the lesson."

The girl rose, and began rapidly to speak of the Viscontis, like a well-trained parrot. When asked to give a few historical comments, she made no reply: she had not understood her own words.

"Minichini, say the lesson."

"Professor, I don't know it."

"And why?"

"Yesterday was Sunday, and we went out, so I could not study."

The professor made a note in the register; the young lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Casacalenda?"

This one made no answer. She was gazing with intense earnestness at her white hands, — hands that looked as if they were modeled in wax.

"Casacalenda, will you say the lesson?"

Opening her great eyes as if she were dazed, she began, stumbling at every word, puzzled, making one mistake upon another; the professor prompted, and she repeated, with the winning air of a strong, beautiful young animal; she neither knew nor understood nor was ashamed — maintaining her sculpturesque placidity, moistening her rustic Diana-like lips, contemplating her pink nails. The professor bent his head in displeasure, not daring to scold that splendid stupid creature, whose voice had such enchanting modulations.

He made two or three other attempts; but the class, owing to the preceding holiday, had not studied. This was the explanation of the flowers, the perfumes, and the little notes: the twelve hours' liberty had upset the girls. Their eyes were full of visions; they had seen the world yesterday. He drew himself together, perplexed; a sense of mingled shame and respect kept every mouth closed. How he loved that science of history! His critical acumen measured its widest horizons; his was a vast ideal, and he suffered in having to offer crumbs of it to those pretty, aristocratic, indolent girls, who would have none of it. Still young, he had grown old and gray in arduous study; and now, behold — gay and careless youth, choosing rather to live than to know, rose in defiance against him. Bitterness welled up to his lips, and went out towards those creatures, thrilling with life and contemptuous of his ideal; bitterness in that he could not like them be beautiful and vigorous, and revel in heedlessness,

and be beloved. Anguish rushed through his veins, from his heart, and poisoned his brain, that he should have to humiliate his knowledge before those frivolous, scarcely human girls. But the gathering storm was held back; and nothing of it was perceptible save a slight flush on his meagre cheek bones.

"Since none of you have studied," he said slowly, in a low voice, "none of you can have done the composition."

"Altimare and I have done it," answered Caterina Spaccapietra. "We did not go home," she added apologetically, to avoid offending her friends.

"Then you read, Spaccapietra: the subject is, I think, Beatrice di Tenda."

"Yes: Beatrice di Tenda."

Spaccapietra stood up and read, in her pure, slow voice:—

"Ambition had ever been the ruling passion of the Viscontis of Milan, who shrank from naught that could minister to the maintenance of their sovereign power. Filippo Maria, son of Gian Galeazzo, who had succeeded his brother Gian Galeazzo, differed in no way from his predecessors. For the love of gain, this prince espoused Beatrice di Tenda, the widow of a condottiere (a soldier of fortune); a virtuous and accomplished woman of mature age. She brought her husband in dowry the dominions of Tortona, Novara, Vercelli, and Alessandria; but he tired of her as soon as he had satisfied his thirst for wealth. He caused her to be accused of unfaithfulness to her wifely duty, with a certain Michele Orombello, a simple squire. Whether the accusation was false or made in good faith, whether the witnesses were to be relied upon or not, Beatrice di Tenda was declared guilty, and with Michele Orombello mounted the scaffold in the year 1418, which was the forty-eighth of her life,—she having been born in 1370."

Caterina had folded up her paper, and the professor was still waiting; two minutes elapsed.

"Is there no more?"

"No."

"Really, is that all?"

"All."

"It is a very meagre composition, Spaccapietra. It is but the bare narrative of the historical fact, as it stands in the textbook. Does not the hapless fate of Beatrice inspire you with any sympathy?"

"I don't know," murmured the young scholar, pale with emotion.

"Yet you are a woman. It so happens that I had chosen a theme which suggests the manifestation of a noble impulse; say of pity, or contempt for the false accusation. But in this form the story turns to mere chronology. The composition is too meagre. You have no imagination, Spaccapietra."

"Yes, professor," replied the young girl submissively, as she took her seat again, while tears welled to her eyes.

"Let us hear Altimare."

Lucia appeared to start out of a lethargy. She sought for some time among her papers, with an ever increasing expression of weariness. Then, in a weak inaudible voice, she began to read, slowly, dragging the syllables, as if overpowered by an invincible lassitude.

"Louder, Altimare."

"I cannot, professor."

And she looked at him with such melancholy eyes that he repented of having made the remark. Again she touched her parched lips with her handkerchief, and continued:—

"... through the evil lust of power. He was Filippo Maria Visconti; of a noble presence, with the eye of a hawk, of powerful build, and ever foremost in the saddle. The maidens who watched him pass, clad in armor under the velvet coat, on the breastpiece of which was broidered the wily, fascinating serpent, the crest of the lords of Visconti, sighed as they exclaimed, 'How handsome he is!' But under this attractive exterior—as is ever the case in this melancholy world, where appearance is but part of the *mise-en-scène* of life—he hid a depraved soul. O gentle, loving women, trust not him who flutters round you with courteous manner, and words that charm, and protestations of exquisite sentiment: he deceives you. All is vanity, all is corruption, all is ashes! None learnt this lesson better than the hapless Beatrice di Tenda, whose tale I am about to tell you.

"This youthful widow was of unblemished character and matchless beauty: fair was her hair of spun gold, soft were her eyes of a blue worthy to reflect the firmament; her skin was as dazzling white as the petals of a lily. Her first marriage with Facino Cane could not have been a happy one. He, a soldier of fortune,—fierce, bloodthirsty, trained to the arms, the wine, and the rough speech of martial camps,—could scarcely have been a man after Beatrice's heart. Woe to those marriages in which one consort neither understands nor

appreciates the mind of the other. Woe to those marriages in which the man ignores the mystic poetry, the mysterious sentiments, of the feminine heart! These be the unblessed unions with which, alas! our corrupt and suffering modern society teems. Facino Cane died. His widow shed bitter tears over him; but her virgin heart beat quicker when she first met the valorous yet malefic Filippo Maria Visconti. Her face turned as pale as Luna's when she drags her weary way along the starred empyrean. And she loved him with all the ardor of her stored-up youth, with the chastity of a pious soul loving the Creator in the created, blending Divine with human love. Beatrice, pure and beautiful, wedded Filippo Maria for love: Filippo Maria, black soul that he was, wedded Beatrice for greed of money. For a short time the august pair were happy on their ducal throne. But the hymeneal roses were worm-eaten: in the dewy grass lay hidden the perfidious serpent, perfidious emblem of the most perfidious Visconti. No sooner had he obtained possession of the riches of Beatrice than Filippo Maria wearied of her, as might be expected of a man of so hard a heart and of such depraved habits. He had besides formed an infamous connection with a certain Agnese del Maino, one of the most vicious of women; and more than ever he was possessed of the desire to rid himself of his wife.

«There lived at the court of the Visconti a simple squire named Michele Orombello, a young troubadour, a poet, who had dared to raise his eyes to his august mistress. But the noble woman did not reciprocate his passion, although the faithlessness and treachery of Filippo Maria caused her the greatest unhappiness, and almost justified reprisals: she was simply courteous to her unfortunate adorer. When Filippo Maria saw how matters stood, he at once threw Michele Orombello and his chaste consort into prison, accusing them of treason. Torture was applied to Beatrice, who bore it bravely and maintained her innocence. Michele Orombello, being younger and perchance weaker to combat pain, or because he was treacherously advised that he might thereby save Beatrice, made a false confession. The judges, vile slaves of Filippo Maria, and tremblingly submissive to his will, condemned that most ill-starred of women and her miserable lover to die on the scaffold. The saintly woman ascended it with resignation; embracing the crucifix whereon the Redeemer agonized and died for our sins. Then, perceiving the young squire, who, weeping desperately, went with her to death, she cried: 'I forgive thee, Michele Orombello;' and he made answer: 'I proclaim thee the purest of wives!' But it availed not; the prince's will must needs be carried out; the axe struck off the squire's dark head. Beatrice cried, 'Gesù Maria!' and the axe felled the blonde head too. A pitiable spectacle, and full of horror for those assembled! Yet none dared to proclaim the infamy of the mighty

Filippo Maria Visconti. Thus it ever is in life: virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphs. Only before the Eternal Judge is justice; only before that God of mercy who has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

A profound silence ensued. The pupils were embarrassed, and looked furtively at each other. Caterina gazed at Lucia with frightened, astonished eyes. Lucia remained standing, pale, panting, contemptuous, with twitching lips. The professor, deep in thought, held his peace.

"The composition is very long, Altimare," he said at last. "You have too much imagination."

Then silence one more — and the dry, malicious, hissing voice of Cherubina Friscia, "Give me that composition, Altimare."

All trembled, seized by an unknown terror.

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' VOW

From 'Fantasy'

There was only one flickering jet of gas burning at the entrance to the dormitory that contained the little white beds in which the Tricolors passed the last night of their school days. There had been short dialogues, interrupted by sighs, melancholy reflections, and regrets, until a late hour. They would have liked to sit up all night to indulge in their grief. But fatigue had melted their project away. When they could hold out no longer, sleep mastered those restless beings, weary with weeping. A languid "Good-night" was audible here and there; gradually the irregular breathing had subsided, and the sobs had died out. Complete repose reigned in the dormitory of the Tricolors.

When the great clock struck two after midnight, Lucia Altimare opened her eyes. She had not slept; devoured by impatience, she had watched. Without rising, she gently and noiselessly took her clothes from the chair near her bed and put them on, thrust her bare feet into her slippers, and then crept out of bed. She moved like a shadow, with infinite precaution, casting in passing an oblique glance at the beds where her companions slept. Now and again she looked towards the end of the hall where Cherubina Friscia lay. There was no danger. Lucia passed like a tall white phantom, with burning eyes, through the heavy gloom to Caterina's bedside.

Her friend slept quietly, composedly, breathing like a child. She bent down and whispered close to her ear: —

"Caterina, Caterina!"

Caterina opened her eyes in alarm; a sign from Lucia froze the cry that rose to her lips. The surprise on her face spoke for her, and questioned her friend.

"If you love me, Caterina, dress and follow me."

"Where are we going?" the other ventured to ask, hesitatingly.

"If you love me —"

Caterina no longer questioned her. She dressed herself in silence, looking now and then at Lucia, who stood there like a statue, waiting. When Caterina was ready, she took her by the hand to lead her.

"Fear nothing," breathed Lucia, who could feel the coldness of her hand. They glided down the passage that divided the beds from the rest of the room. Artemisia Minichini was the only one who turned in her bed, and appeared for a moment to have opened her eyes. They closed again; but perhaps she saw through her lids. No other sign of waking. They shrank closer together when they passed the last bed, Friscia's, and stooped to make themselves smaller. That moment seemed to them like a century. When they got into the corridor, Caterina squeezed Lucia's hand, as if they had passed through a great danger.

"Come, come, come!" murmured the siren voice of Lucia, and suddenly they stopped before a door. Lucia dropped Caterina's hand and inserted a key into the keyhole; the door creaked as it flew open. A gust of chill air struck the two young girls; a faint diffuse light broke in upon them. A lamp was burning before the image of the Virgin. They were in the chapel. Calmly Lucia knelt before the altar, and lighted two candelabra. Then she turned to Caterina, who, dazed by the light, was catching her breath, and once more said, "Come."

They advanced towards the altar. In the little whitewashed church, with two high windows open on the country, a pleasant dampness tempered the heat of the August night. The faintest perfume of incense still clung to the air. The church was so placid and restful, the candelabra in their places, the tapers extinguished, the sacrament shut away in its pyx, the altar-cloth turned up to cover it. But a quaintly fashioned silver arabesque, behind which Lucia had lighted a taper, projected on the wall the profile of a strange monstrous beast. Caterina stood there in a dream,

with her hand still clasped in Lucia's, whose fever it had caught. Even at that unusual hour, in the dead of night, she no longer asked herself what strange rite was to be solemnized in that chapel illuminated only for them. She was conscious of a vague tremor, of a weight in the head, and a longing for sleep; she would fain have been back in the dormitory, with her cheek on her pillow. But like one who dreams of having the well-defined will to do a thing, and yet while the dream lasts has neither the speech to express nor the energy to accomplish it, she was conscious, between sleeping and waking, of the torpor of her own mind. She looked around her as one in a stupor, neither understanding nor caring to understand. From time to time her mouth twitched with an imperceptible yawn. Lucia's hands were crossed over her bosom, and her eyes fixed on the Madonna. No sound escaped her half-open lips. Caterina leant forward to observe her; in the vague turn of thought that went round and round in her sleepy brain, she asked herself if she were dreaming, and Lucia a phantom. She passed one hand across her brow, either to awake herself or to dispel the hallucination.

"Listen, Caterina, and try and comprehend me better than I know how to express myself. Do you give your whole attention?"

"Yes," said the other with an effort.

"You alone know how we have loved each other here. After God, the Madonna Addolorata, and my father, I have loved you, Caterina. You have saved my life; I can never forget it. But for you I should have gone to burn in hell, where suicides must eternally suffer. I thank you, dear heart. You believe in my gratitude?"

"Yes," said Caterina, opening wide her eyes the better to understand her.

"Now we who so love each other must part. You go to the left, I to the right. You are to be married: I know not what will happen to me. Shall we meet again? I know not. Shall we again come together in the future? Who knows? Do you know?"

"No," replied Caterina, starting.

"Well, then, I propose to you to conquer time and space, men and circumstances, should they stand in the way of our affection. From afar, howsoever we may be separated, let us love each other as we do to-day, as we did yesterday. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"The Madonna hears us, Caterina. Do you promise with a vow, with an oath?"

"With a vow, with an oath," repeated Caterina monotonously like an echo.

"And I too promise that no one shall ever by word or deed lessen this our steadfast friendship. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"And I too promise that neither shall ever seek to do ill to the other, or willingly cause her sorrow, or ever, ever betray her. Promise: the Madonna hears us."

"I promise."

"I swear it,—that always, whatever befalls, one shall try to help the other. Say, do you promise?"

"I promise."

"And I too. Besides, that either will be ever ready to sacrifice her own happiness to that of the other. Swear it; swear!"

Caterina thought for an instant. Was she dreaming a strange dream, or was she binding herself for life? "I swear," she said firmly.

"I swear," reiterated Lucia. "The Madonna has heard. Woe to her who breaks her vow! God will punish her."

Caterina bowed her assent. Lucia took her rosary from her pocket. It was a string of lapis-lazuli bound together by little silver links. From it depended a small silver crucifix, and a little gold medal on which was engraved the image of the Madonna della Saletta. She kissed it.

"We will break this rosary in two equal parts, Caterina. Half of it you shall take with you, the other half I will keep. It will be our keepsake, to remind us of our vow. When I pray at night, I shall remember. You too will remember me in your prayers. The missing half will remind you of your absent friend."

And taking up the rosary between them, they pulled hard at it from either side. Lucia kept the half with the crucifix, Caterina the half with the medal. The two girls embraced. Then they heard the clock strike three. When silence reigned once more in the college and in the empty chapel, both knelt down on the steps of the altar, crossed their hands on their bosoms, and with closed eyes repeated in unison—

"Our Father—"

Translation of Henry Harland.

MARIE DE SÉVIGNÉ

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

(1627–1696)

AMONG the great writers of the world, Madame de Sévigné is perhaps the only one except Lady Nairne whose purely literary fame was entirely posthumous. It is true that when Louis XIV. became possessed of a number of her letters, upon the arrest of her friend Fouquet the Superintendent of Finance, he proclaimed that their style was matchless in grace of thought and expression; and the little court world which took from the King its opinions, on matters of taste as in so much else, henceforth placed Madame de Sévigné at the head of that group of charming women who wrote charming letters in seventeenth-century France. Her subsequent correspondence was frequently handed about from friend to friend; but the interest it excited depended quite as much upon the amusing news of the court and the salons which it contained, as upon the style in which the agreeable gossip was related. That in later times her name should stand high in the literature of France, and her house be visited as the shrine of her gracious memory, was anticipated by none of her contemporaries; least of all by herself.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, the only child of Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, and of Marie de Coulanges his wife, was born in the Château de Bourbilly, Burgundy, on February 5th, 1627. Left an orphan when five years old, she was consigned to the care of her uncle Philippe de Coulanges; and upon his death in 1636 she became the charge of his brother Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé de Livry. To the latter she was indebted for her careful education under the best masters of the day,—among them Chapelain and Ménage. Of the training received from "Le Bien-bon," as she termed her uncle, she says: "I owed to him the sweetness and repose of my life; all my gayety, my good-humor, my vivacity. In a word, he has made me what I am, such as you have seen me; and worthy of your esteem and of your friendship."

When sixteen years old, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal married Henri, Marquis de Sévigné,—a profligate young noble of a distinguished Breton family. It was said of him, "He loved everywhere; but never anything so amiable as his own wife." He was killed in 1651 in a duel, undertaken in defense of an unworthy name, leaving his wife with a young son and daughter. Madame de Sévigné spent the early years of her widowhood with her children at "Les Rochers"—her

husband's estate in Brittany — returning to Paris in 1654. Charles de Sévigné, her eldest child, inherited his father's pleasure-loving nature; and during the years of his early manhood caused his mother much anxiety. On resigning his commission in the army, he retired to his estate in Brittany, married a good woman, became «serious,» and spent the rest of his years in the study of the Fathers and of Horace.

When Madame de Sévigné presented her daughter Françoise at court, this «prettiest girl in France» seemed destined to set the world on fire. On her the affection of the mother's heart, which had met disappointment in so many other directions, was lavished. Mademoiselle de Sévigné married in 1669 François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan; and the following year went with him to Provence, where he exercised viceregal functions,—nominally during the minority of the Duc de Vendôme, but as the duke never in fact assumed authority, the count was the actual ruler of the province for forty years. From the moment when, on entering her daughter's vacant room, Madame de Sévigné's grief was renewed at sight of the familiar objects, relief was found only in pouring forth her heart in constant letters to Madame de Grignan, which every courier carried to Provence. The wonderful series is as vividly fresh now as then, when by the direct aid of Providence and the postal service of the day they reached Château Grignan on its heights above the sea.

The letters were full of domestic and public news: the details of daily life, the books the writer had read, the people she had met; what was said, thought, and suspected in the world of Paris. Very much too of contemporary history is woven into the correspondence. The letters addressed in 1664 to M. de Pomponne, the former minister of Louis XIV., then living in exile on his estate, contain the most vivid and detailed account of the trial of Superintendent Fouquet which remains to us. In them the course of the proceedings is daily related, the character of witnesses and judges discussed, the nature of the testimony weighed, and the hopes and anxieties of the prisoner's friends communicated. There are among the collection letters to other friends; but the mass of the correspondence was addressed to Madame de Grignan, and it contains a detailed account of the mother's life from 1670 to 1696.

Madame de Sévigné died at Château Grignan, on April 18th, 1696, and was buried in the church of Grignan. Her tomb was undisturbed during the storms of the Revolution, and may still be seen.

Unauthorized editions of a portion of the letters of Madame de Sévigné were published in 1726; but so incomplete and full of errors were the collections, that her granddaughter, Madame de Simiane, was forced very reluctantly to consent to the issuing of the correspondence in a more correct form and under her own supervision. She

disliked the publicity thus given to private letters, however, believing that "one should be at liberty to be witty with impunity in one's family." Even this last-named collection was not complete; and diligent research has subsequently increased the number of letters, and given rise to numerous editions of the entire correspondence. The one printed in Paris in 1823, and edited by M. Gault de Saint-Germain, contained letters from many of Madame de Sévigné's friends, and has very full biographical and critical notices.

Into the literary work of Madame de Sévigné no moral purpose obtrudes, although it unconsciously reveals not only her intellectual power but also the strongly ethical bent of her character. It had no other inspiration than the passion of motherhood, which was her controlling impulse; was conceived without reference to audience or critics, nor with thought of inspection by other eyes than those of her daughter. She wrote of the world, but not for the world; to amuse Madame de Grignan, and relieve her own heart by expressing the love and longing which filled it. The correspondence is full of wit, of humor, of epigram; not designed to dazzle or attract, but after the manner of a highly endowed and highly cultured nature. Her style, formed under the guidance of authors of distinction, has become a model for imitation throughout the world. Her language is pure in form and graceful in expression. It is true that in the freedom of family correspondence, she occasionally used provincial terms; but they were always borrowed with due acknowledgment of their source,—not as being a part of the personal *appanage* of the writer. It was said of her: "You don't read her letters, you think she is speaking; you listen to her." To her friends so much of Madame de Sévigné's personal attraction was associated with what she wrote, that it is not strange they could not dissever them. Even after the lapse of two centuries, that personal grace and charm is so present in the written speech, that we can believe in what was said of her by her cousin Count Bussy de Rabutin:—

"No one was ever weary in her society. She was one of those people who should never have died; as there are others who should never have been born."

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES

PARIS, Monday, December 15th, 1670.

I AM going to tell you something most astonishing, most surprising, most miraculous, most triumphant, most bewildering, most unheard-of, most singular, most extraordinary, most incredible, most unexpected, most important, most insignificant,

most rare, most ordinary, most startling, most secret (until to-day), most brilliant, most enviable; finally, something of which past ages furnish only one example, and that example is not exactly similar. Something which we in Paris can hardly credit, and how then can it be believed at Lyons? Something which makes all the world cry "Bless me!" Something which overwhelms Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive with joy.[1] Something, finally, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who will see it will think they are blind. Something which will happen on Sunday, and yet by Monday may not be done. I can't make up my mind to tell you,—you must divine it. I'll give you three guesses. Do you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you: M. de Lauzun[2] is to marry on Sunday, at the Louvre,—can you imagine whom? I'll give you three guesses, I'll give you ten, I'll give you a hundred! I know Madame de Coulanges will say, "That is not difficult to imagine. It is Mademoiselle de La Vallière." Not at all, madame. "Is it then Mademoiselle de Retz?" By no means; you are far astray. "Ah, yes; we are stupid: it must be Mademoiselle Colbert!" you say. Still less. "It certainly is then Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not right yet. I shall have to tell you. He is to marry—on Sunday at the Louvre, by permission of the King—Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—now tell me her name! On my word—on my sacred word—on my word of honor— MADEMOISELLE! LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE; Mademoiselle the daughter of the late Monsieur[3]; Mademoiselle the granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu; Mademoiselle de Dombes; Mademoiselle de Montpensier; Mademoiselle d'Orleans; Mademoiselle, first cousin to the King; Mademoiselle, destined to a throne; Mademoiselle, the only match in France who was worthy of Monsieur[4]! This is a pretty subject for reflection! If you exclaim, if you are beside yourself, if you say I am telling a lie, that it is all false, that I am making fun of you, that it is a joke and rather a stupid one too,—we shall agree that you are right: we have said the same thing. Adieu: the letters which go by this post will show you whether we are telling the truth or not.

[1] From seeing a royal lady marry below her rank as they had done.

[2] The Duke of Lauzun.

[3] Gaston, Duke of Orleans, uncle to Louis XIV.

[4] Philippe, Duke of Orleans (brother of Louis XIV.), whom she had refused.

TO M. DE COULANGES

Paris, Friday, December 19th, 1670.

What happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries is what one might call a fall from the clouds — but I must begin at the beginning. You heard of the joy, of the transports, of the bliss, of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday that the affair was announced as I wrote you. Tuesday passed in talking — in wondering — in complimenting. On Wednesday Mademoiselle made a donation to M. de Lauzun, with the object of endowing him with the titles, names, and necessary decorations, that they might be enumerated in the marriage contract, which was made the same day. She gave him, in preparation for something better, four duchies: the first was the county of Eu, which is the first peerage in France; the duchy of Montpensier, whose title he bore through that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault, — the whole valued at twenty-two millions. The contract was finally prepared, in which he took the name of Montpensier. On Thursday morning — which was yesterday — Mademoiselle hoped that the King would sign the contract, as he had agreed to do; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the Queen, Monsieur, and some busybodies convinced the King that this affair would injure his reputation. Accordingly, having summoned Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, his Majesty announced to them, before M. le Prince, that he forbade them absolutely to think of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received this order with all the respect and submission, all the firmness and all the despair, which became so great a fall. But Mademoiselle — characteristically — burst into tears, shrieks, and groans, and bitter complaints. She kept her bed the whole day, taking nothing but bouillons.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN

I

Livry, Holy Wednesday, March 25th, 1671.

I have been here three hours, my dear child. I left Paris with the Abbé, Hélène, Hébert, and Marphise,* with the intention of retiring from the world and its tumult until Thursday evening. I am supposed to be in retreat. I am making a kind

*Her pet dog.

of little "La Trappe," where I may pray to God and indulge in a thousand pious reflections. I have resolved to fast here, for various reasons: to make up in walking for all the time that I have been in my room; and chiefly, to be bored for the love of God. But what I shall do far better than all these, is to think of you, my child. I have not ceased to do so since I arrived; and not being able to restrain all my feelings, I have seated myself to write to you, at the end of this little shady walk which you love, upon a mossy bank where I have so often seen you lying. But, *mon Dieu!* where have I not seen you here! and how these memories grieve my heart! There is no place, no spot,—either in the house or in the church, in the country or in the garden,—where I have not seen you. Everything brings some memory to mind; and whatever it may be, it makes my heart ache. I see you; you are present to me. I think of everything and think again. My brain and my heart grow confused. But in vain I turn—in vain I seek: that dear child whom I passionately love is two hundred leagues distant from me. I have her no more; and then I weep, and cannot cease. My love, that is weakness; but as for me, I do not know how to be strong against a feeling so powerful and so natural.

I cannot tell in what frame of mind you will be when reading this letter: perhaps chance may bring it to you inopportunely, and it may not be read in the spirit in which it is written,—but for that there is no remedy. To write it, at least, consoles me now; that is all I ask of it at present, for the state into which this place has thrown me is inconceivable. Do not speak of my weaknesses; but you must love and respect my tears, since they proceed from a heart which is wholly yours.

II

FRIDAY EVENING, April 24th, 1671.

I MEANT to tell you that the King arrived at Chantilly last evening. He hunted the stag by moonlight; the lanterns were very brilliant; and altogether the evening, the supper, the play,—all went off marvelously well. The weather to-day makes us anticipate a worthy close to such a beginning. But I have just heard something as I came here from which I cannot recover, and which makes me forget what I was about to write you. Vatel—the great Vatel—*maître d'hotel* of M. Fouquet, and who has recently been in the service of M. le Prince—the man

above all others in ability, whose good head was capable of carrying the affairs of a State — this man, such as I knew him, finding that at eight o'clock the fish had not arrived, and unable to sustain the humiliation which he foresaw, stabbed himself. You can imagine the horrible disorder into which such a dreadful accident threw the fête.

PARIS, Sunday, April 26th, 1671.

THIS letter will not go before Wednesday; but this is not a letter, — only an account of what Moreuil has just told me for your benefit, concerning Vatel. I wrote you on Friday that he had stabbed himself: here is the story in detail.

The King arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade, the collation, — served on a lawn carpeted with jonquils, — all was perfect. At supper there were a few tables where the roast was wanting, on account of some guests whose arrival had not been expected. This mortified Vatel, who said several times, "My honor is gone: I can never survive this shame." He also said to Gourville, "My head swims. I have not slept for twelve nights. Help me give the orders." Gourville encouraged him as well as he could. The roast had not been wanting at the King's table; but he could not forget that there was none at the twenty-fifth. Gourville told M. le Prince, who went immediately to Vatel's room, and said to him, "Vatel, everything is going on well. Nothing could be finer than the King's supper." He replied, "My lord, your goodness overwhelms me. I know that the roast was missing at two tables." "Not at all," said M. le Prince. "Don't disturb yourself: everything is going on well." Midnight came; the fireworks, which cost sixteen thousand francs, did not succeed, on account of the fog. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel, going through the château, found every one asleep. He met a young steward, who had brought only two hampers of fish: he asked, "Is that all?"—"Yes, sir." The lad did not know that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waited some time; the other purveyors did not arrive: his brain reeled; he believed no more fish could be had: and finding Gourville, he said, "My dear sir, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville ridiculed him. Vatel went up to his chamber, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart; but only on the third attempt — for he gave himself two thrusts which were not

mortal — did he fall dead. Meanwhile the fish arrived from every quarter; and seeking for Vatel to give it out, they went to his room, knocked, burst in the door, and found him drowned in his blood. They ran to M. le Prince, who was in despair. M. le Duc wept; his father told the King in sorrow. It was said that this occurred because Vatel had a high sense of honor. He was praised; and his courage both praised and blamed. The King said that he had deferred going to Chantilly for five years because he knew how much trouble his visit would cause. He told M. le Prince that he ought only to have two tables, and not provide for everybody. He vowed that he would no longer permit M. le Prince to do so; but it was too late for poor Vatel. Gourville, however, tried to make up for his loss, in which he succeeded. They all dined very well: had a collation and a supper — walked — played — hunted. Everything was perfumed with jonquils; all was enchantment.

III

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Les Rochers, September 30th, 1671.

As for La Mousse, he catechizes on holidays and Sundays; he is determined to go to Paradise. I tell him it is only for curiosity, that he may discover once for all whether the sun is a mass of dust violently agitated, or a globe of fire. The other day he was catechizing some little children; and after a few questions they got everything so mixed up that when he asked who the Virgin was, they answered one after another, "The creator of heaven and earth." He was not convinced by the children; but finding that the men, the women, and even the old people, said the same thing, he was persuaded of the fact, and gave in to the general opinion. At last he knew no longer what he was about; and if I had not appeared on the scene, he would never have recovered himself. This novel opinion would have created quite another disturbance from the motion of the little atoms.

IV

PARIS, Wednesday, March 16th, 1672.

YOU ask me, my dear child, if I am as much in love with life as ever. I confess it has many troubles; but I am still more disinclined to die. Indeed, I am so unhappy because everything must end in death, that I should ask nothing better than to turn back if it were possible. I am involved in a perplexing engagement: entering upon life without my own consent, I must at last leave it. The thought overwhelms me. How shall I go? Where? By what gate? When will it be? In what manner? Shall I suffer a thousand thousand griefs, and die despairing? Shall I be delirious? Shall I perish by an accident? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to offer him? Will fear, will necessity, turn my heart to him? Shall I feel no emotion save fear? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Paradise? Am I fit for hell? What an alternative! What a perplexity! Nothing is so foolish as to be uncertain about one's salvation: but then, nothing is so natural; and the careless life which I lead is the easiest thing in the world to comprehend.

I am overpowered by these thoughts; and death appears to me so horrible, that I hate life rather because it leads thither, than for the thorns with which it is sown. You will say that then I want to live forever. Not at all: but if I had been consulted, I should have preferred to die in my nurse's arms,—it would have saved me from so many annoyances, and secured salvation very easily and very certainly. But let us talk of something else.

V

LAMBESC, Tuesday, December 20th, 1672.

WHEN one reckons without Providence, one must reckon twice. I was all dressed at eight o'clock; had taken my coffee, heard mass, made all my adieus; the packs were loaded, the bells of the mules reminded me that it was time to mount my litter; my room was full of people, all of whom begged me not to start because it had rained so much during the last few days,—since yesterday continually,—and at this very moment more violently than ever. I resisted sturdily all this persuasion,

out of regard to the resolution I had taken, and because of all that I wrote to you yesterday by the post, assuring you that I should arrive on Thursday. Suddenly M. de Grignan appeared in his dressing-gown and spoke seriously to me of the foolhardiness of my enterprise: saying that my muleteer could never follow my litter, that my mules would fall into the ditches, that my people would be too drenched to help me; — so that in a moment I changed my mind, and yielded completely to these wise remonstrances. Therefore, my child, boxes are being unloaded, mules unharnessed, lackeys and maids are drying their clothes, after having merely crossed the court-yard, and I am sending you a messenger, — knowing your goodness and your anxiety, and wishing also to quiet my own uneasiness, — because I am alarmed about your health; and this man will either return and bring me news of you, or will meet me on the road. In a word, my dear child, he will arrive at Grignan on Thursday instead of me; and I shall start whenever it pleases the heavens and M. de Grignan. The latter governs me with good intentions, and understands all the reasons which make me desire so passionately to be at Grignan. If M. de La Garde could be ignorant of all this, I should be glad; for he will exult in the pleasure of having foretold the very embarrassment in which I am placed. But let him beware of the vainglory which may accompany the gift of prophecy on which he piques himself. Finally, my child, here I am! don't expect me at all. I shall surprise you, and take no risks, for fear of troubling you and also myself. Adieu, my dearest and loveliest. I assure you that I am greatly afflicted to be kept a prisoner at Lambesc; but how could one foresee such rains as have not been known in this country for a hundred years?

VI

MONTELIMART, Thursday, October 5th, 1673.

THIS is a terrible day, my dear child. I confess to you I can bear no more. I have left you in a state which increases my grief. I think of all the steps you are taking away from me, and those I take away from you, and how impossible that walking in this manner we shall ever meet again. My heart is at rest when it is near you; that is its natural state, and the

only one which can give it peace. What happened this morning gave me keen sorrow, and a pang of which your philosophy can divine the reasons. I have felt and shall long feel them. My heart and my imagination are filled with you. I cannot think of you without weeping, and of you I am always thinking: so that my present state is unendurable; as it is so extreme, I hope its violence may not last. I am seeking for you everywhere, and I find that all things are wanting since I have not you. My eyes, which for fourteen months have gazed upon you, find you no more. The happy time that is past makes the present unhappy — at least until I am a little accustomed to it; but I shall never be so wonted to it as not to wish ardently to see and embrace you again. I cannot expect more of the future than of the past. I know what your absence has made me suffer. I am henceforth still more to be pitied, because I have made the habit of seeing you necessary to me. It seems to me that I did not embrace you enough when we parted: why should I have refrained? I have never told you often enough what happiness your tenderness gives me. I have never enough commended you to M. de Grignan, nor thanked him enough for all his courtesy and friendship towards me. In a word, I only live for you, my child. God give me the grace some day to love him as I love you. Adieu, my beloved child: love me always. Alas! we must be content now with letters.

VII

PARIS, Friday, December 8th, 1673.

I MUST begin, my dear child, with the death of the Comte de Guiche, which is the interest of the day. The poor boy died of disease and weakness, in M. de Turenne's army; the news was received on Tuesday morning. Father Bourdaloue announced it to the Maréchal de Gramont, who suspected it, knowing the desperate condition of his son. He sent every one out of his room — he was in a small apartment which he has in the Capuchin monastery. When he was alone with the Father, he threw himself on his neck, saying that he well knew what he had to tell him; that it was his death-blow; that he would receive it as from the hand of God; that he had lost the only, sole, and true object of his tenderness and of his natural affection; that

he had never experienced real happiness or violent grief save through this son, who had admirable qualities. He threw himself upon the bed, unable to say more, but not weeping; for in that condition one cannot weep. The Father wept, and had as yet said nothing; but at last he spoke of God, as you know he can speak. They were six hours together; and then the Father, to have him complete his sacrifice, led him to the church of these good Capuchins, where vigils were being said for this dear son. The Maréchal entered tottering, trembling, rather carried and pushed than on his own limbs, his face no longer recognizable. M. le Duc saw him in this state, and wept in telling us about it at Madame de La Fayette's house.

The poor Maréchal at last returned to his little room; he is like a condemned man; the King has written to him; no one sees him. Madame de Monaco is entirely inconsolable; as is also Madame de Louvigny, but it is because she is not at all afflicted. Do you not admire the happiness of the latter? Madame La Chancelière is transported with joy. The Comtesse de Guiche behaves very well. She weeps when told of the kind words and the excuses uttered by her husband when dying. She says: "He was lovable; I should have loved him passionately, if he could have loved me a little. I have endured his contempt with regret; his death touches my heart and awakens my pity. I was always hoping that his feelings towards me would change." This is all true, and not a farce. Madame de Verneuil is genuinely touched by it. . . . The good D'Hacqueville has gone to Frazé, thirty leagues distant, to announce the tidings to the Maréchale de Gramont, and to deliver to her a letter from the poor boy, in which he tries to make an honorable apology for his past life,—repenting of it and asking pardon publicly. He begged Vardes to forgive him; and told him many things which may be useful to him. Finally, he ended the play very well, and has left a rich and happy widow.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1673.

VERY well! very well! Lamentations over the Comte de Guiche! Alas! my poor child, here we think no longer of him; not even the Maréchal, who has returned to his occupation as courtier. As for your princesse [de Monaco], as you cleverly remark, "After all that she has forgotten, there need be no anxiety as to the effects of her emotion." Madame de Louvigny

and her husband are beside themselves with joy. The Comtesse de Guiche is not disposed to remarry, but a tabouret may tempt her. There is nobody but the Maréchale who is dying of grief.

VIII

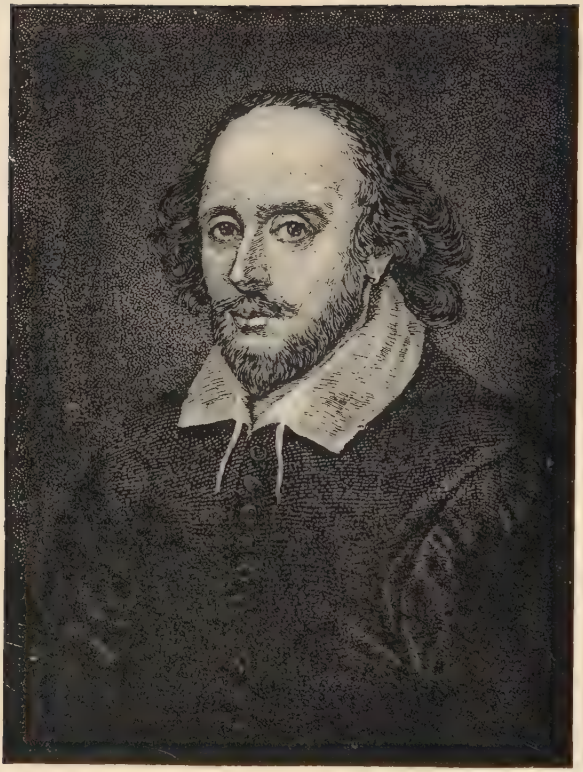
PARIS, Friday, January 5th, 1674.

M. DE GRIGNAN is right in saying that Madame de Thiange no longer wears rouge or low dresses. You would hardly recognize her in this disguise, but nothing is more certain. She is often with Madame de Longueville, and quite on the higher plane of devotion. She is always very good company, and not at all a recluse. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant handed her a large glass of wine; she said to me, "Madame, this man does not know that I am religious,"—which made us all laugh. She speaks very naturally of her good intentions, and of her change of mind; takes care of what she says of her neighbor, and when some unkind word escapes her, she stops short, and cries out against her evil habit. As for me, I find her more amiable than ever. People are willing to wager that the Princesse d'Harcourt will not be *dévote* a year from now,—having been made lady of the palace,—and that she will use rouge again; for rouge is the law and the prophets,—Christianity itself turns upon rouge. As for the Duchesse d'Aumont, her fad is to bury the dead: it is said that on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed people for her with her badly compounded remedies, and that the other promptly buried them. The Marquise d'Auxelles is very amusing in relating all that, but La Marans is better still. I met Madame de Schomberg, who told me very seriously that she was a *dévote* of the first rank, both as regards retreats and penitence: going no longer into society, and even declining religious amusements. This is what is called "worshiping God in spirit and in truth," with the simplicity of the Early Church.

The ladies of the palace are under strict discipline: the King has had an explanation with them, and desires that the Queen should always have them in attendance. Madame de Richelieu, although she no longer waits at table, is always present at the Queen's dinner, with four ladies who serve in turn. The Comtesse d'Ayen, the sixth, is in dread of this office, and of not going

every day to vespers, to the sermon, or to *salut*. Indeed, nothing in this world is so saintly. As to the Marquise de Castelnau, she is fair, fresh, and consoled. *L'Eclair*, people say, has only changed apartments, at which the first floor is ill pleased. Madame de Louvigny does not seem sufficiently pleased with her good fortune. She cannot be pardoned for not loving her husband as much as she did at first,—which is certainly the first occasion on which the public has been scandalized at such a fault. Madame de Brissac is lovely, and dwells in the shadow of the late Princesse de Conti. Her affairs with her father are in arbitration; and poor M. d'Arnusson says he has never seen a woman so honest and so frank. Madame de Cresqueu is very much as you have seen her. She has had made a skirt of black velvet, with heavy embroidery of gold and silver, and a mantle of flame-colored tissue, with gold and silver. This costume cost enormous sums: but although she was really resplendent, people thought her dressed like an actress; and she was so unmercifully laughed at that she did not dare to wear it again.

La Manierosa is somewhat chagrined at not being lady of the palace. Madame de Dura, who does not wish the honor, ridicules her. La Troche is, as you have known her, passionately devoted to your interests. The ladies of the palace have been slandered in a way that made me laugh. I said, "Let us revenge ourselves by abusing them." Guilleragues said yesterday that Pelisson abused the privilege which men possess of being ugly.



SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

IF AN Academy of Immortals chosen from all ages could be formed, there is no doubt that a plébiscite of the English-speaking peoples would send Shakespeare as their chief representative to that august assembly. He alone could speak on their behalf of life and its joys in the presence of Homer, of death and its mysteries in Dante's presence; he alone could respond to the wisdom of Goethe with a broader and a sunnier wisdom; he alone could match the laughter of Molière with a laughter as human and more divine. There is a grace in literature which corresponds to the theological grace of charity: he who loses his life in his vision of the world shall save it; he who does not clamor, or assert himself, or thrust forward his individuality, yet is forever operating over the entire field of nature like light,—illuminating, interpreting, kindling, fructifying,—he it is who while remaining unknown is of all men best known. We are familiar with the thews and bulk of Shakespeare's great contemporary Ben Jonson; we stand in his shadow and are oppressed by his magnitude; we know him as a huge and impressive, if somewhat ungainly, object. Shakespeare disappears from view, because he plays around us like the intangible air and sunshine, and has entered into us and become a portion of our own life.

He came at a fortunate time, when it was possible to view the world in a liberal spirit, free from the harshness of the ascetic and the narrowness of the sectary. A mediæval Shakespeare might have found that seriousness implied severity, or that mirth meant revolt and mockery; he might have been forced to regard the mundane and the supermundane as hostile powers; he might have staggered under a burden of theology, or have thrown it off and become militant and aggressive in his vindication of the natural man. Had he lived when Milton lived, he could hardly have stood neutral between two parties which divided the people of England: yet transformed to a political combatant, Shakespeare must have given to party something that was meant for mankind; the deep human problems which interest him might have been replaced or obscured by temporary questions urgent for the moment, by theories of government, of popular rights, of ecclesiastical organization, of ceremony and ordinance, of Divine decrees, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, as formulated in dogma. Born in the eighteenth century, Shakespeare would have

breathed with difficulty: for the higher enthusiasm of poetry, the age of Addison was like an exhausted receiver; the nobler wisdom of Elizabethan days had cooled and contracted into good sense. Even as a contemporary of Byron and of Wordsworth he would have been at a disadvantage: the poetry of social movement was turbid with passion or doctrinaire in its theories of revolution; serenity was attainable, as Wordsworth proved, but it was to be attained rather through the spirit of contemplation than by dealing with the insurgent forces of modern life.

In the age of Bacon and Spenser and Shakespeare, three great streams, afterwards to be parted, had united to form a broad and exultant flood. The new ideals of the Renaissance, the new sense of the worth of life on earth, the new delight in beauty, had been deepened and enriched by the seriousness of the Reformation; the sense of national power, the pride of country,—suddenly enhanced by the overthrow of the naval might of Papal Spain,—had coalesced with these. For the imagination, the glories of Italy and of ancient Greece and Rome; for the conscience, the words of Hebrew prophets and singers and Christian teachers; for the heart,

> «This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise, . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.»

During one brief period, Englishmen discovered that gravity might be gay and gayety might be serious, while both gayety and gravity were supported by an energy of will which enabled them to do great things; they could be stern without moroseness, and could laugh aloud because such laughter was a part of strength, and of their strenuous acceptance of the world as good.

It was a fortunate moment for a dramatic artist. The epic breadth and the moral purport of the mediæval religious drama had not been lost; but they had submitted to the new and happier forms of Renaissance literature. Italian and classical models had served to make tragedy and comedy shapely, organic, vertebrate. But the pedantry of scholars had not suppressed the instincts of popular pleasure. The spectators of the theatre included both a cultured minority, and the ruder mass that desired strong appeals to pity and terror, and a frank invitation to mirth. The court favored but did not dominate the theatre; the stage remained essentially popular, but it showed how a common pleasure could be ennobled and refined. Shakespeare's predecessors had prepared the way for him in tragedy, comedy, and chronicle play. He received from Marlowe that majestic instrument of poetic expression, blank verse; it was his triumph to discover in time how to extend the keyboard, and to touch its various stops. The years from 1590 to 1610 were the high midsummer of the English drama, when the fruitage was maturing from its

early crudities, and was still untouched by that overripeness which streaked and spotted the later Jacobean and Caroline drama, and gave it the sick-sweet odor of decay. Nor as yet, in the struggle for existence between literary species, had the novel entered into competition with the drama. When it did so, in the eighteenth century, the high tragedy of the age was Richardson's 'Pamela,' the most genial comedy was Fielding's 'Tom Jones.'

These advantages Shakespeare gained from his environment and from the moment when he appeared; all else that contributed to his work may be assigned to his own genius. If he became the most learned man of his generation, the most learned man of all generations, in one department,—the lore of the passions,—it was not because he was born in this age or in that. It was because he possessed the genius of discovery; he directed his prow across the voyageable ocean of the human heart, and from a floating weed he could infer America. Each man contains all humanity in his own breast; the microcosm exhibits the macrocosm in little: but most men cherish what is peculiar to themselves, what is individual; and if they express themselves in song they are apt to tell of their private joys and griefs: we capture from them what is theirs, and appropriate it to our own uses. Shakespeare used his private experience as a chink through which he saw the world. Did he feel a momentary pang of jealous affection? There was the opening, as of an eyelet-hole, through which to discover the vast spasms of Othello's anguish. An experience no larger than a mustard-seed, a sense for all the obscure affinities of things, imagination with its dilating and its divining powers—these were the sources of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,' rather than Saxo Grammaticus and Holinshed. As Goethe in a leaf could recognize the type of plant life and start upon his research into all its metamorphoses, so Shakespeare, discovering in what seems insignificant the type of a passion, could trace it through its varieties by the divining power of the imagination. He observed himself and he observed the world, and each served to interpret the other. Not that which bulked largest in his external life was necessarily of most significance for his art: that which contained a vital germ, to be fostered by his imagination, was of capital importance. The attempts that have been made to connect the creations of such a man of genius as Shakespeare with incidents in his career are often labor spent in vain: what looks considerable from an external point of view may have been an aggregation of insignificant accidents—mere dross of life; the true career was invisible: some momentary joy or pain, of which we shall never hear, may have involved, as in a seed, the blossoms and the fruit of art. We all contain within us the ova of a spiritual population,—philosophers, saints, heroes, lovers, humorists, fantasticoes, traitors, cowards, assassins,—else

Shakespeare were unintelligible to us: but with us the germs remain mere protoplasm; with the man of genius they may mature to a Hamlet, a Jaques, a Romeo, a Rosalind, an Imogen, a Cleopatra.

Shakespeare's outward life — of which we know more than of the life of any other Elizabethan dramatist, except perhaps Ben Jonson — shows him to us as passionate and as eminently prudent. His marriage at nineteen with a woman probably uneducated, several years his elder and of inferior social position, was rash; he fled from Stratford under a cloud, to avoid the consequences of a youthful escapade; if we accept as historical the story outlined in the 'Sonnets,' we must believe that he was capable of extravagant devotion to a disloyal friend, and was for a time, against his better judgment, the victim of feminine wiles and of his own intemperate heart. But Shakespeare returned to Stratford, wealthy, honored, and beloved; he did not wreck his life, like some of his fellow-dramatists, on the rocks or quicksands of London; he never gave offense to the authorities as Jonson and others did, by indiscreet references to public persons or events; he had no part in the quarrels of authors; he neither lavished praises on his contemporaries nor stung them with epigram and satire; he neither bribed nor bullied; his amiability and high breeding earned him the epithet "gentle"; he desired the ease and freedom which worldly substance brings, and by pursuing his own way with steadfastness and good sense he attained his object. Below his bust in Stratford Church he is characterized as "in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates."

He lived in two worlds, — the extended world of the imagination, and the contracted world of his individual material life. Which was the more real? Perhaps the positive, material life was the dream:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

But he would dream the dream well. And is it after all a dream? Was it not something to possess his soul in sanity, to dismiss his airy spirits, to break his magic staff, and moving amid his fellow-townsmen, by the side of his wife and daughters, to be only a man? Only a man, but enjoying within himself the light and wisdom won through his great adventures of the imagination. His book of magic, not sunk like Prospero's below the waves deeper than ever plummet sounded, was for all the world. His personal life was for himself and those whom he loved. And even for his art, was it not well that he should be attentive to the lesser things of worldly wisdom? He had a vast burden of thoughts and visions to carry, and he must needs carry it steadily. Were it better if he had confused his art with the feverish and mean anxieties that attend on reckless living?

No: let the two lives aid each other; let his life as an imaginative creator effect a secondary and subordinate purpose in rendering his material life secure and substantial; let his life in the positive world be such as to set free, rather than pull down or embarrass, his life of the imagination. He might play the two games together, and play both with success.

What moved within the great brain and the great heart of the prosperous Stratford gentleman,—more deep and wise perhaps than all his tragedies and comedies,—we shall never know: it was a matter for himself, and he kept his secret with the taciturnity of Nature. But we can follow his adventures in the realms of fancy. In these also there was a wise economy of power: he did not dash into deep water, as has often been the way with youthful poets, before he had learnt to swim. At first he was content to take lessons in his craft: he put forth no ambitious manifestoes; he did not pose as a leader of revolt, or belabor the public, in Ben Jonson's fashion, with a doctrine of dramatic reform; he did not read lessons in ethics to his age: he began by trying to please, he ended by trying to please in a nobler manner; he taught a generation which had laughed at 'The Comedy of Errors' how to smile with Prospero in 'The Tempest'; he taught a generation which had snuffed up the reek of blood from 'Titus Andronicus' how, with pity lost in beautiful pride and sense of victory, to gaze upon the dead body of Cordelia. The great work of his life was to show how pleasure can be converted into a noble exercise of the soul; how mirth can be enriched by wisdom; how the primitive brute cry of pain may be transformed into a pure voice bearing a part in the majestic symphony of the world's mourners; how the terror that arises at the sight of violated law may be purified from gross alarms, and appear as one of the dread pillars of order which sustain the fabric of God's world.

The English people need, perhaps in a special degree, wise schooling in the pleasures. They are not lacking in seriousness; but they are prone to leave their pleasures pawing in the mire like Milton's half-created beasts, or to avert their eyes sourly and walk past in self-complacent respectability. Even Emerson, who uttered admirable sentences in his discourse on Shakespeare as the representative poet, laments the fact that he employed his lofty powers so meanly, "leading an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement;" "he converted the elements that waited on his command into entertainments; he was master of the revels to mankind." But what if Shakespeare proved that the revels may be sacred mysteries? The service of joy in such art as his, at its highest, is something more than amusement. In Sandro Botticelli's 'Nativity' the angels circle above the manger in the gracefulest of dances; but are they only amusing themselves? In the old Italian pictures of

Paradise, the celestial company are not engaged in attending to a sermon on theology or a lecture on ethics: they are better employed in touching their harps or breathing through loud uplifted trumpets. Shakespeare's highest work does not resemble this «undisturbèd song of pure concent» sung before «the sapphire-colored throne»; but it expresses the music of the earth — with adagio and allegro, discords resolved into harmony, imperious suspensions, rain of laughters, rain of tears — more adequately than the work of any other master. Does it lessen his service to the world that such work is also a beautiful play?

Shakespeare's attainment was not snatched in haste: it was won through long and strenuous endeavor. In his early comedies he moves brightly over the surface of life. 'Love's Labour's Lost' is a young man's good-humored and confident satire of the follies and affectations of the day. How are we to learn our lesson, he asks, in the high-school of the world? Not through the pedantries of erudition, not through the fantastical subtleties of romance, not through a high-flying philosophy which disdains the plain old lore of mother Earth: such methods will only make ingenious fools. There is a better way, simple in appearance, yet really needing all our strength and skill: to accept the teaching of life itself in a manly spirit, to let both head and heart task themselves in studying the book of nature; to laugh and love; but also to temper the laughter and joy of youth by acquaintance with the sorrows of the world. Biron, the courageous jester, with seriousness beneath his mirth, is dismissed for a twelvemonth to try how mocks and flouts will sound among the speechless sick and groaning wretches of a hospital. He will laugh at the end of his period of probation, but it will be with a wiser, a braver, and a kindlier laughter. He will love the better for a year's instruction in the lessons of pain. «This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring»: the song of the cuckoo and the song of the owl are alike songs of the earth; let us cheerfully attend to both.

Such was Shakespeare's starting-point. He was a scholar, in love with the book of life, and in time he would understand its meaning. But as he turned the pages he found obscure and awful things, and it may be that for a while his vision grew perplexed. When 'Measure for Measure' was written, it seems as if he moved in some valley of the shadow of sin and death, amid encompassing gloom, and could sustain his courage only by the presence of strength, severe and virginal but not joyous, as seen in the person of Isabella. In 'Troilus and Cressida,' — the comedy of disillusion, — he gazes on life with a bitter irony, finding young love a fraud, and pretentious heroes only vulgar egoists beneath their glittering armor: if there is virtue anywhere, it must be sought in such worldly wisdom as that of Ulysses; the penetration and insight of a Machiavelli is indeed a kind

of virtue amid sham splendors, mercenary wiles, and the deceits of sensual passion.

But Shakespeare could not remain content with the poor philosophy of disenchantment. Vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, self-deceptive imaginations,—he had come to know them all; but he could not accept as final the shrunken wisdom of such a discovery. Nor would he retreat to the untenable refuge of a shallow optimism. He went forward courageously to a deeper inquisition of evil. He ceased for a time from comedy: one great tragedy—'Julius Cæsar,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Timon of Athens'—succeeded another. And searching profoundly into the mystery of evil, he rediscovered, and in a deeper way than ever before, the mystery of good. Cordelia suffers a shameful death; but she has given her life as a free gift, to win a victory of love. Othello, in the blinding simoon of passion, has struck her whom he best loved, and Desdemona lies on the bed "pale as her smock": but her spirit has conquered the malignant spirit of Iago; and Othello enters into a great calm as he pronounces the doom of a justiciary against himself, and falls where his lips can give his wronged wife the last kiss of union.

Into such a calm, but serener and more bright, Shakespeare himself passed after he had completed his studies of terror and pity. The serenity of the latest dramas, beautiful romances rather than comedies,—the plays of Prospero and Imogen and Hermione,—has in it something of the pellucid atmosphere of early autumn days; the air is bright and transparent, but below its calm there is a touch of surrender and detachment: the harvest is well-nigh gathered; the songs of spring and the vivifying midsummer ardors are withdrawn: yet the peace that is present is a vivid peace; and Shakespeare in these plays sees the spectacle of life—its joys of youth, its victories of mature wisdom and the patience of hope—with a sympathy deeper and more pure than that of his earlier exultant years:—

> "Uranian clearness, come!
> Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise
> The light-thrilled ether of your rarest skies,
> Till inmost absolution start
> The welling in the grateful eyes,
> The heaving in the heart."

These are the dramas of reconcilement; like the masque of his great enchanter, "harmonious charmingly." It is as if Shakespeare had solved the riddle at last, had found the secret; or not having found it, but assured that its meaning is good, could be content to wait.

Edward Dowden.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564–1616)

BY ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

WE know fairly little about Shakespeare's life because in an age when biographies were considerably more rare than epics no one who knew the poet was inspired to leave us an account of him. Yet we know relatively much — more than is known of almost any of his fellow-dramatists — because in the centuries that have ensued a thousand hands have been diligent in turning over documents that might disclose a fact or two about the master. Out of these researches there has come a body of fact mingled with tradition, which, though it is all too scanty to explain the poet's spiritual progress, or to answer many of the questions that arise about his personality, is still sufficient to tell a fairly continuous story of his passage through life.

William Shakespeare was baptized, presumably a few days after his birth, at Stratford on April 26th, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, is described in tradition as a glover and also as a butcher, and seems actually to have been a general dealer in farm products. In 1557 he had made a seemingly propitious marriage with Mary Arden, who had brought him considerable property and who bore him eight children, of whom William was the third and the eldest to survive. For some five years before marriage and for fifteen or more thereafter the record of the father is that of a man prosperous in business and in civic affairs. In particular he advanced through various municipal offices until he reached the high local position of bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford in 1568. But not long after that date his fortunes evidently waned, and for some twenty years after 1577 his record is mainly one of debts and mortgages and lawsuits.

Though without proof of the fact, we have good reason to presume that up to about 1577 William Shakespeare attended the grammar school at Stratford and received the discipline in Latin authors there prescribed. But it is believed that around the year mentioned he was taken out of school, owing to his father's pecuniary embarrassment, and put to work. There is a story that he was apprenticed to a butcher, his father or another, and that «When he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech.» But nothing is certain about him before he reached the age of eighteen. Then, in 1582, occurs the record of a license for his marriage to Anne Hathaway. The evidences indicate that Anne Hathaway, who was apparently the daughter of a farmer in

the nearby village of Shottery, was eight years older than Shakespeare, that the marriage was hurried by her friends, and that the Shakespeare family felt no pride in it. The haste of the bride's friends seems to be explained by the birth of Susanna, her first child, within six months after the wedding. The twins, Hamnet and Judith, were born two years later, in 1585; and this is the last positive record of Shakespeare before we hear of him in London. Whether he engaged in the deer-stealing escapade, famous in tradition and possibly referred to by Shakespeare himself in the opening lines of the ‹Merry Wives of Windsor,› is open to some question; whether this had anything to do with his leaving Stratford, to still more.

Though the exact date is uncertain, it is thought that he went up to London about 1586. There is one story that he found work holding horses in front of the theatre, and another that he secured employment as a call-boy within the building. But again, nothing is sure until 1592; then the records inform us that he has become both an actor and a playwright, and is rising rapidly enough to arouse envy. In that year the dramatist Robert Greene, ending a wretched life with an untimely death, left behind him a pamphlet called ‹Greene's Groatsworth of Wit,› in which he gives warning to three of his fellow-dramatists to beware of plagiarists, and among other vituperative gems pours out the following:

«Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.»

Now in an old play called ‹The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York› there occurs the line,

«Oh tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!»

and in the third part of ‹Henry VI,› a play based on the ‹True Tragedy› and printed in the Folio as Shakespeare's, this line is repeated. It is evidently this line that Greene parodies in his «Tiger's heart wrapt in a *player's* hide,» and the parody is significant coming in connection with a charge of plagiarism. Furthermore, «Shake-scene» is pretty obviously a play on the name of Shakespeare and his new occupation on the stage. The whole passage thus shows that by 1592 Shakespeare was known as an actor, and that whatever else he had written, he had finished his share of the three plays of ‹Henry VI›; also that his success as dramatist was great enough to provoke the jealousy of an older playwright.

At least two men having resented Greene's attack, the dramatist Chettle, who had prepared Greene's pamphlet for the press, took occasion to make apology for certain passages in it later in the year when he

came to publish his own ‹Kind-Harts Dream.› And it is very likely, though not certain, that the following part of the apology refers to Shakespeare.

«With neither of them that take offense was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion, — especially in such a case, the author being dead, — that I did not, I am as sorry, as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness in dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.»

The character here outlined is so like that given to Shakespeare by other writers later as to strengthen the belief that he is here referred to.

So by 1592 Shakespeare is well established as an actor and a dramatist; and from now on for about twenty years he continues to produce plays at the rate of nearly two a year. The succession of these plays, in the approximate order of their composition, we may postpone for a moment in order to leave clear the record of the author's life. In 1593 he made a bid for fame and for a patron by publishing his ‹Venus and Adonis,› addressed in eulogistic terms to the Earl of Southampton, and in the following year he published ‹The Rape of Lucrece,› dedicated to the same nobleman in terms noticeably more familiar and therefore perhaps indicating that Southampton had proved friendly and munificent. Without going so far as to believe the story that Southampton once gave him a thousand pounds, certainly a very large present at that time, we may with plausibility suppose that Shakespeare benefited considerably from the Earl's influence and purse. And the two poems brought him a good measure of literary distinction. Prominence of another kind is also evinced from the record that in 1594 Shakespeare was summoned, along with some of his fellow-actors, to present two comedies before the Queen at Greenwich in the Christmas season.

Then the records take us back to Stratford. During all this time the family there had seemingly continued in exiguous circumstances, and in 1596 Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, died. In this year, apparently, Shakespeare revisited Stratford and began to retrieve the family fortunes. For one thing, it was in this year that his father applied for a coat of arms. In a man who had been down at heels for twenty years this was an unlikely action, but for the successful poet and dramatist to desire such advancement above the none too reputable profession of acting was altogether probable, and it is therefore pretty certain that Shakespeare instigated his father's application. The appeal was not completely successful in 1596; but three years later, upon a renewed application, the coat of arms was granted. From now on, many records testify to Shakespeare's prosperity. In 1597 he purchased

for sixty pounds the largest house in Stratford, called New Place. In 1601 he inherited from his father the two houses in Henley Street which are still shown to visitors. In 1602 he bought, for £320, more than a hundred acres of arable land with common pasture attaching to it; twenty more acres were purchased eight years later. In 1602 he acquired a cottage and garden at Stratford. In 1605 he bought for £440 the thirty-one-year remainder of a lease of the Stratford tithes, a purchase that involved him in considerable litigation. There were also investments in London. In 1613 was recorded the purchase of a house near the Blackfriars theatre. From 1615 there is a record of a suit in which he and other owners were seeking to obtain certain deeds securing their property in the precinct of Blackfriars. This is but one of many lawsuits in which Shakespeare was engaged as principal or witness, several of them brought for the recovery of small sums of money. Perhaps the most interesting is the recently discovered lawsuit from 1612. It establishes the fact that Shakespeare was lodging, possibly from 1598 to 1604, in the house of one Christopher Mountjoy, a wig-maker, at the corner of Muggle and Silver streets, near Cripplegate. He had, in 1604, arranged the marriage of Mountjoy's daughter Mary to an apprentice named Stephen Bellott; and when Bellott brought suit over the dowry eight years later Shakespeare was an important witness. In the critical question of the amount of the dowry promised, however, his memory failed him.

The other witnesses examined speak of Shakespeare with respect and esteem; and various further records refer to him as a man of probity and of substantial fortune. In 1598, for instance, a certain Abraham Sturley of Stratford writes to a relative in London referring to Shakespeare's willingness to purchase certain property at Shottery and suggesting that he be urged to purchase the tithes. In the same year Richard Quiney, also of Stratford, writes to ask Shakespeare for thirty pounds. A year later Sturley writes to Quiney of his satisfaction at hearing that Shakespeare would assist with money needed in a project for enlarging the charter of Stratford; and a letter to Quiney from his father about the same time refers to bargaining with Shakespeare for financial aid. The exact details are not of great importance; the evident conclusion from them all is that the Stratford folk looked up to Shakespeare as a man of means whom it would be profitable to deal with.

It is not difficult to account for the means at his disposal, or to estimate them roughly. From the publication of his poems he presumably had some return. During his first ten years of authorship he probably received about £10 for each play he sold to the managers, or since he averaged two plays a year, about £20 annually. In the terms of the purchasing power of American money to-day, this would mean nearly $1000 a year. After 1600, furthermore, the price of plays rose to about double that customary in the decade preceding, and we may therefore

double Shakespeare's income from this source. As an actor he earned a good deal more. It is estimated that up to 1599 his salary for acting must have been at least £100 a year ($5000). And still more profitable was Shakespeare's share in the Globe Theatre, acquired in 1599. The income from a single share in this theatre was more than £200 a year ($10,000), and Shakespeare may have held more than one share. After 1610 he was part-owner also of the Blackfriars. Now over and above all this may be counted whatever Shakespeare received from special performances at court, in possible gratuities from Southampton, and from miscellaneous sources. The total will be a substantial sum, especially after 1599; more than $20,000 a year, according to Sir Sidney Lee. So there is no mystery as to the sources of the wealth that Shakespeare had to lay out in Stratford and in London. It is gratifying to know that his work brought him fair reward in legal tender, nor need anyone esteem him less because of his canny sense in placing it where it would bring returns, or in insisting, in the courts if necessary, on the payment of what was due him.

We have run ahead of chronology because it seemed desirable to state the facts about Shakespeare's purchases and means in connection with the first records of his prosperity. We left him in London in 1594, by which time he had been successful enough as actor and dramatist to draw a violent attack upon himself, had published two poems, secured a patron, and enjoyed the distinction of a command to play before the Queen. The next important records of his rising fame come from 1598. In that year his name first appears on the title-page of a play, in the Quarto editions of ‹Richard II.› and ‹Love's Labour's Lost›; and from this time on, the publishers realized the value of his name or his initials on the title-pages of plays and poems, and even used the name to usher into print poems and plays that Shakespeare had no hand in. From the same year comes the ‹Palladis Tamia› of Francis Meres, a book which, in a comparison of the English writers of the period with the authors of antiquity, included, among other flattering references to Shakespeare, the following celebrated passage:

«As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras: so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, &c.

«As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour's Lost, his Love's Labour's Won, his Midsummer Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice: for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.

«As Epius Stolo said, that the muses would speak with Plautus' tongue, if they would speak Latin: so I say that the muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English.»

Whether many men of Shakespeare's time were conscious of the poet's unquestionable superiority to all the other writers of the age is open to considerable doubt, but that his place at least among the first of them was generally admitted is evident from the laudatory references, too numerous to mention, to the poet and his plays from this date onward. That his pre-eminence over Ben Jonson, for instance, or Beaumont and Fletcher, was apparent to most of the people who knew them or saw their plays can hardly be asserted; that he was considered as at least their equal is more certain. Other records, though scant enough, serve to show his advancement in favor. The accession of King James in 1603 rather improved his situation and that of his company. In that year a patent was issued authorizing Shakespeare and his associates to continue their dramatic performances directly under the patronage of James, and from this time forward Shakespeare's company is known as the «King's Men.» On the occasion of the King's formal entry into London, in the next year, nine actors walked in the procession, and the name of Shakespeare stands at the top of the list of them. And at least a dozen entries in the Revels Accounts record performances by Shakespeare's company before the King. Shakespeare himself seems to have given up acting, however, after 1604.

But he continued to produce plays up to about 1611. Occasionally he seems to have taken a hand in dramatic composition after that date, as in his collaboration, now generally admitted, with Fletcher in ‹Henry VIII.› and ‹The Two Noble Kinsmen› as late as 1612–13. But after 1611 his writing was certainly not constant, and though certain business transactions in London are recorded after that date, it seems evident that he gradually, if not definitely, retired to Stratford. He sold his shares in the theatres, and toward the end of his life he is usually referred to as «William Shakespeare, gent., of Stratford-on-Avon.» In 1613 we hear of a payment of fourteen shillings to him for supplying the motto of an heraldic shield designed and painted by the actor Burbage at the behest of the Earl of Rutland. In January, 1616, Shakespeare had his will drawn up, and after some changes he signed it two months later. On April 23rd he died.

It has taken a great deal of work to determine the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written. Apparently the dramatist himself never saw one of them through the press. By 1622 seventeen of them had got into print, some surreptitiously and others seemingly by a more regular arrangement; but these Quarto editions, as they are called, seldom help much to indicate the date of composition. The Folio of 1623 contains thirty-six plays, arranged as Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, but without indication of the order in which the plays were written. Not until nearly two centuries later, in fact, was much light shed on the important question of the sequence of the plays — impor-

tant because any discussion of Shakespeare's development as poet, dramatist, or thinker is impossible without an approximate answer to that question. Such an answer has been sought and found by scholars of the last century or more, and in their searches several kinds of evidence have been utilized.

External evidence, where it exists, is almost invariably the best. Such evidence may be found in records of the performance of a play, in quotation from it, or reference of any nature to it, in another document of known date. Thus we know that ‹The Comedy of Errors› was written before Christmas, 1594, because there is a record of its performance at Gray's Inn in the Christmas season of that year, but we do not know exactly how long before. Again, it is evident that the twelve plays mentioned by Meres in the passage above quoted must all have been written by 1598, the date of Meres's own book. But Meres does not date any play more precisely than this, nor does he indicate the order of the twelve he mentions. If external evidence, however, does not always go as far as we should like, it is usually indisputable as far as it goes. And many items of external evidence have been gathered that help us to date various plays.

Internal evidence is not usually so precise or so convincing as external. It is of many kinds. The purely æsthetic judgment as to the relative maturity of thought or of poetic expression, while never negligible, is perhaps the most dangerous kind of test, since it must always be to some extent, and frequently is to a very high degree, a matter of personal taste. Only less debatable, for the same reason, are verdicts based solely on maturity of dramatic construction or of character-portrayal. Of greater value is the evidence afforded by the more objective elements of style. As Shakespeare matures, for instance, the number of his allusions to classical mythology, as also the number of his quotations from or paraphrases of ancient authors, gradually decreases; so does the number and the fancifulness of his plays on words and his far-fetched figures of speech. Such things as these, exhibiting a gradual advance from artificiality toward reality, can be roughly counted and put beyond debate, for whatever they are worth. Still more arithmetical are the tests of Shakespeare's versification, which, responding to a general movement in the dramatic blank verse of the time, changed very considerably, though gradually, between his first and last dramas. The technic of his verse seems to have been relatively unconscious with him, and so relatively regular and valuable as evidence for our purpose. Here again the advance is from formality to naturalness, from stiffness to flexibility of speech. The most telling changes that took place in his verse were those from frequency to rarity of rhyming lines and from rarity to frequency of run-on lines (lines at the end of which no pause is possible in recitation), of feminine endings (lines ending in an extra syllable beyond the conventional five feet), and of speeches ending

with a broken line. To show how great a change took place from first to last it might be said that in ‹Love's Labour's Lost,› perhaps his first comedy, we have over 1000 rhymes, in ‹The Tempest,› probably his last, only two; in ‹Love's Labour's Lost› 18 per cent. of run-on lines, in ‹The Tempest› 42 per cent.; in ‹Love's Labour's Lost› 8 per cent. of feminine endings, in ‹The Tempest› 35 per cent.; in ‹Love's Labour's Lost› 10 per cent. of speeches ending with a broken line, in ‹The Tempest› 85 per cent. This is of course an extreme illustration. Few plays, if any, will show an advance in all these respects over their predecessors, and some plays show evident reversions to an earlier form; there is, in a word, a general advance, not without occasional lapses, but there is no abrupt change. There is naturally some difference between two plays written about the same time but on widely differing themes, and there are anomalies that arise in certain cases from the fact that a play written in one period was revised or augmented in another. Valuable in spite of these allowances, however, metrical evidence is often sufficient to date a play, not of course in a particular year, but at least in or around a given period.

From a careful interpretation of all the evidences at hand, critics have drawn up a list of the plays in their approximate order and with their approximate dates. We cannot be sure that in every case the order is exactly correct or the date precise, but we can be fairly certain that in few cases are we more than a year or two out of the way. Certainly the list is accurate enough to warrant the broad interpretation of the dramatist's development which will follow the table of the works here inserted. The table is taken from ‹The Facts about Shakespeare,› by Neilson and Thorndike.

PERIODS	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
I	‹Love's Labour's Lost,› 1591 ‹Comedy of Errors,› 1591 ‹Two Gentlemen of Verona,› 1591–2	‹1 Henry VI.,› 1590–1 ‹2 Henry VI.,› 1590–2 ‹3 Henry VI.,› 1590–2 ‹Richard III.,› 1593 ‹King John,› 1593	‹Titus Andronicus,› 1593–4
II	‹Midsummer Night's Dream,› 1594–5 ‹Merchant of Venice,› 1595–6 ‹Taming of the Shrew,› 1596–7 ‹Merry Wives of Windsor,› 1598 ‹Much Ado About Nothing,› 1599 ‹As You Like It,› 1599–1600 ‹Twelfth Night,› 1601	‹Richard II.,› 1595 ‹1 Henry IV.,› 1597 ‹2 Henry IV.,› 1598 ‹Henry V.,› 1599	‹Romeo and Juliet,› 1594–5 ‹Julius Cæsar,› 1599

PERIODS	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
III	‹Troilus and Cressida,› 1601–2 ‹All's Well That Ends Well,› 1602 ‹Measure for Measure,› 1603 ‹Pericles,› 1607–8		‹Hamlet,› 1602, 1603 ‹Othello,› 1604 ‹King Lear,› 1605–6 ‹Macbeth,› 1606 ‹Timon of Athens,› 1607 ‹Antony and Cleopatra,› 1607–8 ‹Coriolanus,› 1609
IV	‹Cymbeline,› 1610 ‹Winter's Tale,› 1611 ‹Tempest,› 1611 ‹Two Noble Kinsmen,› 1612–13	‹Henry VIII.,› 1612	

Although the lines of division are not hard and fast, the plays fall not unnaturally into the four periods indicated in the table.

The first period is one of imitation. Several different types of plays were popular on the London stage when Shakespeare began to write for it, and in the period of his apprenticeship the poet tried his hand, one or more times, at nearly every kind. In the first period history plays predominate. Apparently his first work was done on plays based upon English history, and in the earliest of these, in fact, he seems to be doing piece-work in revision or collaboration or both. Probably he wrote only seven or eight scenes in the first part of ‹Henry VI.,› and probably he revised, or aided in revising, the second and third parts of that play from originals written by another man or by other men. But in ‹Richard III.› he produced an impressive history play unassisted, though following closely the model of Marlowe in the figure of his hero and the handling of his plot and verse. Then he proceeds to ‹King John,› in some respects more independent, though a play of less compelling interest. During the same years, in comedy, he wrote ‹Love's Labour's Lost,› at once an imitation and in some part a satire of the kind of play that Lyly wrote; ‹The Comedy of Errors,› a farce improving on the play of Plautus which suggested it; and ‹The Two Gentlemen of Verona,› his earliest romantic comedy, which, with less specific models, has resemblances to certain plays of Greene and to one or two other comedies preceding it. Toward the close of the period he dipped into the «tragedy of blood,» as written by Kyd and other dramatists, and in this first tragedy outdid all previous authors for manifold and fearsome horror on the stage.

In the second period comedy predominates. Shakespeare keeps up his work in history, but with great changes. In ‹Richard II.,› to be sure, at the beginning of the period, there is no great alteration in dramatic method from ‹King John›; but in the two parts of ‹Henry IV.,› toward the middle of the period, there is a marked change. Whether from a feeling that the facts of history did not naturally combine into a true dramatic plot, or for other reasons, Shakespeare departs from the common model of the history play and by the introduction of Falstaff and his fellows turns half of the play into pure comedy. So much does the comic interest surpass the historical in these plays, indeed, that in another drama Shakespeare takes Falstaff out of the historical setting and devotes to him a separate comedy, ‹The Merry Wives of Windsor.› In ‹Henry V.› there is a partial return to history of the older type. After that Shakespeare breaks the mold. He does no more in English history except to take a hand with Fletcher, at the very end of his career, in ‹Henry VIII.› If the histories of this period show a tendency to comedy, the two tragedies are measurably different from most of Shakespeare's tragic dramas. ‹Romeo and Juliet,› near the beginning of the period, is a tragedy of exuberant romantic love which could easily be turned into a comedy, and which was, as a matter of fact, frequently given as a comedy with the few changes which that transformation requires. But even taken as a tragedy, the play leads to disaster through joy and glory and not through the despair and doom of ‹Hamlet› or ‹Lear› or ‹Macbeth.› Nor is the high Roman tragedy of ‹Julius Cæsar,› toward the end of the period, a drama of such bitterness, personal and social, as the later tragedies. Now along with the four histories and the two tragedies of the period Shakespeare produced seven comedies: the delicate fantasy of ‹The Midsummer Night's Dream,› the romantic story of love and revenge in ‹The Merchant of Venice,› the two more boisterous comedies, approaching farce, of ‹The Taming of the Shrew› and ‹The Merry Wives of Windsor,› and the three consummate comedies of love and laughter, ‹Much Ado About Nothing,› ‹As You Like It,› and ‹Twelfth Night.›

The third period is one of tragedy. Comedies usher it in, to be sure, but they are comedies that show the seamy side of life in frank and often bitter realism. In these traits ‹Troilus and Cressida,› ‹All's Well That Ends Well,› and ‹Measure for Measure› mark a departure from the mirthful comedies immediately preceding them as strikingly as do the tragedies that now begin. In ‹Hamlet,› ‹Othello,› ‹Lear,› ‹Macbeth,› and ‹Timon› Shakespeare is probing the darkest problems that mortality can meet, and in general the gloom grows thicker as we progress through those five plays. It is somewhat alleviated in the luxuriant poetry that immortalizes the story of wanton love in ‹Antony and Cleopatra,› and much more in the romantic adventures of ‹Pericles,› presage of the last comedies soon to come. But it resumes sway in the

final tragedy of ‹Coriolanus,› the last story of a hero living in the cursed spite of problems he cannot solve.

The last period is one of comedy again, or tragicomedy, — of «dramatic romances,» as the latest plays are usually called. The turning is seen in ‹Cymbeline›; the triumphs of romance are ‹The Winter's Tale› and ‹The Tempest.› With these stories Shakespeare's career is near its close. After them we have only his share in ‹The Two Noble Kinsmen› and ‹Henry VIII.› to complete his work.

If the shifting of interest from one species of drama to another is thus clear from the list, the gain in power, of every kind required of the dramatist, is equally clear. The growth of Shakespeare's powers is at once gradual and rapid. It is not without certain lapses, due apparently to haste in some cases and to the suspension of high ambition in others. Thus after the triumphs of lyric fancy in ‹The Midsummer Night's Dream› and of plot-making and character-drawing in ‹The Merchant of Venice,› Shakespeare was willing to revamp a farce into ‹The Taming of the Shrew›; after the creation of England's greatest comic character in Falstaff, he found it possible in great measure to debase that character in ‹The Merry Wives of Windsor,› a comedy so definitely inferior to others of the period as to incline one to believe the story that it was written at the order of the Queen and in a fortnight; after the thunderings of ‹Lear› and the supreme poetry of ‹Antony and Cleopatra› he was content to join hands in some way with a third-rate poet in dramatizing the sprawling story of adventure that constitutes ‹Pericles.› Such occasional lapses from high seriousness are consonant with all that we know about the character of the dramatist. But a few lapses of this kind aside, the growth of Shakespeare's genius is as regular as with most authors, and as remarkable perhaps as is recorded anywhere in literature.

In his very earliest work at piecing out plays with other authors Shakespeare exhibits no very original or distinctive gift. In the three plays of ‹Henry VI.› the sections most probably his are indeed better than most other portions of the plays, in verse, in dramatic effect, and in grasp of character; but they are only slightly better, and are in no wise different in aim from the rest of the plays. Very much the same statement can be made of ‹Titus Andronicus› in comparison with the preceding plays similar to it; it is in better verse than almost any tragedy of blood before it, and it outdoes every tragedy of blood in the main effect common to them all — terror. But in ‹Richard III.› we have the promise at least of genius. True, there is little innovation in the play: the verse is Marlowe's mighty line, the diction his high-astounding terms, the hero-villain his Tamburlaine made English, and the plot is history turned into drama of the straight-line type rather than of the rise and fall of complication and solution; but the result is a play that surpasses Marlowe in dramatic interest, that has held the stage from its

own day to ours. In comedy Shakespeare starts somewhat more independently, and yet humbly enough. ‹Love's Labour's Lost› should have shown any contemporary that a new genius in wielding English words had arisen, but it would have promised not a great deal more. ‹The Comedy of Errors› displayed capacity for fun and cunning in plot-construction — made easier by the excellent model of Plautus; it is definitely but not immeasurably in advance of any comedy in English up to its time. ‹The Two Gentlemen of Verona› presages all kinds of high delight to come in the romantic comedies of a few years later; but we see the promise in it mainly because we see the performance in those later plays, and without them it is doubtful if we should see more in it than did, presumably, the spectators at its first performance — a problem of romantic love distastefully solved. Taken together, the plays of the first period show a talent more varied than any that had worked in English drama up to this time and in some respects perhaps a little more powerful than any, but they show nothing exalted, nothing that transcends the achievement of the best contemporary plays. If Shakespeare had died at the end of this period, we should have no way of knowing that the greatest dramatist of England had been lost, and half a dozen other authors could have disputed the primacy among Elizabethan playwrights.

But no such dispute could arise if Shakespeare had completed only the earlier works of the second period. The stage-carpentry necessary to his trade quickly mastered, he sets about the building of temples beyond the imagination of his teachers. For fairy charm, for rustic mirth, and equally for welding the most uncompanionable plots into unison, ‹The Midsummer Night's Dream› was without precedent in English, and remains unsurpassed. For exhibition of complex character in compelling plot, ‹The Merchant of Venice› was unapproached by any comedy preceding it, and maintains comparison with any following. For the expression of the love of youth ‹Romeo and Juliet› is the classic drama of modern times. For fun-making Falstaff remains peerless in succeeding literature. For the rendition of Roman history in tragedy ‹Julius Cæsar› is unrivaled except by the later Roman plays of Shakespeare himself. For sheer delight of comic dialogue, winsome womanhood, graceful poetry, and romantic story, the three great comedies that close the period remain unmatched by any performances of modern times. To feel that in this period Shakespeare has distanced all his predecessors in poetic phrasing one need only open the book and read. To estimate his mastery of human character, it is enough to run through the *dramatis personæ* of the plays and notice the dozens of names that are now household words. To realize his skill in dramatic composition, one need only remember that every play from this period except ‹Richard II.› is still popular on the stage. Had Shakespeare retired now, we should have known him for our greatest dramatist.

But we should have still been far from the full measure of his powers. Precisely because they are pieces of such rare delight the plays we have just been mentioning did not offer opportunity for the display of all the profundity of vision into the secret chambers of the human heart, or all the power to grapple with the problems of humanity, or all the intensity of poetic utterance that are exhibited in the plays of the third period. Mature stagecraft and matchless gift of words and insight into character are now brought to work upon the weightiest matters that man can deal with, and the result is the supreme drama of our language. Hamlet is probably at once the most inviting and the most baffling character in literature. Othello remains the example above all others of the deceived lover whose love was a religion. King Lear is the most moving picture of doting age attended by filial impiety. Macbeth has no equal as a portrait of ambition gnawing at the roots of character. Antony and Cleopatra are willing victims of passion rendered into poetry the like of which is hardly to be found in any other work. To pass these plays thus in a breath — leaving others entirely unmentioned — is but to state one aspect of each in which it may be pronounced literally peerless.

And yet if Shakespeare had retired at the end of his third period, we should miss something that the world would be greatly loath to lose. Whatever it may mean about the man, if anything, it means something to us to know that Shakespeare took leave of the stage in happier plays. The last romances show a serenity more calm, a seeming faith in final good more settled, than do the plays of any other period. They have less to do with rollicking good humor than the comedies of the second period, and deal more with human nature tried but found true, passing through tribulation to final reward. So it is with a message of satisfaction and good cheer, founded not on innocence but on knowledge, that ‹The Winter's Tale› and ‹The Tempest› complete the works in a strain less crashing but not less lofty.

There is no intention here of praising Shakespeare. Only the critic specially endowed of heaven should attempt that. If critical adjectives have been copious, they have been meant only to show the shifting of Shakespeare's interest from play to play as he progressed and the growth of his gifts from normal human beginnings to unrivaled strength. With these considerations one other question naturally arises: what were the reasons for Shakespeare's turning from comedy to tragedy and from tragedy to romance? Why did he progress from buoyancy to bitterness and then to comfort and reconciliation?

In some quarters it is still thought — as, for long, it was widely believed — that these changes in the plays came from changes in the thought and feeling of the dramatist. It was argued — frequently with the support of one interpretation or another of the «story» in the sonnets — that Shakespeare's life was full of happiness in the period of

comedy, that misfortune and resultant gloom overcame him in the tragic period, but that in the end, at the time of the romances, he had become reconciled; and that the plays of the three periods voice these emotions of the dramatist. While all this cannot be entirely disproved, there is exceptionally little likelihood that it is true. The story in the sonnets has never been made out in any essential detail. It may be all fiction, as the majority of sonnet stories were; at least it is more than probable that the story represents no vital experience of the poet. No single record points to any reason why Shakespeare should have been unhappier during the six years after 1600 than in the six years before. On the contrary, the one great sorrow that we know came to him — the death of his son — occurred at the time he was writing comedy and farce; and no sorrow is recorded from the years when he was writing ‹Lear› and ‹Timon.› The theory is therefore untenable for lack of facts, and since what facts we have tell against it.

It is more likely, as is coming to be believed, that in changing from one kind of play to another Shakespeare was largely following the vogue of the time. This is consonant with his genius. He was a man intent not so much on inventing something that no one else had thought of as on perfecting what was promising in other men's inventions — on adopting their forms and filling them with meaning. Now it has been shown that up to nearly 1600 romantic comedy was in high vogue, and it is presumable that Shakespeare was moved simply to write the kind of play most successful at the time, and owing to native genius produced the masterpieces of the type. Around 1600 romantic comedy was severely criticized and lost favor considerably; popular taste swung to realistic comedy and to tragedy. Shakespeare responded with his more cynical comedies and with the tragedies, and again produced the masterpieces. When such plays had mainly held the stage for somewhat less than a decade, a relatively new type of romantic tragicomedy came into favor; and Shakespeare's last romances are apparently a response to this new form. To explain the shifting of his interests at least partially in this manner is not unnatural, and it subtracts nothing from his glory.

If the record of Shakespeare's life is fairly continuous, and the growth of his powers as dramatist and poet adequately clear, the picture of the man himself is still somewhat dim. Few lovers of his plays can have avoided asking the question, what sort of man was Shakespeare? And the world has seen a considerable number of books and essays that attempt an answer to that question. But the question is fraught with difficulty. Most of the facts recorded of Shakespeare's life are such as shed little light upon his character. And outside of the Sonnets, at least, — and no interpretation of the Sonnets has advanced much beyond guesswork, — Shakespeare is one of the most dramatic of authors, which is to say that it is his genius to reveal others and to

conceal himself. No one doubts that there was a powerful personality behind the plays, and few would doubt that their author had, in Dryden's words, «the largest and most comprehensive soul» possessed by any English poet; it is only when we try to be much more specific that we are in danger. Yet from the very fact that Shakespeare is habitually silent about his own opinions while the characters in the plays are giving voice to theirs we gather one truth about him, namely that he was a man with no gospel that he felt he must expound. This is a cardinal fact about him, and it implies a good deal else; and certain other inferences may be drawn, from his plays and from the record of his life, without passing over into the conjectural.

The records point to a man who was upright and good-humored. «Gentle» is one of the favorite terms for him among his friends, though this should not be taken in a sentimental sense, since there is evidence enough that he was conscious of his own dignity and of the justice that was due to him. That he had a sense of humor is beyond question. No man without the highest measure of that could have created Falstaff or any of a score of other characters in the plays. Though it does not necessarily follow that Shakespeare was habitually merry in company, we have the testimony of Fuller that his genius was «generally jocular» and that in the wit-combats with Ben Jonson he displayed the less learned but the more nimble wit. He was catholic in his sympathies, and could be at home with many kinds of men, good and bad, wise and foolish, or he could hardly have reproduced so many types of them with so much relish. The «open and free nature» which Jonson accords him naturally found least pleasure in strait-laced persons, in pedants, for instance, and in puritans. Disliking pedants, he was himself in no strict sense a scholar; a man of wide reading, as has been proved, and of much general information, but far from scholastic. In the affairs of every day he was capable and diligent; there is no evidence of the «artistic temperament,» as that term is now used. In politics we are fairly sure that he was inclined to aristocratic sympathies, though perhaps not more so than most of his fellow-dramatists. Of his religion little can be said with confidence. He knew nature intimately, and he loved the sports of the field. He knew human nature in all its tragicomic experience as no other English writer has known it. And for its portrayal he had a matchless gift of words.

SONGS AND THEIR SETTINGS

ARIEL

From (The Tempest)

ARIEL—All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Prospero— Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel— To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,—
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Prospero— My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ariel— Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leaped; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Prospero— Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel— Close by, my master.

Prospero—
But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel— Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Prospero— Of the king's ship,
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ariel— Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And all upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

ARIEL'S SONGS

Ariel *enters, invisible, playing and singing;* Prince Ferdinand *following him*

Ariel sings

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden—Bow, wow [*dispersedly*].
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden—Bow, wow.
Hark. hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Ferdinand —

Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth? —
It sounds no more; — and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; — but 'tis gone. —
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden — Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand —

The ditty does remember my drowned father. —
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes — I hear it now above me.

Ariel, singing, helps to attire Prospero

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Prospero —

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom; — so, so, so. —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ariel — I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*

MARRIAGE SONG

From 'The Tempest'

JUNO — Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Rain come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres's blessing so is on you.

SILVIA

From 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise as free:
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness. —
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

FALSTAFF TORMENTED BY THE SUPPOSED FAIRIES

From the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'

EVANS—
Lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Falstaff [*to himself*]—Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pistol— Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.

Queen— With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pistol— A trial! come.

Evans— Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn Falstaff with their tapers.*]

Falstaff—
Oh, oh, oh!

Queen— Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song by One

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Chorus

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out!

SONG: TAKE, OH! TAKE

From 'Measure for Measure'

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

BALTHAZAR'S SONG

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

LADY HERO'S EPITAPH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: The Inside of a Church. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

CLAUDIO—Is this the monument of Leonato?
Attendants—It is, my lord.
Claudio [*reads*]—

EPITAPH

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin bright;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb we go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be utterèd,
Heavily, heavily.

WHITE AND RED

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

MOTH—If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

LOVE'S RHAPSODY

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,—
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

SONG: SPRING AND WINTER

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

SPRING

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,—
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,—
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,—
  Then nightly sings the staring owl:
    To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
    To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

PUCK

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

Scene: A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy *and* Puck *at opposite doors.*

PUCK— How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy— Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
  Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips all her pensioners be:
In their gold cups spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck— The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight:
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fairy— Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck— Fairy, thou speak'st aright:
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And «tailor» cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Oberon— My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck— I remember.

Oberon— That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower,—the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that is seen.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck— I'd put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE FAIRIES

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

OBERON—
Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck— Ay, there it is.

Oberon— I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;

Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these bowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,—
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck— Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene: Another part of the Wood. Enter Titania, *with her train.*

Titania— Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG

First Fairy— You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy— Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy— Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon

Oberon— What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Anointing Titania's eyelids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

THE FAIRIES' WEDDING CHARM

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

Enter Puck *with a broom on his shoulder*

PUCK— Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon *and* Titania *with all their train*

Oberon — Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania — First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we:
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait,

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

WHERE IS FANCY BRED

From the 'Merchant of Venice'

A SONG [*the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself*]

TELL me, where is fancy bred,—
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All — Ding, dong, bell.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From 'As You Like It'

AMIENS — Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall we see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

All together — Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques — I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens — And I'll sing it.

Jaques — Thus it goes: —

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens — What's that *ducdame?*

Jaques — 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From 'As You Like It'

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

LOVE IN SPRINGTIME

From 'As You Like It'

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that our life was but a flower,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

ONE IN TEN

From 'All's Well That Ends Well'

Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was:
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

SWEET AND TWENTY

From 'Twelfth Night'

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?
Oh, stay, for here your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting:
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,—
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

LOVE'S LAMENT

From 'Twelfth Night'

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH

From 'Twelfth Night'

Clown sings, to pipe and tabor

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still I had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

From the 'Winter's Tale'

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing!—
Doth set my prigging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WHAT MAIDS LACK

From the 'Winter's Tale'

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

LAWN, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SWEET MUSIC

From 'King Henry VIII.'

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play—
Even the billows of the sea—
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

DOUBT NOT

From 'Hamlet'

DOUBT thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

DEAD AND GONE

From 'Hamlet'

Enter Horatio, *with* Ophelia *distracted*

OPHELIA—
Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen—How now, Ophelia?

Ophelia [*singing*]—How should I your true love know
From another one?—
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen— Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?
Ophelia— Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Singing*]—He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a green grass turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, ho!
Queen— Nay, but, Ophelia—
Ophelia— Pray you, mark:—

[*Singing*]—White his shroud as the mountain snow—

Enter King

Queen— Alas! look here, my lord.

Ophelia— Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

OPHELIA'S LAMENT

From 'Hamlet'

OPHELIA [*sings*]—
They bore him bare-faced on their bier;
Hey, non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rained many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes—Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia—You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes—This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia—There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies; that's for thoughts.

Laertes—A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia—There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.

[*Sings*]— For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes—Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Ophelia [*sings*]—And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God.—God be wi' you!

[*Exit Ophelia, dancing distractedly.*

IN THE CHURCH-YARD

From 'Hamlet'

Scene: A Church-Yard. Enter two Clowns *with Spades, etc.*

FIRST CLOWN — Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown — I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clown — How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

Second Clown — Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown — It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches,— it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clown — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clown — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clown — But is this law?

First Clown — Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's-quest law.

Second Clown — Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clown — Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown — Was he a gentleman?

First Clown — He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown — Why, he had none.

First Clown — What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

Second Clown — Go to.

First Clown — What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown — The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown — I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

Second Clown — Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clown — Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown — Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown — To 't.

Second Clown — 'Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a distance*

First Clown — Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to yon'; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Second Clown.*

First Clown [*digs, and sings*]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract. Oh! the time, for, ah! my behove,
Oh! methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet — Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio — Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet — 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clown

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Hamlet — That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, — one that would circumvent God, — might it not?

Horatio — It might, my lord.

Hamlet — Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Horatio — Ay, my lord.

Hamlet — Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clown [*sings*]

A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrouding sheet:
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Hamlet — There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Horatio — Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet — Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

Horatio — Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too.

Hamlet — They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clown — Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] — Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet — I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in 't.

First Clown — You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet — Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

First Clown — 'Tis a quick lie, sir: 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet — What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown — For no man, sir.

Hamlet — What woman, then?

First Clown — For none, neither.

Hamlet — Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clown — One that was a woman, sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet — How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clown — Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet — How long is that since?

First Clown — Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet — Ay, marry: why was he sent into England?

First Clown — Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet — Why?

First Clown — 'Twill not be seen in him there: there, the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet — How came he mad?

First Clown — Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet — How strangely?

First Clown — Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet — Upon what ground?

First Clown — Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet—How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clown—Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet—Why he more than another?

First Clown—Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet—Whose was it?

First Clown—A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Hamlet—Nay, I know not.

First Clown—A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet—This? [*Takes the skull.*

First Clown—E'en that.

Hamlet—Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,—he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen. Now, get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio—What's that, my lord?

Hamlet—Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio—E'en so.

Hamlet—And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Horatio—E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet—To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio—'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet—No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander

died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

IAGO'S SOLDIER-SONGS

From 'Othello'

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span:
Why then let a soldier drink.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

DESDEMONA'S LAST SONG

From 'Othello'

Desdemona [*singing*]—
A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,—
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones.—

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.—

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emilia—It is the wind.
Desdemona—
I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

From 'Cymbeline'

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

FEAR NO MORE

From 'Cymbeline'

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

TIME'S GLORY

From the 'Rape of Lucrece'

TIME'S glory is to calm contending kings,
  To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
  To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
  To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
  To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
  To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
  To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
  To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
  To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
  To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

SONNETS

WEARY with toil I haste me to my bed,—
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame:
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name;
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,

When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
  Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
  When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
  "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
  Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
  His rider loved not speed being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
  That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
  More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
  That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
  And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
  Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
  And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
  The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear:
  And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
  By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
  For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
  As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
  When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
  They live unwooed, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
  Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,—
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
  Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
  Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
  And broils root out the work of masonry,—
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
  The living record of your memory.
  'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
  Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the Judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
  So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
  In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
  Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
  And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
  And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
  And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
  But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
  Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
Oh! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
  Against the wreckful siege of battering days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
  Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
Oh, fearful meditation! where, alack,
  Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
  Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
Oh, none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry;—
  As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
  And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
  And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
  And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
  And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
  And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
  Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
  Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
  Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
  When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
  Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
  When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
  When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
  That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him;

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
  Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
  Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
  Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
  Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

THE forward violet thus did I chide:— [smells,
  Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
  Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
  The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
  The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair:
  A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;
  But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
  I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
  In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
  Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
  Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
  Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
  They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
  Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,
  Supposed as forfeit to a cónfined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
  And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
  And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
  My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,—
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
  While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
  Is lust in action: and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
  Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
  Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
  On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
  Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof—and proved, a very woe:
  Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

SONGS ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

BEAUTY

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good:
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found;
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress:
So beauty blemished once, for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

THRENOS

From 'The Phœnix and Turtle'

BEAUTY, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phœnix's nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she:
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

SCENES FROM THE COMEDIES AND HISTORIES

DOGBERRY CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: A Street. Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

DOGBERRY — Are you good men and true?

Verges — Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry — Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges — Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogberry — First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch — Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogberry — Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Second Watch — Both which, master constable,—

Dogberry — You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Second Watch — How, if 'a will not stand?

Dogberry — Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges — If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry—True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Second Watch—We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry—Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Second Watch—How if they will not?

Dogberry—Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Second Watch—Well, sir.

Dogberry—If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watch—If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry—Truly, by your office you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges—You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry—Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges—If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Second Watch—How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogberry—Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges—'Tis very true.

Dogberry—This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges—Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

Dogberry—Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verges—By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry—Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbor.

Second Watch—Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry—One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

SHYLOCK—

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is a badge of all our tribe.
You called me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to, then,—you come to me, and you say,
«Shylock, we would have moneys:» you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
«Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?» or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this?—
«Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time

You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

Antonio— I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock— Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

LAUNCELOT AND OLD GOBBO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Street. Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

LAUNCELOT — Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo"—or as aforesaid—"honest Launcelot Gobbo: do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most contagious fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend: "'fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son: for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "Budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the

Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the Devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very Devil incarnation; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

[*Going out in haste.*

Enter Old Gobbo, *with a Basket*

Gobbo — Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot [*aside*] — O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not; — I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo — Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot — Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo — By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot — Talk you of young master Launcelot? — [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. — [*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo — No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot — Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gobbo — Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot — But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo — Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Launcelot — *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased; or as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo — Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot [*aside*] — Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gobbo — Alack the day: I know you not, young gentleman. But I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Launcelot — Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo — Alack, sir, I am sand-blind: I know you not.

Launcelot — Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gobbo — Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot — Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo — I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot — I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo — Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot [*rising*] — It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gobbo — Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Launcelot — Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man; — to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Court of Justice.

PORTIA—
I am informèd throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke— Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia— Is your name Shylock?
Shylock— Shylock is my name.
Portia— Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
[*To Antonio*]—
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Antonio— Ay, so he says.
Portia— Do you confess the bond?
Antonio— I do.
Portia— Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock— On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia— The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock— My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

LORENZO AND JESSICA

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House. Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

LORENZO —
The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this.
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica — In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica — In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jessica — In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica — I would out-night you, did no body come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano

Lorenzo — Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Stephano — A friend.
Lorenzo — A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Stephano — Stephano is my name: and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo — Who comes with her?

Stephano — None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lorenzo — He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot

Launcelot — Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo — Who calls?

Launcelot — Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lorenzo — Leave hallooing, man: here.

Launcelot — Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo — Here.

Launcelot — Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.
[*Exit.*

Lorenzo — Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; — why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress's ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica — I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

ROSALIND, ORLANDO, JAQUES

From 'As You Like It'

Scene: The Forest of Arden.

CELIA — Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind — Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Celia — So you may put a man in your belly.

Rosalind — Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia — Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind — Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia — It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind — Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Celia — I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind — Orlando?

Celia — Orlando.

Rosalind — Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia — You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind — But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia — It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind — It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia — Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind — Proceed.

Celia — There lay he stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind — Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia — Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind — Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia — I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind — Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques

Celia — You bring me out. — Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind — 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Rosalind and Celia retire.*

Jaques — I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando — And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques — Good-by, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando — I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques — I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando — I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaques — Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando — Yes, just.

Jaques — I do not like her name.

Orlando — There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques—What stature is she of?

Orlando—Just as high as my heart.

Jaques—You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando—Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques—You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orlando—I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques—The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando—'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques—By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando—He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques—There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando—Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaques—I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando—I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.—Rosalind and Celia come forward.*]

Rosalind [*aside to Celia*]—I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—[*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orlando—Very well: what would you?

Rosalind—I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orlando—You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind—Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orlando—And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind—By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando — I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind — Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orlando — Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind — With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando — Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind — With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando — Who stands he still withal?

Rosalind — With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orlando — Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind — With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando — Are you native of this place?

Rosalind — As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando — Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind — I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando — Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind — There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando — I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Rosalind — No: I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our

young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind; — if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando — I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind — There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orlando — What were his marks?

Rosalind — A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; — but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. — Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando — Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind — Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando — I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind — But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando — Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind — Love is merely a madness: and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando — Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind — Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me:

at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a loving humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando—I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind—I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orlando—Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Rosalind—Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando—With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind—Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

RICHARD II. IN PRISON

From 'King Richard II.'.

Scene: Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle. Enter King Richard.

KING RICHARD—

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world:
In humors like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word;
As thus,—«Come, little ones;» and then again,—
«It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.»
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last: like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am; then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king.
Then am I kinged again; and by-and-by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives;
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string,
But for the concord of my State and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for the sound that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Prince Henry, Poins. *Enter* Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

POINS — Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince Henry — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff — You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry — How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Falstaff — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore

thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince Henry—Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff—Are you not a coward? answer me to that! and Poins there?

Poins—Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Falstaff—I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

Prince Henry—O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Falstaff—All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince Henry—What's the matter?

Falstaff—What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince Henry—Where is it, Jack! where is it?

Falstaff—Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince Henry—What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff—I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum.* [*Drawing it.*] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince Henry—Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bardolph—We four set upon some dozen,—

Falstaff—Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bardolph—And bound them.

Peto—No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff—You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bardolph — As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Falstaff — And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince Henry — What! fought ye with them all?

Falstaff — All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince Henry — Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff — Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince Henry — What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff — Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins — Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff — These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince Henry — Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff — In buckram.

Poins — Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff — Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry [*to Poins*] — Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Falstaff — Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Henry — Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff — Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

Prince Henry — So, two more already.

Falstaff — Their points being broken,—

Poins — Down fell their hose.

Falstaff — Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince Henry — Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Falstaff — But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back, and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince Henry — These lies are like the father that begets them: gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech —

Falstaff — What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Henry — Why, how couldst thou know these men were in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins — Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff — What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince Henry — I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh —

Falstaff — Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stockfish, — oh for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck —

Prince Henry — Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins — Mark, Jack.

Prince Henry — We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. — And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins—Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff—By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

FALSTAFF'S ARMY

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: A public road near Coventry. Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

FALSTAFF—Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bardolph—Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff—Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph—This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff—An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all,—I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bardolph—I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Falstaff—If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded

unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old pieced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat; — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one: they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Westmoreland

Prince Henry — How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Falstaff — What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your Honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

Westmoreland — Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Falstaff — Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince Henry — I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack: whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff — Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince Henry — I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff — Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man mortal men, mortal men.

Westmoreland — Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Falstaff—Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince Henry—No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff—What, is the King encamped?

Westmoreland—He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff—Well—

> To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
> Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

FALSTAFF IN BATTLE

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: Plain near Shrewsbury. Prince Henry *fights with* Hotspur. *Enter* Douglas: *he fights with* Falstaff, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* Douglas. Hotspur *is wounded, and falls.*

HOTSPUR—O Harry! thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool:
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. Oh, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies*

Prince Henry—
For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart:—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough;—this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.—

[*Seeing Falstaff on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spared a better man.
Oh! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Emboweled will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff [*rising*]—Emboweled! If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me; therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Prince John

Prince Henry—

Come, brother John: full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

Prince John— But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince Henry—

I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive, or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seemest.

Falstaff—No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing down the body*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince Henry—Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Falstaff—Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it—'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Prince John—

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince Henry—

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*

Falstaff—I'll follow as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him: if I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, dragging out Percy's body.*

HENRY'S WOOING OF KATHARINE

From 'King Henry V.'

Scene: An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

KING HENRY—Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katharine—Your Majesty shall mock at me: I cannot speak your England.

King Henry—O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Katharine—*Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

King Henry—An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Katharine—*Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice—*Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit il.*

King Henry—I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Katharine—*O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

King Henry—What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice—*Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King Henry—The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Katharine—*Sauf vostre Honneur*, me understand well.

King Henry—Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off: but before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee

plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy: for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a bal lad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katharine—Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

King Henry—No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Katharine—I cannot tell vat is dat.

King Henry—No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see, what then? St. Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Katharine—*Sauf vostre Honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois leguel je parle.*

King Henry—No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Katharine—I cannot tell.

King Henry — Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, — the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt), I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Katharine — I do not know dat.

King Henry — No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Katharine — Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

King Henry — Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou

shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Katharine—Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

King Henry—Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katharine—Den it shall also content me.

King Henry—Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katharine—*Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

King Henry—Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katharine—*Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

King Henry—Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice—Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English—

King Henry—To kiss.

Alice—Your Majesty *entend* bettre *que moi.*

King Henry—It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice—*Ouy, vraiment.*

King Henry—O Kate! nice customs curtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

GLOSTER AND ANNE: GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY

From 'King Richard III.'

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

SCENES FROM THE TRAGEDIES

THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Scene: Juliet's Chamber. Enter Romeo *and* Juliet

JULIET — Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo — It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet — Yon light is not daylight: I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo — Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go; —
Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so —
How is 't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet — It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes;
Oh! now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
Oh! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Romeo — More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

From 'Julius Cæsar'

Scene: The Roman Forum.

ANTONY —

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.— Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen—
We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All— The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony— Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it? . . .
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen—O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen—O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen—O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen—O traitors! villains!

First Citizen—O most bloody sight!

All—We will be revenged. Revenge! about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live. [*They are rushing out.*

Antony—Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen—Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen—We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony—Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All— We'll mutiny.

CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS

From (Antony and Cleopatra)

ENOBARBUS — The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them. The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agrippa — O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus — Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa — Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus — Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of «No» woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agrippa — Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Enobarbus — I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mæcenas — Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Enobarbus — Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

CLEOPATRA — Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit* Iras. *A noise within.*]

[*Enter a* Guardsman.]

Guardsman — Here is a rural fellow
That will not be deni'd your Highness' presence.
He brings you figs.
Cleopatra — Let him come in.

[*Exit* Guardsman.]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

[*Re-enter* Guardsman, *with* Clown *bringing in a basket.*]

Guardsman — This is the man.
Cleopatra — Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit* Guardsman.]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown — Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleopatra — Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown — Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm. But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most falliable, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleopatra — Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleopatra — Farewell.

Clown — You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleopatra — Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown — Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleopatra — Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown — Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleopatra — Will it eat me?

Clown — You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleopatra — Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown — Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter* Iras *with a robe, crown, etc.*]

Cleopatra — Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* Iras *falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Charmian — Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleopatra — This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Charmian — O eastern star!

Cleopatra — Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Charmian — O, break! O, break!

Cleopatra — As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay ——

[*Dies.*]

Charmian — In this vile world? So, fare thee well!
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play ——

[*Enter the* Guard, *rushing in.*]

1. *Guardsman* — Where's the Queen?
Charmian — Speak softly, wake her not.
1. *Guardsman* — Cæsar hath sent —
Charmian — Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*]

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.
1. *Guardsman* — Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguil'd.
2. *Guardsman* — There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.
1. *Guardsman* — What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?
Charmian — It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*]

THE OPENING SCENE OF ‹HAMLET›

Elsinore. *A platform before the castle.*

[Francisco *at his post. Enter to him* Bernardo.]

BERNARDO — Who's there?
Francisco — Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.
Bernardo — Long live the king!
Francesco — Bernardo?
Bernardo — He.
Francisco — You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bernardo — 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.
Francisco — For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bernardo — Have you had quiet guard?
Francisco — Not a mouse stirring.
Bernardo — Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

[*Enter* Horatio *and* Marcellus.]

Francisco — I think I hear them. Stand! Who's there?
Horatio — Friends to this ground.

Marcellus — And liegemen to the Dane.
Francisco — Give you good-night.
Marcellus — O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath reliev'd you?
Francisco — Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night.

[*Exit.*]

Marcellus — Holla! Bernardo!
Bernardo — Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Horatio — A piece of him.
Bernardo — Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Horatio — What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Bernardo — I have seen nothing.
Marcellus — Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Horatio — Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Bernardo — Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Horatio — Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Bernardo — Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

[*Enter the* Ghost.]

Marcellus — Peace, break thee off! Look, where it comes again!
Bernardo — In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Marcellus — Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Bernardo — Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.
Horatio — Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Bernardo — It would be spoke to.
Marcellus — Question it, Horatio.

Horatio — What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus — It is offended.

Bernardo — See, it stalks away!

Horatio — Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit* Ghost.]

Marcellus — 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo — How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Horatio — Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Marcellus — Is it not like the King?

Horatio — As thou art to thyself
Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Marcellus — Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Horatio — In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Marcellus — Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day,
Who is't that can inform me?

Horatio — That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet —
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him —
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other —
As it doth well appear unto our state —
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Bernardo — I think it be no other but e'en so.
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

Horatio — A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

. . . . . .

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

[*Re-enter* Ghost.]

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me;
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me;
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it; stay, and speak! [*Cock crows.*]
Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus — Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Horatio — Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo — 'Tis here!

Horatio — 'Tis here!

Marcellus — 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghost.]
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bernardo — It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Horatio — And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Marcellus — It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Horatio — So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Marcellus — Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

HAMLET MEDITATES SUICIDE

HAMLET — To be, or not to be: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep; —
To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET'S REVENGE ACCOMPLISHED

KING — Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
Hamlet — Very well, my lord.
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
King — I do not fear it, I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laertes — This is too heavy, let me see another.
Hamlet — This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osric — Ay, my good lord.
King — Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
«Now the King drinks to Hamlet.» Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Hamlet — Come on, sir.
Laertes — Come, my lord. [*They play.*]
Hamlet — One.
Laertes — No.
Hamlet — Judgment.
Osric — A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laertes — Well; again.
King — Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's thy health! Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off within.*]

Hamlet — I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laertes — A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King — Our son shall win.
Queen — He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Hamlet — Good madam!

King — Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen — I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King [*aside*] — It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
Hamlet — I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen — Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laertes — My lord, I'll hit him now.
King— I do not think't.
Laertes [*aside*] — And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Hamlet — Come, for the third, Laertes; you but dally.
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laertes — Say you so? Come on. [*They play.*]
Osric — Nothing, neither way.
Laertes — Have at you now!

[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers.*]

King — Part them; they are incens'd.
Hamlet — Nay, come, again.

[Hamlet *wounds* Laertes. *The* Queen *falls.*]

Osric — Look to the Queen there! Ho!
Horatio — They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord!
Osric — How is't, Laertes?
Laertes — Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Hamlet — How does the Queen?
King — She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen — No, no, the drink, the drink, — O my dear Hamlet, —
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]
Hamlet — O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! Seek it out.
Laertes — It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life.
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more: — the King, the King's to blame.
Hamlet — The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Hurts the* King.]
All — Treason! treason!
King — O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Hamlet — Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?
Follow my mother! [King *dies.*]

Laertes — He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Hamlet — Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest — O, I could tell you —
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st. Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Horatio — Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet — As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll have't!
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*]
What warlike noise is this?

Osric — Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Hamlet — O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited — The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

OTHELLO'S STORY OF HIS WOOING

OTHELLO — Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances.
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was my process, —
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

THE MURDER OF DESDEMONA

From (Othello.)

A bedchamber in the castle. Desdemona *in bed asleep.*

[*Enter* Othello *with a light.*]

OTHELLO — It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither; I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kisses her.*]

Oh, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last;
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona — Who's there? Othello?
Othello — Ay, Desdemona.
Desdemona — Will you come to bed, my lord?
Othello — Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?
Desdemona — Ay, my lord.
Othello — If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Desdemona — Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Othello — Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heavens forfend! I would not kill thy soul.
Desdemona — Talk you of killing?

Othello — Ay, I do.
Desdemona — Then Heaven
Have mercy on me!
Othello — Amen, with all my heart!
Desdemona — If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Othello — Hum!
Desdemona — And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Othello — Think on thy sins.
Desdemona — They are loves I bear to you.
Othello — Ay, and for that thou diest.
Desdemona — That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Othello — Peace, and be still!
Desdemona — I will so. What's the matter?
Othello — That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Desdemona — No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Othello — Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Desdemona — Ay, but not yet to die.
Othello — Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Desdemona — O, Heaven, have mercy on me!
Othello — I say, amen.
Desdemona — And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.
Othello — By heaven, I saw my handherchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And make me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.
Desdemona — He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Othello — He hath confess'd.
Desdemona — What, my lord?
Othello — That he hath us'd thee.
Desdemona — How? unlawfully?
Othello — Ay.
Desdemona — He will not say so.
Othello — No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Desdemona — O! my fear interprets. What, is he dead?
Othello — Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Desdemona — Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.
Othello — Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Desdemona — O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Othello — Down, strumpet!
Desdemona — Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
Othello — Nay, if you strive, —
Desdemona — But half an hour!
Othello — Being done, there is no pause.
Desdemona — But while I say one prayer!
Othello — It is too late.

[*He smothers her.*]

Emilia [*at the door*] — My lord, my lord! What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Othello — What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.
Emilia [*within*] — What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Othello — Who's there?
Emilia [*within*] — O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
Othello — Yes, — 'tis Emilia. — By and by. — She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good? —
I think she stirs again: — no. What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Did yawn at alteration.
Emilia [*within*] — I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Othello — I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.
Soft; by and by. — Let me the curtains draw. —
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

[*Enter* Emilia.]

What's the matter with thee now?
Emilia — O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!
Othello — What, now?
Emilia — But now, my lord.
Othello — It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emilia — Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
Othello — Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emilia — No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Othello — Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Desdemona — O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emilia — O Lord, what cry is that?
Othello — That! what?
Emilia — Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Desdemona — A guiltless death I die.
Emilia — O, who hath done this deed?
Desdemona — Nobody; I myself. Farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell!

[*Dies.*]

Othello — Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emilia — Alas, who knows?
Othello — You hear her say herself, it was not I.
Emilia — She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Othello — She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell.
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emilia — O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Othello — She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emilia — Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Othello — She was false as water.
Emilia — Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Othello — Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emilia — My husband!
Othello — Thy husband.
Emilia — That she was false to wedlock?
Othello — Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emilia — My husband!
Othello — Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first.
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emilia — My husband!
Othello — What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
Emilia — O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!
Othello — He, woman;
I say thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emilia — If he says so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! He lies to the heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Othello — Ha!
Emilia — Do thy worst!
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Othello — Peace, you were best.
Emilia — Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed —
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. — Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

LEAR'S RECOVERY

From (King Lear.)

A tent in the French camp.

[*Enter* Cordelia, Kent, *and* Doctor.]

CORDELIA — O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent — To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cordelia — Be better suited;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prithee, put them off.

Kent — Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent.
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cordelia — Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the* Doctor.]
How does the King?

Doctor — Madam, sleeps still.

Cordelia — O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doctor — So please your Majesty
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.

Cordelia — Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will.

[*Enter* Lear *in a chair carried by Servants.* Gentleman *in attendance.*]

Is he array'd?

Gentleman — Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doctor — Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cordelia — Very well.

Doctor — Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there!

Cordelia — O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent — Kind and dear princess!

Cordelia — Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch — poor perdu! —
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father.
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor — Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cordelia — How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

Lear — You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia — Sir, do you know me?

Lear — You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cordelia — Still, still, far wide!

Doctor — He's scarce awake; let him alone a while.

Lear — Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cordelia — O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear — Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia — And so I am, I am.
Lear — Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it,
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cordelia — No cause, no cause.
Lear — Am I in France?
Kent — In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear — Do not abuse me.
Doctor — Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cordelia — Will't please your Highness walk?
Lear — You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE DEATH OF LEAR

[*Enter* Lear, *with* Cordelia *in his arms.*]

LEAR — Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent — Is this the promis'd end?
Edgar — Or image of that horror?
Albany — Fall, and cease!
Lear — This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent [*kneeling*] — O my good master!
Lear — Prithee, away.
Edgar — 'T is noble Kent, your friend.
Lear — A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Gentleman — 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear — Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made him skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best. I'll tell you straight.

Kent — If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear — This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent — The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear — He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent — No, my good lord; I am the very man, —

Lear — I'll see that straight.

Kent — That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear — You are welcome hither.

Kent — Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear — Ay, so I think.

Albany — He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

Edgar — Very bootless.

Messenger — Edmund is dead, my lord.

Albany — That's but a trifle here. —
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be appli'd. For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute gower; [*to* Edgar *and* Kent] you, to your rights,
With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

Lear — And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*]

Edgar — He faints! My lord! my lord!

Kent — Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edgar — Look up, my lord.

Kent — Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edgar — He is gone, indeed.

Kent — The wonder is he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

Albany — Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To* Kent *and* Edgar.] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent — I have a journey, sir, shortly to go.
My master calls me; I must not say no.

Edgar – The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

MACBETH BEFORE THE DEED

From 'Macbeth'

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: thus even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First as I am his kinsman and his subject;

Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.—

. . . . . .

Go: bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleeper; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.— Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

THE MURDER SCENE

[*Enter* Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH — That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it;
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth [*within*] — Who's there? what, ho!

Lady Macbeth — Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

[*Enter* Macbeth.]

My husband!

Macbeth — I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth — I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macbeth — When?
Lady Macbeth — Now.
Macbeth — As I descended?
Lady Macbeth — Ay.
Macbeth — Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady Macbeth — Donalbain.
Macbeth — This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]
Lady Macbeth — A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth — There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried «Murder!»
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady Macbeth — There are two lodged together.
Macbeth — One cried «God bless us!» and «Amen» the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say «Amen,»
When they did say «God bless us!»
Lady Macbeth — Consider it not so deeply.
Macbeth— But wherefore could I not pronounce «Amen»?
I had most need of blessing, and «Amen»
Stuck in my throat.
Lady Macbeth — These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macbeth — Methought I heard a voice cry «Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep» — the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —
Lady Macbeth — What do you mean?
Macbeth — Still it cried «Sleep no more!» to all the house:
«Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.»
Lady Macbeth — Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth — I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth — Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth — Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[*Re-enter* Lady Macbeth.]

Lady Macbeth — My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth — To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

[*Enter a* Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.]

DOCTOR — I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman — Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor — A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman — That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor — You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman — Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

[*Enter* Lady Macbeth, *with a taper.*]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor — How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman — Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor — You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman — Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor — What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman — It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth — Yet here's a spot.

Doctor — Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth — Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who

knows it, when none can tell our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor — Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth — The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor — Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman — She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth — Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor — What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman — I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor — Well, well, well, ——

Gentlewoman — Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor — This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth — Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doctor — Even so?

Lady Macbeth — To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*]

Doctor — Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman — Directly.

Doctor — Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good-night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman — Good-night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

MACBETH'S DESPAIR

In Dunsinane Castle.

[*Enter* Macbeth, Doctor, *and* Attendants.]

MACBETH — Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

[*Enter* Seyton.]

Seyton — What's your gracious pleasure?
Macbeth — What news more?
Seyton — All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macbeth — I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armor.
Seyton — 'Tis not needed yet.
Macbeth — I'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor — Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth — Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor — Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth — Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doctor — Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macbeth — Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doctor [*aside*] — Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exit* Doctor.]

[*Enter* Seyton, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colors*.]

Macbeth — Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still «They come»: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within*.]

What is that noise?

Seyton — It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit*.]

Macbeth — I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[*Re-enter* Seyton.]

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton — The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth — She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

THE DEATH OF YOUNG SIWARD

[*Enter, with drum and colors,* Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, *the other* Thanes, *and* Soldiers.]

MALCOLM — I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siward — Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Malcolm — Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross — Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siward — Then he is dead?
Ross — Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siward — Had he his hurts before?
Ross — Ay, on the front.
Siward — Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Malcolm — He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siward — He's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

[*Re-enter* Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head.*]

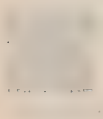
Macduff — Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All — Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*]

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(1856-)



[illegible] Bernard [illegible] celebrated pamphleteer [illegible] was [illegible] He came [illegible] family of [illegible] His father, a [illegible] was an un[illegible] rather shiftless [illegible] woman of [illegible] character. She was an [illegible] and, when [illegible] of the family were [illegible] lowest [illegible] [illegible] and her [illegible] by teaching [illegible] [illegible] derived his early love [illegible] and his early interest in science. He [illegible] [illegible] most completely [illegible] [illegible] his teens, he left [illegible] [illegible] office of a land agent. [illegible] prospects [illegible] [illegible] in a shabby little room, [illegible] work. According to his own account, the [illegible] period afforded him a profit of [illegible] [illegible] accept a [illegible] [illegible] period of [illegible] [illegible] he has [illegible] [illegible] supp[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] remarked in [illegible] on Thoreau, [illegible] [illegible] begin to [illegible] little of [illegible] [illegible] would probably [illegible] [illegible] son, and [illegible] vast majority of [illegible] [illegible] smoke [illegible] occasionally [illegible] [illegible]

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[illegible] of [illegible] apprenticeship, Shaw [illegible] [illegible] revolution [illegible] [illegible] which were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] into contact with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] George. He became a cart-tail orator in Hyde Park [illegible] established [illegible]

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(1856–)

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON.

George Bernard Shaw, the celebrated pamphleteer and playwright, was born in Dublin in 1856. He came of a Protestant family of the middle class. His father, a small government official, was an unsuccessful and a rather shiftless man; but his mother was a woman of culture and of character. She was an excellent musician; and, when the fortunes of the family were at their lowest ebb, she supported her husband and her son by teaching music. It was from his mother that Shaw derived his early love for music and for painting and his early interest in science. His formal schooling never proceeded very far; and of this early period of education he has said: «It was the most completely wasted and mischievous part of my life.» During his teens, he left school to earn a pittance in the office of a land-agent. Meanwhile, his mother had moved to London, to improve her prospects in the field of music; and he followed her to London in 1876.

Throughout the subsequent nine years, Shaw lived on next to nothing in a shabby little room, and tried his hand at literary hack-work. According to his own account, the products of his pen in this entire period afforded him a profit of six pounds; and, in order to keep alive, he was obliged to accept a small allowance from his mother. It was in this period of hardship that he adopted the exceedingly abstemious regimen of life that he has ever since maintained. He does not drink, he does not smoke, he does not eat meat; and he supplements his vegetarianism by a habit of early rising and favoring the open air. It might be said, as Stevenson remarked in his essay on Thoreau, that «so many negative superiorities begin to smack a little of the prig.» To any such suggestion, Shaw would probably reply that, in the habit of his life, he is a normal person, and that the vast majority of men, who prefer to eat meat and to smoke and drink occasionally, should be regarded as abnormal.

In the lean years of his apprenticeship, Shaw was particularly interested in theories of social revolution. He became an active member in several societies which were organized to attack the established religion of the time and to support various panaceas of political economy. This interest brought him into contact with several important thinkers, such as Sidney Webb, Edward Carpenter, William Morris, and Henry George. He became a cart-tail orator in Hyde Park and established

an incipient reputation as a propagandist. Meanwhile, between 1880 and 1883, he wrote four novels, — ‹The Irrational Knot,› ‹Love Among the Artists,› ‹The Unsocial Socialist,› and ‹Cashel Byron's Profession›; but these novels — though now read with interest — attracted nearly no attention at the time, and earned for the author neither advertisement nor prosperity.

In 1884, the Fabian Society was founded, with the purpose of improving social conditions by encouraging enlightened legislation. Shaw became at once a leading member of this mildly revolutionary organization; and many of his most brilliant essays on economic topics have appeared among its publications. In this aspect of his work, Shaw comes forward frankly as a radical in politics and as a propagandist in the cause of socialism.

In 1885, when Shaw had reached the age of twenty-nine, he became acquainted with William Archer, — a man accomplished as a critic of the drama and notable as the translator and editor of Ibsen. Archer persuaded Shaw to abandon the unremunerative practice of writing novels and to devote his attention to the business of criticism. Before long, Shaw became a public commentator on music and painting and the drama. In a brilliant series of articles, contributed to the Saturday Review and signed with the initials G. B. S., he soon established a new standard in dramatic criticism. He ably seconded the work of Archer in setting up the revolutionary art of Ibsen as a potent influence upon the British drama of the day, and furiously fought against the moribund conventions which, for nearly a century, had impeded the progress of the drama in the English language. As a critic of the current theatre, G. B. S. ranked himself with Archer and with Arthur Bingham Walkley as one of the three leaders in the craft.

It was owing also to the advice and influence of William Archer that Shaw decided to try his hand at writing plays. His first piece, ‹Widower's Houses,› completed in 1892, was produced by the Independent Theatre, which had been established by J. T. Grein. The only possible success for such an undertaking was a *succès d'estime.* This initial play was followed the next year by ‹The Philanderer,› a playful piece in which the author satirized the cult of the New Woman and the current misconceptions of the message of Ibsen. Shaw's next play, ‹Mrs. Warren's Profession,› which was also composed in 1893, was prohibited by the censor, and was not produced in England, even privately, till 1902.

These three plays, which were subsequently labeled by the author as «unpleasant,» were written at the time when Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, by the production of such pieces as ‹The Second Mrs. Tanqueray› and ‹The Case of Rebellious Susan,› were actively occasioning what Mr. Jones has called «the Renaissance of the English Drama.» Shaw, disappointed by the comparative failure of

his own plays in the popular and public theatre, decided to make an appeal to the verdict of posterity by publishing the texts of his dramatic compositions.

At that time, the publication of plays, in England and America, was utterly uncustomary; but Shaw invented a new method to impose upon the reader an acceptance of his plays as compositions worthy to be read. He provided each piece with a preface, which, because of his adeptness in the art of criticism, furnished a commentary which even the most casual of readers could not afford to turn his back upon; and, in the minor matter of stage-directions, he supplanted the traditional shorthand of the theatre with elaborate little essays in literary comment which, in themselves, were worthy of remark. By these devices, Shaw succeeded in attracting the attention of the reading public to his published plays. Meanwhile, the more effective and important contributions to «the Renaissance of the English Drama» which were being made by Jones and by Pinero remained unpublished, except in «acting versions» in which the dialogue was printed without preface and punctuated only by stage-directions recorded in the traditional shorthand of the theatre. In consequence of this contrast, the early plays of Shaw were accepted as «literature» by many scholarly and earnest people who, because of their seclusion from the theatre, refused to accept the plays of Pinero and of Jones as epoch-making efforts toward a new art of the drama.

By virtue of a not unnatural reaction, the early acceptance of Shaw's plays as contributions to the library militated, to some extent, against their acceptance as contributions to the stage. For many years it was assumed that his pieces were too «literary» to be exploited in the popular and public theatre. In England they were acted only at special matinées, under the auspices of semi-private organizations, such as the Stage Society. When Vedrenne and Barker had established a repertory system at the Court Theatre in Sloane Square, Mr. H. Granville Barker, as actor and as stage-director, did more than any other man in England to bring the plays of Shaw to the attention of the general public. It was Mr. Barker who first acted the parts of Marchbanks in ‹Candida,› Napoleon in ‹The Man of Destiny,› Brassbound in ‹Captain Brassbound's Conversion,› and other leading characters in the theatre of Shaw; and by his sympathetic stage-direction he did much toward establishing a sort of vogue for the plays of his friend and fellow-dramatist.

But it was in America that Shaw first attained a practical success in the commercial theatre. So early as 1894, Richard Mansfield presented ‹Arms and the Man› at the Herald Square Theatre in New York; and in 1897 this eminent actor produced ‹The Devil's Disciple.› Neither of these plays made any remarkable amount of money; but both pieces were accorded a *succès d'estime*, and both were sufficiently

successful to warrant their retention in the Mansfield repertory. Richard Mansfield also went so far as to begin rehearsals of Shaw's ‹Candida,› but he abandoned the project of making a production when he discovered that the part of Marchbanks was not suited to his own equipment as an actor.

In 1903, Mr. Arnold Daly scraped together a few hundred dollars and produced ‹Candida› for a series of special matinées at the Princess Theatre in New York. The success of the play was instantaneous. The piece soon became a «regular» attraction, and ran for many months as one of the commercial triumphs of the year. Mr. Daly subsequently produced several other plays of Shaw's and repeated the success that he had made with ‹Candida.› The commercial triumph of the playwright in America was communicated by contagion to the theatre-world of London; and, ever since 1905, the plays of Bernard Shaw have been eagerly accepted in the English theatre. Meanwhile, however, the dramatic work of Shaw had already been welcomed with enthusiasm on the continent of Europe — especially in Germany. In Germany his reputation, even now, is higher than it is in England or even in America. Some of Shaw's later plays, ‹Pygmalion› for instance, have been translated into German and produced in Berlin several months before they have been shown to an English-speaking audience. Of the practical success of Shaw in the popular and public theatre, there is no longer any doubt. Indeed, it may safely be assumed that Shaw has taken in more money at the box-office than any other living English dramatist, except Barrie and Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones.

But, despite his popular success as a public entertainer, Shaw has always considered himself primarily a teacher and only incidentally a playwright. He does not practise the dramatic art for the sake of art, but for the sake of propaganda. His pieces are designed not as plays of plot, nor even as plays of character, but as patterns for the exposition of ideas. His technique, as a playwright, is sufficient to satisfy most of the calls that have been made upon it. In ‹Candida,› for instance, he has shown that he can easily command the pattern of «the well-made play,» inherited from Eugène Scribe and domesticated in the English theatre by the early plays of Pinero. But Shaw, in certain of his later pieces, like ‹Getting Married› and ‹Misalliance,› has deliberately cast aside the pattern of «the well-made play» and written non-dramatic conversations, in order to discuss more easily the ideas which he desired to set before the public. Such a procedure may be criticized in either of two ways. It must, inevitably, be condemned by critics who are interested mainly in the art of the drama; but, on the other hand, it may, very logically, be commended by critics who are interested mainly in the current problems of society.

Shaw himself, in several of his prefaces, and in the Prologue and Epilogue to ‹Fanny's First Play,› has extracted considerable amuse-

ment from the fact that contemporary critics of the drama have experienced an unusual amount of difficulty in «placing» his dramatic compositions. If he is to be judged merely as a maker of plays — a practitioner of a great art for the sake of art — he must be ranked below Pinero, Jones, and Barrie, and two or three other contemporary English playwrights. But if he is to be judged merely as a propagandist — a sort of cart-tail orator in the public theatre — he must be ranked in a class by himself, in which he has no rival. The drastic disagreement of Shaw's critics may be ascribed to their failure to distinguish clearly these two methods of approach toward the compositions of an author of unquestioned and undeniable talent.

In the present brief discussion of Shaw's dramatic compositions, his works will be considered first as plays (from the point of view of the dramatic critic), and secondly as propagandist essays (from the point of view of the student of philosophy). By means of such an absolute dichotomy, it may become possible to «place» the plays of an author who has brilliantly eluded most attempts to pigeonhole his writings and rank them in the catalogue of the contemporary theatre.

As a playwright, Shaw has never been particularly interested in problems of construction. In his earlier pieces, he was satisfied to pour new wine into old bottles. The content of these early plays was new, but the structure was based upon the pattern which Pinero had previously borrowed from T. W. Robertson. In his later plays, Shaw has introduced no notable improvements in technique. At times he has discarded altogether the pattern of «the well-made play»; at other times he has reverted to the loose and easy pattern of the Elizabethan «chronicle-history»: but in such experiments as these, he has merely revolted against the rigors of contemporary dramaturgy without offering any acceptable substitute for the structure which he has attempted to discard. As an architect of plays, Shaw is certainly inferior to Pinero and Jones, and possibly to Galsworthy. He has never made a pattern so remarkable as that of ‹The Thunderbolt› or ‹Mrs. Dane's Defense›; and he has never built a structure so self-sustaining and so rigorous as that of ‹Strife.›

As an artist in characterization, Shaw has always been impeded by the fact that his talent is essentially critical instead of creative. The natural habit of his mind is to take the elements of life apart, rather than to put the elements of life together. He is an analyst of life, and not a synthetist. Because of this predestined inclination, he frequently writes essays about characters instead of creating characters that are capable of acting and speaking for themselves. As a creative artist, he must be ranked very far below such a dramatist as J. M. Barrie. Barrie, by a single little line, may make a person live so absolutely that he can continue his existence blithely beyond the limits of the play in which he figures; but Shaw disturbs the absolute existence of

his characters by making them deliver analytic comments on themselves which could be written only by the author.

It is in the subsidiary element of dialogue that Shaw most easily asserts a claim to be ranked among the foremost living masters of the dramaturgic art. His written conversation is nearly as witty as that of Oscar Wilde and nearly as humorous as that of Henry Arthur Jones. His dialogue is more spontaneous than that of Pinero; and, at times, it is almost as eloquent as that of Barrie. Shaw is, indeed, a wondrous writer of good talk. Even in a bad play — like «Getting Married,» for example — he holds attention easily by the almost preposterous brilliancy of his command of dialectic. As a builder of plays, Shaw is not remarkable; as a creator of characters, he is comparatively negligible; but as a writer of delightful conversation, he is all but supreme.

The importance of Shaw as a social propagandist is, for many reasons, more difficult to define. For one thing, he is a born dissenter, and has a nimble habit of dancing over to what may be called «the other side» of any subject. Now, this other side may often be the right side; but, perhaps more frequently, it may happen to be the wrong side, — and, in such a case, Shaw's attitude is interesting only as an indication of an unconventional point of view. For instance, when England entered the great war of 1914 to support the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium, it might have been expected in advance that Shaw would soon assert in public that the treaty of neutralization had always been «a scrap of paper» and that England's participation in the war had been motivated by less idealistic reasons. He may have been right, he may have been wrong; but the point to be considered is that he deliberately chose to champion the opinion of a very small minority of his fellow-countrymen.

Like Ibsen's Doctor Stockmann, Shaw invariably prefers to fight upon the losing side of a contention, because he believes that «the strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone.» At all times he tries to be the spokesman of a militant minority. By this procedure, he sometimes happens to appear before the public in the exceedingly ingratiating rôle of a lonely knight-errant for the right; but the conservative majority is by no means always wrong, and, in consequence, this tilter against many windmills is frequently unhorsed.

It is one of Shaw's chief services to society that he has a habit of scenting out what may conveniently be called «the other half of the truth.» Most of the ideas that have been commonly accepted on the basis of tradition are merely half-truths, after all. Shaw combats them by brushing them away and setting up their opposites. But, in the course of this procedure, he very often errs by surrendering to the manifest temptation of overemphasis. In attacking an accepted half of the truth, he exalts the other half as if it were the whole truth, and thereby dives headlong into the very pit he was attempting to

avoid. Thus, it has traditionally and conventionally been assumed that, in the love-chase of the sexes, men pursue women: therefore, in ‹Man and Superman,› Shaw asserts the opposite, — that women pursue men. The full truth of this matter is, of course, circuitous; both sexes chase each other round a circle, and no observer can determine absolutely which is the pursuer and which is the pursued. In this instance — which may be accepted as a symbol of uncounted others — the only way to arrive at an indication of the utter truth is to take the traditional opinion and the opinion of Shaw and to add them together and then divide by two. An emphatic formulation of the other half of a truth is serviceable as a corrective of conventional opinion, but it cannot be accepted at its face value as a statement of what must absolutely be believed as final.

Early in his career as a propagandist, Shaw discovered that many things in life have always been regarded wrong-side up. To correct this error in the common vision, he decided to turn life topsy-turvy and to make the public look upon the pattern upside down. This insistence on a novel point of view was, in some respects, no less salutary than it was surprising. Many wrongs were righted by this drastic experiment of inducing a sort of handspring in the art of contemplation. But all life cannot by any means be seen exactly by an acrobat who prefers to look upon it while standing on his head.

Another point to be considered is that the mind of Bernard Shaw is almost exclusively intellectual in its machinery. The man appears to be deficient in the apparatus of sensation, and his mind appears to be deficient in the consequent reactions of emotion. He seems to believe that the only mental processes that are of any value are those of the intellect. He seems to disbelieve in any movements of the human mind that are not reasonable.

Man cannot live by intellect alone; but, in the plays of Bernard Shaw, the human race appears to be expected to accept the possibility of doing so. Shaw, for instance, quite obviously disbelieves in the passion of love, because this passion is not reasonable. In the real sense, there are no love-scenes in his plays, — no scenes, at least, in which the synthetic and creative sensation of sex is not dominated and confuted by the analytical and critical intrusion of the cold and reasonable intellect. The comprehension of this dramatist is limited within the little circle of what a man may know by the intellect alone. He lacks the larger knowledge of «what every woman knows.» Even as an abstract thinker, he must be ranked beneath such a man as J. M. Barrie, who knows, ineffably and beyond the possibility of any argument, that the emotions are wiser than the intellect.

In the contemporary theatre, Shaw has attracted much attention as a champion of novel and advanced ideas. He has often chosen to discuss the timeliest of topics. But the trouble with timely topics is

that, like the daily newspapers, they are bound to wear a date upon their foreheads; and the trouble with advanced ideas is that they are destined, very soon, to slip behind the times. ‹The Philanderer› of Shaw is obsolete to-day, because the ideas which it discussed were new in 1893 and now have been forgotten; but ‹The Second Mrs. Tanqueray› of Pinero is just as new as ever, because the ideas which it discussed in 1893 were already very old. The plays which survive in the theatre are those which give expression to perennial ideas, instead of to ideas which are ephemeral. The invention of a new thought in the theatre can never be regarded as so safe an undertaking as the recognition of an old thought, which has been considered for many centuries as sound. The plays of Bernard Shaw may lose their potency within a score of years, because they were so novel at the time when they were written. A professed disciple of dissent is seldom honored by a generation beyond the period in which he fought against preponderating odds. But, whether or not the plays of Bernard Shaw are destined to survive, in the library or in the theatre, the weighty fact must be recorded that he has made a great impression on his time and has set contemporary critics talking.

THE CHOICE

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MARCHBANKS — Morell, there's going to be a terrible scene. Aren't you afraid?

Morell — Not in the least.

Marchbanks — I never envied you your courage before. [*He rises timidly and puts his hand appealingly on* Morell's *forearm.*] Stand by me, won't you?

Morell [*casting him off gently, but resolutely*] — Each for himself, Eugene. She must choose between us now. [*He goes to the other side of the room as* Candida *returns.* Eugene *sits down again on the sofa like a guilty schoolboy on his best behavior.*]

Candida [*between them, addressing* Eugene] — Are you sorry?

Marchbanks [*earnestly*] — Yes, heartbroken.

Candida — Well, then, you are forgiven. Now go off to bed like a good little boy: I want to talk to James about you.

Marchbanks [*rising in great consternation*] — Oh, I can't do that, Morell. I must be here. I'll not go away. Tell her.

Candida [*with quick suspicion*] — Tell me what? [*His eyes avoid hers furtively. She turns and mutely transfers the question to Morell.*]

Morell [*bracing himself for the catastrophe*] — I have nothing to tell her, except [*here his voice deepens to a measured and mournful tenderness*] that she is my greatest treasure on earth—if she is really mine.

Candida [*coldly, offended by his yielding to his orator's instinct and treating her as if she were the audience at the Guild of St. Matthew*] — I am sure Eugene can say no less, if that is all.

Marchbanks [*discouraged*] — Morell: she's laughing at us.

Morell [*with a quick touch of temper*] — There is nothing to laugh at. Are you laughing at us, Candida?

Candida [*with quiet anger*] — Eugene is very quick-witted, James. I hope I am going to laugh; but I am not sure that I am not going to be very angry. [*She goes to the fireplace, and stands there leaning with her arm on the mantelpiece, and her foot on the fender, whilst* Eugene *steals to* Morell *and plucks him by the sleeve.*]

Marchbanks [*whispering*] — Stop, Morell. Don't let us say anything.

Morell [*pushing* Eugene *away without deigning to look at him*] — I hope you don't mean that as a threat, Candida.

Candida [*with emphatic warning*] — Take care, James. Eugene: I asked you to go. Are you going?

Morell [*putting his foot down*] — He shall not go. I wish him to remain.

Marchbanks — I'll go. I'll do whatever you want. [*He turns to the door.*]

Candida — Stop! [*He obeys.*] Didn't you hear James say he wished you to stay? James is master here. Don't you know that?

Marchbanks [*flushing with a young poet's rage against tyranny*] — By what right is he master?

Candida [*quietly*] — Tell him, James.

Morell [*taken aback*] — My dear: I don't know of any right that makes me master. I assert no such right.

Candida [*with infinite reproach*] — You don't know! Oh, James, James! [*To* Eugene, *musingly.*] I wonder do you understand, Eugene! No: you're too young. Well, I give you leave to stay — to stay and learn. [*She comes away from the hearth and places herself between them.*] Now, James: what's the matter? Come: tell me.

Marchbanks [*whispering tremulously across to him*] — Don't.

Candida — Come. Out with it——!

Morell [*slowly*] — I meant to prepare your mind carefully, Candida, so as to prevent misunderstanding.

Candida — Yes, dear: I am sure you did. But never mind: I shan't misunderstand.

Morell — Well — er — [*He hesitates, unable to find the long explanation which he supposed to be available.*]

Candida — Well?

Morell [*baldly*] — Eugene declares that you are in love with him.

Marchbanks [*frantically*] — No, no, no, no, never. I did not, Mrs. Morell: it's not true. I said I loved you, and that he didn't. I said that I understood you, and that he couldn't. And it was not after what passed there before the fire that I spoke: it was not, on my word. It was this morning.

Candida [*enlightened*] — This morning!

Marchbanks — Yes. [*He looks at her, pleading for credence and then adds, simply.*] That was what was the matter with my collar.

Candida [*after a pause, for she does not take in his meaning at once*] — His collar! [*She turns to* Morell, *shocked.*] Oh, James: did you? [*She stops.*]

Morell [*ashamed*] — You know, Candida, that I have a temper to struggle with. And he said [*shuddering*] that you despised me in your heart.

Candida [*turning quickly on* Eugene] — Did you say that?

Marchbanks [*terrified*] — No!

Candida [*severely*] — Then James has just told me a falsehood. Is that what you mean?

Marchbanks — No, no: I — I — [*blurting out the explanation desperately*] — it was David's wife. And it wasn't at home; it was when she saw him dancing before all the people.

Morell [*taking the cue with a debater's adroitness*] — Dancing before all the people, Candida; and thinking he was moving their hearts by his mission when they were only suffering from — Prossy's complaint. [*She is about to protest: he raises his hand to silence her, exclaiming.*] Don't try to look indignant, Candida.

Candida [*interjecting*] — Try!

Morell [*continuing*] — Eugene was right. As you told me a few hours after, he is always right. He said nothing that you did not say far better yourself. He is the poet, who sees everything; and I am the poor parson who understands nothing.

Candida [*remorsefully*] — Do you mind what is said by a foolish boy, because I said something like it again in jest?

Morell — That foolish boy can speak with the inspiration of a child and the cunning of a serpent. He has claimed that you be-

long to him and not to me; and, rightly or wrongly, I have come to fear that it may be true. I will not go about tortured with doubts and suspicions. I will not live with you and keep a secret from you. I will not suffer the intolerable degradation of jealousy. We have agreed — he and I — that you shall choose between us now. I await your decision.

Candida [*slowly recoiling a step, her heart hardened by his rhetoric in spite of the sincere feeling behind it*] — Oh! I am to choose, am I? I suppose it is quite settled that I must belong to one or the other.

Morell [*firmly*] — Quite. You must choose definitely.

Marchbanks [*anxiously*] — Morell: you don't understand. She belongs to herself.

Candida [*turning on him*] — I mean that and a good deal more, Master Eugene, as you will both find out presently. And pray, my lords and masters, what have you to offer for my choice? I am up for auction, it seems. What do you bid, James?

Morell [*reproachfully*] — Cand — [*He breaks down: his eyes and throat fill with tears: the orator becomes the wounded animal.*] I can't speak.

Candida [*impulsively going to him*] — Ah, dearest ——

Marchbanks [*in wild alarm*] — Stop: it's not fair. You mustn't show her that you suffer, Morell. I am on the rack, too; but I am not crying.

Morell [*rallying all his forces*] — Yes; you are right. It is for pity that I am bidding. [*He disengages himself from* Candida.]

Candida [*retreating, chilled*] — I beg your pardon, James; I did not mean to touch you. I am waiting to hear your bid.

Morell [*with proud humility*] — I have nothing to offer you but my strength for your defense, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer to a woman.

Candida [*quite quietly*] — And you, Eugene? What do you offer?

Marchbanks — My weakness! my desolation! my heart's need!

Candida [*impressed*] — That's a good bid, Eugene. Now I know how to make my choice.

[*She pauses and looks curiously from one to the other, as if weighing them.* Morell, *whose lofty confidence has changed into heartbreaking dread at* Eugene's *bid, loses all power of concealing his anxiety.* Eugene, *strung to the highest tension, does not move a muscle.*]

Morell [*in a suffocated voice — the appeal bursting from the depths of his anguish*] — Candida!

Marchbanks [*aside, in a flash of contempt*] — Coward!

Candida [*significantly*] — I give myself to the weaker of the two.

[Eugene *divines her meaning at once: his face whitens like steel in a furnace that cannot melt it.*]

Morell [*bowing his head with the calm of collapse*] — I accept your sentence, Candida.

Candida — Do you understand, Eugene?

Marchbanks — Oh, I feel I'm lost. He cannot bear the burden.

Morell [*incredulously, raising his head with prosaic abruptness*] — Do you mean me, Candida?

Candida [*smiling a little*] — Let us sit and talk comfortably over it like three friends. [*To* Morell.] Sit down, dear. [Morell *takes the chair from the fireside — the children's chair.*] Bring me that chair, Eugene. [*She indicates the easy chair. He fetches it silently, even with something like cold strength, and places it next* Morell, *a little behind him. She sits down. He goes to the sofa and sits there, still silent and inscrutable. When they are all settled she begins, throwing a spell of quietness on them by her calm, sane, tender tone.*] You remember what you told me about yourself, Eugene: how nobody has cared for you since your old nurse died: how those clever, fashionable sisters and successful brothers of yours were your mother's and father's pets: how miserable you were at Eton: how your father is trying to starve you into returning to Oxford: how you have had to live without comfort or welcome or refuge, always lonely, and nearly always disliked and misunderstood, poor boy!

Marchbanks [*faithful to the nobility of his lot*] — I had my books. I had Nature. And at last I met you.

Candida — Never mind that just at present. Now I want you to look at this other boy here — my boy — spoiled from his cradle. We go once a fortnight to see his parents. You should come with us, Eugene, and see the pictures of the hero of that household. James as a baby! the most wonderful of all babies. James holding his first school prize, won at the ripe age of eight! James as the captain of his eleven! James in his first frock coat! James under all sorts of glorious circumstances! You know how strong he is (I hope he didn't hurt you) — how clever he is — how happy! [*With deepening gravity.*] Ask James's mother and his three sisters what it cost to save James the trouble of doing anything but be strong and clever

and happy. Ask me what it costs to be James's mother and three sisters and wife and mother to his children all in one. Ask Prossy and Maria how troublesome the house is even when we have no visitors to help us to slice the onions. Ask the tradesmen who want to worry James and spoil his beautiful sermons who it is that puts them off. When there is money to give, he gives it: when there is money to refuse, I refuse it. I build a castle of comfort and indulgence and love for him, and stand sentinel always to keep little vulgar cares out. I make him master here, though he does not know it, and could not tell you a moment ago how it came to be so. [*With sweet irony.*] And when he thought I might go away with you, his only anxiety was what should become of me! And to tempt me to stay he offered me [*leaning forward to stroke his hair caressingly at each phrase*] his strength for my defense, his industry for my livelihood, his position for my dignity, his — [*Relenting.*] Ah, I am mixing up your beautiful sentences and spoiling them, am I not, darling? [*She lays her cheek fondly against his.*]

Morell [*quite overcome, kneeling beside her chair and embracing her with boyish ingenuousness*] — It's all true, every word. What I am you have made me with the labor of your hands and the love of your heart! You are my wife, my mother, my sisters: you are the sum of all loving care to me.

Candida [*in his arms, smiling, to* Eugene] — Am I your mother and sisters to you, Eugene?

Marchbanks [*rising, with a fierce gesture of disgust*] — Ah, never. Out, then, into the night with me!

Candida [*rising quickly and intercepting him*] — You are not going like that, Eugene?

Marchbanks [*with the ring of a man's voice — no longer a boy's — in the words*] — I know the hour when it strikes. I am impatient to do what must be done.

Morell [*rising from his knee, alarmed*] — Candida: don't let him do anything rash.

Candida [*confident, smiling at* Eugene] — Oh, there is no fear. He has learnt to live without happiness.

Marchbanks — I no longer desire happiness: life is nobler than that. Parson James: I give you my happiness with both hands: I love you because you have filled the heart of the woman I loved. Good-bye. [*He goes towards the door.*]

Candida — One last word. [*He stops, but without turning to her.*] How old are you, Eugene?

Marchbanks — As old as the world now. This morning I was eighteen.

Candida [*going to him, and standing behind him with one hand caressingly on his shoulder*] — Eighteen! Will you, for my sake, make a little poem out of the two sentences I am going to say to you? And will you promise to repeat it to yourself whenever you think of me?

Marchbanks [*without moving*] — Say the sentences.

Candida — When I am thirty, she will be forty-five. When I am sixty, she will be seventy-five.

Marchbanks [*turning to her*] — In a hundred years, we shall be the same age. But I have a better secret than that in my heart. Let me go now. The night outside grows impatient.

Candida — Good-bye. [*She takes his face in her hands; and as he divines her intention and bends his knee, she kisses his forehead. Then he flies out into the night. She turns to* Morell, *holding out her arms to him.*] Ah, James! [*They embrace. But they do not know the secret in the poet's heart.*]

CÆSAR, THE SPHINX, AND CLEOPATRA

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[*The youthful* Cleopatra, *unseen by* Cæsar, *is sitting asleep between the knees of the Sphinx.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR — Hail, Sphinx: salutation from Julius Cæsar! I have wandered in many lands, seeking the lost regions from which my birth into this world exiled me, and the company of creatures, such as I myself. I have found flocks and pastures, men and cities but no other Cæsar, no air native to me, no man kindred to me, none who can do my day's deed, and think my night's thought. In the little world yonder, Sphinx, my place is as high as yours in this great desert; only I wander, and you sit still; I conquer, and you endure; I work and wonder, you watch and wait; I look up and am dazzled, look down and am darkened, look round and am puzzled, whilst your eyes never turn from looking out — out of the world — to the lost region — the home from which we have strayed. Sphinx, you and I, strangers to the race of men, are no strangers to one another: have I not been conscious of you and of this place since I was born? Rome is a madman's dream: this is my Reality. These starry lamps

of yours I have seen from afar in Gaul, in Britain, in Spain, in Thessaly, signaling great secrets to some eternal sentinel below, whose post I never could find. And here at last is their sentinel — an image of the constant and immortal part of my life, silent, full of thoughts, alone in the silver desert. Sphinx, Sphinx: I have climbed mountains at night to hear in the distance the stealthy footfall of the winds that chase your sands in forbidden play — our invisible children, O Sphinx, laughing in whispers. My way hither was the way of destiny; for I am he of whose genius you are the symbol: part brute, part woman, and part God — nothing of man in me at all. Have I read your riddle, Sphinx?

Cleopatra [*who has wakened, and peeped cautiously from her nest to see who is speaking*] — Old gentleman!

Cæsar [*starting violently, and clutching his sword*] — Immortal gods!

Cleopatra — Old gentleman: don't run away.

Cæsar [*stupefied*] — «Old gentleman: don't run away!!!» This! to Julius Cæsar!

Cleopatra [*urgently*] — Old gentleman.

Cæsar — Sphinx: you presume on your centuries. I am younger than you, though your voice is but a girl's voice as yet.

Cleopatra — Climb up here, quickly; or the Romans will come and eat you.

Cæsar [*running forward past the Sphinx's shoulder, and seeing her*] — A child at its breast! divine child!

Cleopatra — Come up quickly. You must get up at its side and creep round.

Cæsar [*amazed*] — Who are you?

Cleopatra — Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Cæsar — Queen of the Gypsies, you mean.

THE WOMAN TRIUMPHS

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MENDOZA [*advancing between* Violet *and* Tanner] — Sir: there are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it. Mine and yours, sir.

Tanner — Mr. Mendoza: I have no heart's desires. Ramsden it is very easy for you to call me a happy man: you are only a specta-

tor. I am one of the principals; and I know better. Ann: stop tempting Tavy, and come back to me.

Ann [*complying*] — You are absurd, Jack. [*She takes his proffered arm.*]

Tanner [*continuing*] — I solemnly say that I am not a happy man. Ann looks happy; but she is only triumphant, successful, victorious. That is not happiness, but the price for which the strong sell their happiness. What we have both done this afternoon is to renounce happiness, renounce freedom, renounce tranquillity, above all, renounce the romantic possibilities of an unknown future, for the cares of a household and a family. I beg that no man may seize the occasion to get half drunk and utter imbecile speeches and coarse pleasantries at my expense. We propose to furnish our own house according to our own taste; and I hereby give notice that the seven or eight traveling clocks, the four or five dressing cases, the salad bowls, the carvers and fish slicers, the copy of Tennyson in extra morocco, and all the other articles you are preparing to heap upon us, will be instantly sold, and the proceeds devoted to circulating free copies of the Revolutionist's Handbook. The wedding will take place three days after our return to England, by special license, at the office of the district superintendent registrar, in the presence of my solicitor and his clerk, who, like his clients, will be in ordinary walking dress ——

Violet [*with intense conviction*] — You are a brute, Jack.

Ann [*looking at him with fond pride and caressing his arm*] — Never mind her, dear. Go on talking.

Tanner — Talking!

[*Universal laughter.*]

ENGLISHMAN AND IRISHMAN

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KEEGAN [*with a courteous inclination*] — The conquering Englishman, sir. Within twenty-four hours of your arrival you have carried off our only heiress, and practically secured the parliamentary seat. And you have promised me that when I come here in the evenings, to meditate on my madness; to watch the shadow of the round tower lengthening in the sunset; to break my heart

uselessly in the curtained gloaming over the dead heart and blinded soul of the island of the saints, you will comfort me with the bustle of a great hotel, and the sight of the little children carrying the golf clubs of your tourists as a preparation for the life to come.

Broadbent [*quite touched, mutely offering him a cigar to console him, at which he smiles and shakes his head*] — Yes, Mr. Keegan: you're quite right. There's poetry in everything, even [*looking absently into the cigar case*] in the most modern prosaic things, if you know how to extract it. [*He extracts a cigar for himself and offers one to* Larry, *who takes it.*] If I was to be shot for it I couldn't extract it myself; but that's where you come in, you see [*roguishly, waking up from his reverie and bustling* Keegan *good-humoredly*]. And then I shall wake you up a bit. That's where I come in: eh? d'ye see? Eh? eh? [*He pats him very pleasantly on the shoulder, half admiringly, half pityingly.*] Just so, just so. [*Coming back to business.*] By the way, I believe I can do better than a light railway here. There seems to be no question now that the motor boat has come to stay. Well, look at your magnificent river there, going to waste.

Keegan [*closing his eyes*] — «Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters.»

Broadbent — You know, the roar of a motor boat is quite pretty.

Keegan — Provided it does not drown the Angelus.

Broadbent [*reassuringly*] — Oh no: it won't do that: not the least danger. You know, a church bell can make a devil of a noise when it likes.

Keegan — You have an answer for everything, sir. But your plans leave our question still unanswered: how to get butter out of a dog's throat.

Broadbent — Eh?

Keegan — You cannot build your golf links and hotels in the air. For that you must own our land. And how will you drag our acres from the ferret's grip of Matthew Haffigan? How will you persuade Cornelius Doyle to forego the pride of being a small landowner? How will Barney Doran's millrace agree with your motor boats? Will Doolan help you to get a license for your hotel?

Broadbent — My dear sir: to all intents and purposes the syndicate I represent already owns half Rosscullen. Doolan's is a tied house; and the brewers are in the syndicate. As to Haffigan's farm and Doran's mill and Mr. Doyle's place and half a dozen others, they will be mortgaged to me before a month is out.

Keegan — But pardon me, you will not lend them more on their

land than the land is worth; so they will be able to pay you the interest.

Broadbent — Ah, you are a poet, Mr. Keegan, not a man of business.

Larry — We will lend every one of these men half as much again on their land as it is worth, or ever can be worth, to them.

Broadbent — You forget, sir, that we, with our capital, our knowledge, our organization, and may I say our English business habits, can make or lose ten pounds out of land that Haffigan, with all his industry, could not make or lose ten shillings out of. Doran's mill is a superannuated folly: I shall want it for electric lighting.

Larry — What is the use of giving land to such men? They are too small, too poor, too ignorant, too simple-minded to hold it against us: you might as well give a dukedom to a crossing sweeper.

Broadbent — Yes, Mr. Keegan: this place may have an industrial future, or it may have a residential future: I can't tell yet; but it's not going to be a future in the hands of your Dorans and Haffigans, poor devils!

Keegan — It may have no future at all. Have you thought of that?

Broadbent — Oh, I'm not afraid of that. I have faith in Ireland, great faith, Mr. Keegan.

Keegan — And we have none: only empty enthusiasms and patriotisms, and emptier memories and regrets. Ah yes: you have some excuse for believing that if there be any future, it will be yours; for our faith seems dead, and our hearts cold and cowed. An island of dreamers who wake up in your jails, of critics and cowards whom you buy and tame for your own service, of bold rogues who help you to plunder us that they may plunder you afterwards. Eh?

Broadbent [*a little impatient of this unbusinesslike view*] — Yes, yes; but you know you might say that of any country. The fact is, there are only two qualities in the world: efficiency and inefficiency, and only two sorts of people: the efficient and the inefficient. It doesn't matter whether they're English or Irish. I shall collar this place, not because I'm an Englishman and Haffigan and Co. are Irishmen, but because they're duffers and I know my way about.

Keegan — Have you considered what is to become of Haffigan?

Larry — Oh, we'll employ him in some capacity or other, and probably pay him more than he makes for himself now.

Broadbent [*dubiously*] — Do you think so? No, no. Haffigan's too old. It really doesn't pay now to take on men over forty, even for

unskilled labor, which I suppose is all Haffigan would be good for. No: Haffigan had better go to America, or into the Union, poor old chap! He's worked out, you know: you can see it.

Keegan — Poor lost soul, so cunningly fenced in with invisible bars!

Larry — Haffigan doesn't matter much. He'll die presently.

Broadbent [*shocked*] — Oh come, Larry! Don't be unfeeling. It's hard on Haffigan. It's always hard on the inefficient.

Larry — Pah! what does it matter where an old and broken man spends his last days, or whether he has a million at the bank or only the workhouse dole? It's the young men, the able men, that matter. The real tragedy of Haffigan is the tragedy of his wasted youth, his stunted mind, his drudging over his clods and pigs until he has become a clod and a pig himself — until the soul within him has smoldered into nothing but a dull temper that hurts himself and all around him. I say let him die, and let us have no more of his like. And let young Ireland take care that it doesn't share his fate, instead of making another empty grievance of it. Let your syndicate come ——

Broadbent — Your syndicate too, old chap. You have your bit of the stock.

Larry — Yes, mine if you like. Well, our syndicate has no conscience: it has no more regard for your Haffigans and Doolans and Dorans than it has for a gang of Chinese coolies. It will use your patriotic blatherskite and balderdash to get parliamentary powers over you as cynically as it would bait a mousetrap with toasted cheese. It will plan, and organize, and find capital while you slave like bees for it and revenge yourselves by paying politicians and penny newspapers out of your small wages to write articles and report speeches against its wickedness and tyranny, and to crack up your own Irish heroism, just as Haffigan once paid a witch a penny to put a spell on Billy Byrne's cow. In the end it will grind the nonsense out of you, and grind strength and sense into you.

Broadbent [*out of patience*] — Why can't you say a simple thing simply, Larry, without all that Irish exaggeration and talky-talky? The syndicate is a perfectly respectable body of responsible men of good position. We'll take Ireland in hand, and by straightforward business habits teach it efficiency and self-help on sound Liberal principles. You agree with me, Mr. Keegan, don't you?

Keegan — Sir: I may even vote for you.

Broadbent [*sincerely moved, shaking his hand warmly*] — You shall never regret it, Mr. Keegan: I give you my word for that. I shall

bring money here: I shall raise wages: I shall found public institutions, a library, a Polytechnic (undenominational, of course), a gymnasium, a cricket club, perhaps an art school. I shall make a Garden city of Rosscullen: the round tower shall be thoroughly repaired and restored.

Keegan — And our place of torment shall be as clean and orderly as the cleanest and most orderly place I know in Ireland, which is our poetically named Mount-joy prison. Well, perhaps I had better vote for an efficient devil that knows his own mind and his own business than for a foolish patriot who has no mind and no business.

Broadbent [*stiffly*] — Devil is rather a strong expression in that connection, Mr. Keegan.

Keegan — Not from a man who knows that this world is hell. But since the word offends you, let me soften it, and compare you simply to an ass. [Larry *whitens with anger.*]

Broadbent [*reddening*] — An ass!

Keegan [*gently*] — You may take it without offense from a madman who calls the ass his brother — and a very honest, useful, and faithful brother too. The ass, sir, is the most efficient of beasts, matter-of-fact, hardy, friendly when you treat him as a fellow-creature, stubborn when you abuse him, ridiculous only in love, which sets him braying, and in politics, which move him to roll about in the public road and raise a dust about nothing. Can you deny these qualities and habits in yourself, sir?

Broadbent [*good humoredly*] — Well, yes, I'm afraid I do, you know.

Keegan — Then perhaps you will confess to the ass's one fault.

Broadbent — Perhaps so: what is it?

Keegan — That he wastes all his virtues — his efficiency, as you call it — in doing the will of his greedy masters instead of doing the will of Heaven that is in himself. He is efficient in the service of Mammon, mighty in mischief, skillful in ruin, heroic in destruction. But he comes to browse here without knowing that the soil his hoof touches is holy ground. Ireland, sir, for good or evil, is like no other place under heaven; and no man can touch its sod or breathe its air without becoming better or worse. It produces two kinds of men in strange perfection: saints and traitors. It is called the island of the saints: but indeed in these later years it might be more fitly called the island of the traitors; for our harvest of these is the fine flower of the world's crop of infamy. But the day may come when these islands shall live by the quality of their men rather than by the abundance of their minerals; and then we shall see.

Larry — Mr. Keegan: if you are going to be sentimental about Ireland, I shall bid you good-evening. We have had enough of that, and more than enough of cleverly proving that everybody who is not an Irishman is an ass. It is neither good sense nor good manners. It will not stop the syndicate; and it will not interest young Ireland so much as my friend's gospel of efficiency.

Broadbent — Ah, yes, yes: efficiency is the thing. I don't in the least mind your chaff, Mr. Keegan; but Larry's right on the main point. The world belongs to the efficient.

Keegan [*with polished irony*] — I stand rebuked, gentlemen. But believe me, I do every justice to the efficiency of you and your syndicate. You are both, I am told, thoroughly efficient civil engineers; and I have no doubt the golf links will be a triumph of your art. Mr. Broadbent will get into parliament most efficiently, which is more than St. Patrick could do if he were alive now. You may even build the hotel efficiently if you can find enough efficient masons, carpenters, and plumbers, which I rather doubt. [*Dropping his irony, and beginning to fall into the attitude of the priest rebuking sin.*] When the hotel becomes insolvent [Broadbent *takes his cigar out of his mouth, a little taken aback*], your English business habits will secure the thorough efficiency of the liquidation. You will reorganize the scheme efficiently; you will liquidate its second bankruptcy efficiently [Broadbent *and* Larry *look quickly at one another; for this, unless the priest is an old financial hand, must be inspiration*]; you will get rid of its original shareholders efficiently after efficiently ruining them; and you will finally profit very efficiently by getting that hotel for a few shillings in the pound. [*More and more sternly.*] Besides these efficient operations, you will foreclose your mortgages most efficiently [*his rebuking forefinger goes up in spite of himself*]; you will drive Haffigan to America very efficiently; you will find a use for Barney Doran's foul mouth and bullying temper by employing him to slave-drive your laborers very efficiently; and [*low and bitter*] when at last this poor desolate countryside becomes a busy mint in which we shall all slave to make money for you, with our Polytechnic to teach us how to do it efficiently, and our library to fuddle the few imaginations your distilleries will spare, and our repaired round tower with admission sixpence, and refreshments and penny-in-the-slot mutoscopes to make it interesting, then no doubt your English and American shareholders will spend all the money we make for them very efficiently in shooting and hunting, in operations for cancer and appendicitis, in gluttony and gambling; and you will

devote what they save to fresh land development schemes. For four wicked centuries the world has dreamed this foolish dream of efficiency; and the end is not yet. But the end will come.

Broadbent [*seriously*] — Too true, Mr. Keegan, only too true. And most eloquently put. It reminds me of poor Ruskin — a great man, you know. I sympathize. Believe me, I'm on your side. Don't sneer, Larry: I used to read a lot of Shelley years ago. Let us be faithful to the dreams of our youth. [*He wafts a wreath of cigar smoke at large across the hill.*]

Keegan — Come, Mr. Doyle! is this English sentiment so much more efficient than our Irish sentiment, after all? Mr. Broadbent spends his life inefficiently admiring the thoughts of great men, and efficiently serving the cupidity of base money hunters. We spend our lives efficiently sneering at him and doing nothing. Which of us has any right to reproach the other?

Broadbent [*coming down the hill again to Keegan's right hand*] — But you know, something must be done.

Keegan — Yes: when we cease to do, we cease to live. Well, what shall we do?

Broadbent — Why, what lies to our hand.

Keegan — Which is the making of golf links and hotels to bring idlers to a country which workers have left in millions because it is a hungry land, a naked land, an ignorant and oppressed land.

Broadbent — But, hang it all, the idlers will bring money from England to Ireland!

Keegan — Just as our idlers have for so many generations taken money from Ireland to England. Has that saved England from poverty and degradation more horrible than we have ever dreamed of? When I went to England, sir, I hated England. Now I pity it. [Broadbent *can hardly conceive an Irishman pitying England; but as* Larry *intervenes angrily, he gives it up and takes to the hill and his cigar again.*]

Larry — Much good your pity will do it!

Keegan — In the accounts kept in heaven, Mr. Doyle, a heart purified of hatred may be worth more even than a Land Development Syndicate of Anglicized Irishmen and Gladstonized Englishmen.

Larry — Oh, in heaven, no doubt! I have never been there. Can you tell me where it is?

Keegan — Could you have told me this morning where hell is? Yet you know now that it is here. Do not despair of finding heaven: it may be no farther off.

Larry [*ironically*] — On this holy ground, as you call it, eh?

Keegan [*with fierce intensity*] — Yes, perhaps, even on this holy ground which such Irishmen as you have turned into a Land of Derision.

Broadbent [*coming between them*] — Take care! you will be quarreling presently. Oh, you Irishmen, you Irishmen! Toujours Ballyhooly, eh? [Larry, *with a shrug, half comic, half impatient, turns away up the hill, but presently strolls back on* Keegan's *right.* Broadbent *adds, confidentially to* Keegan.] Stick to the Englishman, Mr. Keegan: he has a bad name here; but at least he can forgive you for being an Irishman.

Keegan — Sir: when you speak to me of English and Irish you forget that I am a Catholic. My country is not Ireland, nor England, but the whole mighty realm of my Church. For me there are but two countries: heaven and hell; but two conditions of men: salvation and damnation. Standing here between you, the Englishman, so clever in your foolishness, and this Irishman, so foolish in his cleverness, I cannot in my ignorance be sure which of you is the more deeply damned; but I should be unfaithful to my calling if I opened the gates of my heart less widely to one than to the other.

Larry — In either case it would be an impertinence, Mr. Keegan, as your approval is not of the slightest consequence to us. What use do you suppose all this drivel is to men with serious practical business in hand?

Broadbent — I don't agree with that, Larry. I think these things cannot be said too often: they keep up the moral tone of the community. As you know, I claim the right to think myself, a bit of a — of a — well, I don't care who knows it — a bit of a Unitarian; but if the Church of England contained a few men like Mr. Keegan, I should certainly join it.

Keegan — You do me too much honor, sir. [*With priestly humility to* Larry.] Mr. Doyle: I am to blame for having unintentionally set your mind somewhat on edge against me. I beg your pardon.

Larry [*unimpressed and hostile*] — I didn't stand on ceremony with you: you needn't stand on it with me. Fine manners and fine words are cheap in Ireland: you can keep both for my friend here, who is still imposed on by them. I know their value.

Keegan — You mean you don't know their value.

Larry [*angrily*] — I mean what I say.

Keegan [*turning quietly to the Englishman*] — You see, Mr. Broadbent, I only make the hearts of my countrymen harder when I preach

to them: the gates of hell still prevail against me. I shall wish you good-evening. I am better alone, at the round tower, dreaming of heaven. [*He goes up the hill.*]

Larry — Aye, that's it! there you are! dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming!

Keegan [*halting and turning to them for the last time*] — Every dream is a prophecy: every jest is an earnest in the womb of Time.

Broadbent [*reflectively*] — Once, when I was a small kid, I dreamt I was in heaven. [*They both stare at him.*] It was a sort of pale blue satin place, with all the pious old ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at a service; and there was some awful person in the study at the other side of the hall. I didn't enjoy it, you know. What is it like in your dreams?

Keegan — In my dreams it is a country where the State is one Church and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshiper and the worshiper the worshiped; three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three. It is, in short, the dream of a madman. [*He goes away across the hill.*]

Broadbent [*looking after him affectionately*] — What a regular old Church and State Tory he is! He's a character: he'll be an attraction here. Really almost equal to Ruskin and Carlyle.

Larry — Yes; and much good they did with all their talk!

Broadbent — Oh tut, tut, Larry! They improved my mind: they raised my tone enormously. I feel sincerely obliged to Keegan: he has made me feel a better man: distinctly better. [*With sincere elevation.*] I feel now as I never did before that I am right in devoting my life to the cause of Ireland. Come along and help me to choose the site for the hotel.

THE DEATH OF THE ARTIST

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[*The* Newspaper Man *quickly sits down on the piano stool as* Louis Dubedat, *in an invalid's chair, is wheeled in by* Mrs. Dubedat *and* Sir Ralph. *They place the chair between the dais and the sofa, where the easel stood before.* Louis *is not changed, as a robust man would be; and he is not scared. His eyes look larger; and he is so weak*

physically that he can hardly move, lying on his cushions with complete languor; but his mind is active; it is making the most of his condition, finding voluptuousness in languor and drama in death. They are all impressed, in spite of themselves, except Ridgeon, *who is implacable.* B. B. *is entirely sympathetic and forgiving.* Ridgeon *follows the chair with a tray of milk and stimulants.* Sir Patrick, *who accompanies him, takes the tea-table from the corner and places it behind the chair for the tray.* B. B. *takes the easel chair and places it for* Jennifer *at* Dubedat's *side, next the dais, from which the lay figure ogles the dying artist.* B. B. *then returns to* Dubedat's *left.* Jennifer *sits.* Walpole *sits down on the edge of the dais.* Ridgeon *stands near him.*]

LOUIS [*blissfully*] — That's happiness. To be in a studio! Happiness!

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, dear. Sir Patrick says you may stay here as long as you like.

Louis [*to his wife*] — Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, my darling.

Louis — Is the newspaper man here?

The Newspaper Man [*glibly*] — Yes, Mr. Dubedat: I'm here, at your service. I represent the press. I thought you might like to let us have a few words about — about — er — well, a few words on your illness, and your plans for the season.

Louis — My plans for the season are very simple. I'm going to die.

Mrs. Dubedat [*tortured*] — Louis — dearest ——

Louis — My darling: I'm very weak and tired. Don't put on me the horrible strain of pretending that I don't know. I've been lying there listening to the doctors — laughing to myself. They know. Dearest: don't cry. It makes you ugly; and I can't bear that. [*She dries her eyes and recovers herself with a proud effort.*] I want you to promise me something.

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, yes: you know I will. [*Imploringly.*] Only, my love, my love, don't talk: it will waste your strength.

Louis — No: it will only use it up. Ridgeon: give me something to keep me going for a few minutes — not one of your confounded anti-toxins, if you don't mind. I have some things to say before I go.

Ridgeon [*looking at* Sir Patrick] — I suppose it can do no harm? [*He pours out some spirit, and is about to add sodawater when* Sir Patrick *corrects him.*]

Sir Patrick — In milk. Don't set him coughing.

Louis [*after drinking*] — Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, dear.

Louis — If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's a widow. Promise me that you'll never be a widow.

Mrs. Dubedat — My dear, what do you mean?

Louis — I want you to look beautiful. I want people to see in your eyes that you were married to me. The people in Italy used to point at Dante and say, «There goes the man who has been in hell.» I want them to point at you and say, «There goes a woman who has been in heaven.» It has been heaven, darling, hasn't it — sometimes?

Mrs. Dubedat — Oh yes, yes. Always, always.

Louis — If you wear black and cry, people will say, «Look at that miserable woman: her husband made her miserable.»

Mrs. Dubedat — No, never. You are the light and the blessing of my life. I never lived until I knew you.

Louis [*his eyes glistening*] — Then you must always wear beautiful dresses and splendid magic jewels. Think of all the wonderful pictures I shall never paint. [*She wins a terrible victory over a sob.*] Well, you must be transfigured with all the beauty of those pictures. Men must get such dreams from seeing you as they never could get from any daubing with paints and brushes. Painters must paint you as they never painted any mortal woman before. There must be a great tradition of beauty, a great atmosphere of wonder and romance. That is what men must always think of when they think of me. That is the sort of immortality I want. You can make that for me, Jennifer. There are lots of things you don't understand that every woman in the street understands; but you can understand that and do it as nobody else can. Promise me that immortality. Promise me you will not make a little hell of crape and crying and undertaker's horrors and withering flowers and all that vulgar rubbish.

Mrs. Dubedat — I promise. But all that is far off, dear. You are to come to Cornwall with me and get well. Sir Ralph says so.

Louis — Poor old B. B.

B. B. [*affected to tears, turns away and whispers to* Sir Patrick] — Poor fellow! Brain going.

Louis — Sir Patrick's there, isn't he?

Sir Patrick — Yes, yes. I'm here.

Louis — Sit down, won't you? It's a shame to keep you standing about.

Sir Patrick — Yes, yes. Thank you. All right.

Louis — Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, dear.

Louis [*with a strange look of delight*] — Do you remember the burning bush?

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, yes. Oh, my dear, how it strains my heart to remember it now!

Louis — Does it? It fills me with joy. Tell them about it.

Mrs. Dubedat — It was nothing — only that once in my old Cornish home we lit the first fire of the winter; and when we looked through the window we saw the flames dancing in a bush in the garden.

Louis — Such a color! Garnet color. Waving like silk. Liquid lovely flame flowing up through the bay leaves, and not burning them. Well, I shall be a flame like that. I'm sorry to disappoint the poor little worms; but the last of me shall be the flame in the burning bush. Whenever you see the flame, Jennifer, that will be me. Promise me that I shall be burnt.

Mrs. Dubedat — Oh, if I might be with you, Louis!

Louis — No: you must always be in the garden when the bush flames. You are my hold on the world: you are my immortality. Promise.

Mrs. Dubedat — I'm listening. I shall not forget. You know that I promise.

Louis — Well, that's about all; except that you are to hang my pictures at the one-man show. I can trust your eye. You won't let anyone else touch them.

Mrs. Dubedat — You can trust me.

Louis — Then there's nothing more to worry about, is there? Give me some more of that milk. I'm fearfully tired; but if I stop talking I shan't begin again. [Sir Ralph *gives him a drink. He takes it and looks up quaintly.*] I say B. B., do you think anything would stop you talking?

B. B. [*almost unmanned*] — He confuses me with you, Paddy. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!

Louis [*musing*] — I used to be awfully afraid of death: but now it's come, I have no fear; and I'm perfectly happy. Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat — Yes, dear?

Louis — I'll tell you a secret. I used to think that our marriage was all an affectation, and that I'd break loose and run away some day. But now that I'm going to be broken loose whether I like it or not, I'm perfectly fond of you, and perfectly satisfied because I'm going to live as part of you and not as my troublesome self.

Mrs. Dubedat [*heartbroken*] — Stay with me, Louis. Oh, don't leave me, dearest.

Louis — Not that I'm selfish. With all my faults I don't think I've ever been really selfish. No artist can: Art is too large for that. You will marry again, Jennifer.

Mrs. Dubedat — Oh, how can you, Louis?

Louis [*insisting childishly*] — Yes, because people who have found marriage happy always marry again. Ah, I shan't be jealous. [*Slyly.*] But don't talk to the other fellow too much about me: he won't like it. [*Almost chuckling.*] I shall be your lover all the time; but it will be a secret from him, poor devil!

Sir Patrick — Come! you've talked enough. Try to rest awhile.

Louis [*wearily*] — Yes: I'm fearfully tired; but I shall have a long rest presently. I have something to say to you fellows. You're all there, aren't you? I'm too weak to see anything but Jennifer's bosom. That promises rest.

Ridgeon — We are all here.

Louis [*startled*] — That voice sounded devilish. Take care, Ridgeon: my ears hear things that other people's ears can't. I've been thinking — thinking. I'm cleverer than you imagine.

Sir Patrick [*whispering to* Ridgeon] — You've got on his nerves, Colly. Slip out quietly.

Ridgeon [*apart to* Sir Patrick] — Would you deprive the dying actor of his audience?

Louis [*his face lighting up faintly with mischievous glee*] — I heard that, Ridgeon. That was good. Jennifer, dear: be kind to Ridgeon always; because he was the last man who amused me.

Ridgeon [*relentless*] — Was I?

Louis — But it's not true. It's you who are still on the stage. I'm halfway home already.

Mrs. Dubedat [*to* Ridgeon] — What did you say?

Louis [*answering for him*] — Nothing, dear. Only one of those little secrets that men keep among themselves. Well, all you chaps have thought pretty hard things of me, and said them.

B. B. [*quite overcome*] — No, no, Dubedat. Not at all.

Louis — Yes, you have. I know what you all think of me. Don't imagine I'm sore about it. I forgive you.

Walpole [*involuntarily*] — Well, damn me! [*Ashamed.*] I beg your pardon.

Louis — That was old Walpole, I know. Don't grieve, Walpole. I'm perfectly happy. I'm not in pain. I don't want to live. I've escaped from myself. I'm in heaven, immortal in the heart of my beautiful Jennifer. I'm not afraid, and not ashamed. [*Reflectively,*

puzzling it out for himself weakly.] I know that in an accidental sort of way, struggling through the unreal part of life, I haven't always been able to live up to my ideal. But in my own real world I have never done anything wrong, never denied my faith, never been untrue to myself. I've been threatened and blackmailed and insulted and starved. But I've played the game. I've fought the good fight. And now it's all over, there's an indescribable peace. [*He feebly folds his hands and utters his creed.*] I believe in Michael Angelo Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen. [*He closes his eyes and lies still.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*breathless*] — Louis: are you ——

[Walpole *rises and comes quickly to see whether he is dead.*]

Louis — Not yet, dear. Very nearly, but not yet. I should like to rest my head on your bosom; only it would tire you.

Mrs. Dubedat — No, no, no, darling: how could you tire me? [*She lifts him so that he lies on her bosom.*]

Louis — That's good. That's real.

Mrs. Dubedat — Don't spare me, dear. Indeed, indeed you will not tire me. Lean on me with all your weight.

Louis [*with a sudden half return of his normal strength and comfort*] — Jinny Gwinny: I think I shall recover after all.

[Sir Patrick *looks significantly at* Ridgeon, *mutely warning him that this is the end.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*hopefully*] — Yes, yes: you shall.

Louis — Because I suddenly want to sleep. Just an ordinary sleep.

Mrs. Dubedat [*rocking him*] — Yes, dear. Sleep. [*He seems to go to sleep.* Walpole *makes another movement. She protests.*] Sh-sh: please don't disturb him. [*His lips move.*] What did you say, dear? [*In great distress.*] I can't listen without moving him. [*His lips move again:* Walpole *bends down and listens.*]

Walpole — He wants to know is the newspaper man here.

The Newspaper Man [*excited; for he has been enjoying himself enormously.*] Yes, Mr. Dubedat. Here I am.

[Walpole *raises his hand warningly to silence him.* Sir Ralph *sits down quietly on the sofa and frankly buries his face in his handkerchief.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*with great relief*] — Oh, that's right, dear: don't spare me: lean with all your weight on me. Now you are really resting.

[Sir Patrick *quickly comes forward and feels* Louis's *pulse; then takes him by the shoulders.*]

Sir Patrick — Let me put him back on the pillow, ma'am. He will be better so.

Mrs. Dubedat [*piteously*] — Oh no, please, please, doctor. He is not tiring me; and he will be so hurt when he wakes if he finds I have put him away.

Sir Patrick — He will never wake again. [*He takes the body from her and replaces it in the chair.* Ridgeon, *unmoved, lets down the back and makes a bier of it.*]

Mrs. Dubedat [*who has unexpectedly sprung to her feet, and stands dry-eyed and stately*] — Was that death?

Walpole — Yes.

THE MEANING OF LOVE

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MRS. GEORGE [*with intensely sad reproach*] — When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul. A moment only: but was it not enough? Were you not paid then for all the rest of your struggle on earth? Must I mend your clothes and sweep your floors as well? Was it not enough? I paid the price without bargaining: I bore the children without flinching: was that a reason for heaping fresh burdens on me? I carried the child in my arms: must I carry the father too? When I opened the gates of paradise, were you blind? was it nothing to you? When all the stars sang in your ears and all the winds swept you into the heart of heaven, were you deaf? were you dull? was I no more to you than a bone to a dog? Was it not enough? We spent eternity together; and you ask me for a little lifetime more. We possessed all the universe together; and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well. I have given you the greatest of all things; and you ask me to give you little things. I gave you your own soul: you ask me for my body as a plaything. Was it not enough? Was it not enough?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792–1822)

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet, was born at Field Place, Sussex, on August 4th, 1792. He was the eldest son of Timothy Shelley, an English country gentleman, who afterwards inherited a baronetcy and a large estate, to which in part the poet was heir by entail. He was educated at Eton, and went up to Oxford in 1810; he was expelled from the university on March 25th, 1811, for publishing a pamphlet entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism.' In the summer of the same year he married Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of a retired London tavern-keeper; and from this time had no cordial relations with his family at Field Place. He led a wandering and unsettled life in England, Wales, and Ireland,—visiting the last as a political agitator,—until the spring of 1814, when domestic difficulties culminated in a separation from his wife, and an elopement with Mary Godwin, the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. His wife, Harriet, committed suicide by drowning in the winter of 1816, and immediately after this event he legally married Mary. The charge of his two children by Harriet was taken from him early in 1817 by a decision of the Lord Chancellor, Eldon, on the ground that Shelley held atheistical opinions. He remained in England a year longer, and in the spring of 1818 went to reside in Italy. There he lived, going from city to city, but mainly at Pisa and its neighborhood, until the summer of 1822, when he was lost in a storm on July 8th, while sailing off the coast between Leghorn and Lerici; his body was cast up on the sands of Viareggio, and was there burned in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and his friend Trelawney, on August 18th; the ashes were buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. He had three children by his second wife, of whom one only, Percy Florence, survived him, afterward inheriting the title and his father's share in the family estate.

Shelley's literary life began with prose and verse at Eton, and he had already published before he went up to Oxford. Through all his wanderings, and amid his many personal difficulties, he was indefatigably busy with his pen; and in his earlier days wrote much in prose.

The first distinctive work was his poem 'Queen Mab' (1813), and this was followed by 'Alastor' (1816); after which his great works were produced in rapid succession. While still a youth, he had begun, as a radical reformer, to take a practical interest in men and events, and until after his union with Mary much of his energy was consumed and scattered fruitlessly; but as his poetic instincts and intellectual power came into fuller control of his life, and the difficulties of his position isolated him and threw him back upon his own nature, he gradually gave himself more exclusively to creative literature. The works written in Italy are of most value: 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'The Cenci,' 'Adonais,' 'Epipsychidion,' 'Hellas,' together with the lyrics and fragments. Nevertheless, the bulk of his work is large and various: it fills several volumes of prose as well as verse, and includes political, philosophical, and critical miscellanies, writings on questions of the day, and much translation from ancient and modern authors.

Shelley himself described his genius as in the main a moral one, and in this he made a correct analysis. It was fed by ideas derived from books, and sustained by a sympathy so intense as to become a passion for moral aims. He was intellectually the child of the Revolution; and from the moment that he drew thoughtful breath he was a disciple of the radicals in England. The regeneration of mankind was the cause that kindled his enthusiasm; and the changes he looked for were social as well as political. He spent his strength in advocacy of the doctrines of democracy, and in hostility to its obvious opponents established in the authority of Church and State, and in custom; he held the most advanced position, not only in religion, but in respect to the institution of marriage, the use of property, and the welfare of the masses of mankind. The first complete expression of his opinion, the precipitate from the ferment of his boyish years, was given in 'Queen Mab,' a crude poem after the style of Southey, by which he was long best and most unfavorably known; he recognized its immaturity, and sought to suppress a pirated edition published in his last years: the violent prejudice against him in England as an atheist was largely due to this early work, with its long notes, in connection with the decision of the court taking from him the custody of his children. The second expression of his opinions, similar in scope, was given five years later in 'The Revolt of Islam,' a Spenserian poem in twelve books. In this work the increase of his poetic faculty is shown by his denial of a didactic aim, and by the series of scenes from nature and human life which is the web of the verse; but the subject of the poem is the regeneration of society, and the intellectual impulse which sustains it is political and philanthropic. Up to the time of its composition

the main literary influence that governed him was Latin: now he began to feel the power of Greek literature; and partly in making responses to it, and partly by the expansion of his mind, he revolutionized his poetic method. The result was that in the third and greatest of his works of this kind, 'Prometheus Unbound,' he developed a new type in English,—the lyrical drama. The subject is still the regeneration of society: but the tale has grown into the drama; the ideas have generated abstract impersonations which have more likeness to elemental beings, to Titanic and mythological creations, than to humanity; while the interest intellectually is still held within the old limits of the general cause of mankind. The same principles, the same convictions, the same aims, fused in one moral enthusiasm, are here: but a transformation has come over their embodiment,—imagination has seized upon them, a new lyrical music has penetrated and sublimated them, and the poem so engendered and born is different in kind from those that went before; it holds a unique place in the literature of the world, and is the most passionate dream of the perfect social ideal ever molded in verse. In a fourth work, 'Hellas,' Shelley applied a similar method in an effort to treat the Greek Revolution as a single instance of the victory of the general cause which he had most at heart; and in several shorter poems, especially odes, he from time to time took up the same theme. The ideal he sets forth in all these writings, clarifying as it goes on, is not different from the millennium of poets and thinkers in all ages: justice and liberty, love the supreme law, are the ends to be achieved, and moral excellence with universal happiness is the goal of all.

In the works which have been mentioned, and which contain the most of Shelley's substantial thought, the moral prepossession of his mind is most manifest; it belonged to the conscious part of his being, and would naturally be foremost in his most deliberate writing. It was, in my judgment, the central thing in his genius; but genius in working itself out displays special faculties of many kinds, which must be noticed in their own right. Shelley is, for example, considered as pre-eminently a poet of nature. His susceptibility to sensuous impressions was very great, his response to them in love of beauty and in joy in them was constant; and out of his intimacy with nature came not merely descriptive power and the habit of interpreting emotion through natural images, such as many poets have compassed, but a peculiar faculty often noticed by his critics, usually called the myth-making faculty, which is thought of as racial rather than individual. During his residence in Italy he was steeped in the Greek spirit as it survives in the philosophy and poetry of antiquity; and it was in harmony with his mood that he should vitalize the elements. What is extraordinary is the success, the primitive ease,

the magic, with which he did so. In the simple instances which recur to every one's memory—'The Skylark,' 'The Cloud,' the 'Ode to the West Wind'—he has rendered the sense of non-human, of elemental being; and in the characters of 'Prometheus Unbound'—in Asia especially—he has created such beings, to which the spirits of the moon and earth as he evoked them seem natural concomitants, and to them he has given reality for the imagination. It is largely because he dealt in this witchery, this matter of primeval illusion, that he gives to some minds the impression of dwelling in an imaginary and unsubstantial world; and the flood of light and glory of color which he exhales as an atmosphere about the substance of the verse, dazzle and often bewilder the reader whose eyes are yet to be familiarized with the shapes and air of his scene. But with few exceptions, while using this creative power by poetic instinct, he brings back the verse at the end, whether in the lyrics or the longer works, to "the hopes and fears of men." In the ordinary delineation of nature as it appears, his touch is sure and accurate; with a regard for detail which shows close observation, and a frequent minuteness which shows the contemporary of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The opening passage of 'Julian and Maddalo,' the lines at Pisa on the bridge, and the fragment 'Marenghi,' are three widely different examples.

Shelley was also strongly attracted by the narrative form for its own sake. He was always fond of a story from the days of his boyhood; and though the romantic cast of fiction in his youth, both in prose and verse, might indicate a lack of interest in life, in the taste for this he was not different from the time he lived in, and the way to reality lay then through this path. 'Rosalind and Helen' was a tale like others of its kind, made up of romantic elements; but the instinct which led Shelley to tell it, as he had told still cruder stories in his first romances at Eton, was fundamental in him, and led him afterward, still further refining his matter, to weave out of airy nothing 'The Witch of Atlas' almost at the close of his career. The important matter is, to connect with these narrative beginnings in prose and verse his serious dramatic work, which has for its prime example 'The Cenci,' otherwise standing too far apart from his life. In this drama he undertook to deal with the reality of human nature in its most difficult literary form, the tragedy; and the success with which he suppressed his ordinary exuberance of imagery and phrase and kept to a severe restraint, at the same time producing the one conspicuous example of tragedy in his century in England, has been often wondered at. In the unfinished 'Charles I.' he made a second attempt; while in the various dramatic fragments other than this he seems to have contemplated a new form of romantic drama. It

seems to me that this line of his development has been too little studied; but there is space here only to make the suggestion.

Another subordinate division of Shelley's work lies in his treatment of the ideal of individual nobility and happiness apart from society. Of course in the character of Laon, and on the grand scale in that of Prometheus, he set forth traits of the individual ideal; but in both instances they were social reformers, and had a relation to mankind. In 'Alastor,' on the contrary, the individual is dealt with for his own sole sake, and the youth is drawn in lines of melancholy beauty; he was of the same race as Laon, but existed only in his own poetic unhappiness; of the same race also was Prince Athanase, but the poem is too unfinished to permit us to say more than that as he is disclosed, he is only an individual. In 'Epipsychidion' the same character reappears as a persistent type in Shelley's mind, with the traits that he most valued: and the conclusion there is the union of the lover and his beloved in the enchanted isle, far from the world; which also is familiar to readers of Shelley in other poems as a persistent idea in his mind. In these poems one finds the recoil of Shelley's mind from the task of reform he had undertaken, the antipodes of the social leader in the lonely exile from all but the one kindred spirit, the sense of weariness, of defeat, of despair over the world — the refuge. It is natural, consequently, to feel that Shelley himself is near in these characters; that they are successive incarnations of his spirit, and frankly such. They are autobiographic with conscious art, and stand only at one remove from those lyrics of personal emotion which are unconscious, the cries of the spirit which have sung themselves into the heart of the world. Upon these lyrics, which stand apart from his deliberate work, — impulsive, overflowing, irresistible in their spontaneity, — it may be granted that his popular fame rests. Many of them are singularly perfect in poetic form naturally developed; they have the music which is as unforgettable as the tones of a human voice, as unmistakable, as personal, and which has winged them to fly through the world. They make one forget all the rest in Shelley himself, and they express his world-weary yet still aspiring soul. The most perfect of them, in my judgment, is the 'Ode to the West Wind': in form it is faultless; and it blends in one expression the power he had to interpret nature's elemental life, the pathos of his own spirit, — portrayed more nobly than in the cognate passage of the 'Adonais,' because more unconscious of itself, — and the supreme desire he had to serve the world with those thoughts blown now through the world, —

> «Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind.»

No other of the lyrics seems to me so comprehensive, so adequate. The 'Adonais' only can compare with it for personal power, for the

penetration of the verse with Shelley's spirit in its eloquent passion. Of that elegy the poetry is so direct, and the charm so immediate and constant, that it needs no other mention; further than to say that like the 'Sensitive Plant,' it has more affinity with Shelley's lyrics than with his longer works.

Some of the characteristics of Shelley have been mentioned above with such fullness as our limits allow, and the relations between his more important works have been roughly indicated. There is much more to say; but I will add only that in what seems to me a cardinal point in the criticism of poetry,—the poet's conception of womanhood,—of all the poets of the century in England, Shelley is approached only by Burns in tenderness, and excels Burns in nobleness of feeling. The reputation of Shelley in his lifetime was but slight in the world; and it emerged only by slow stages from the neglect and obloquy which were his portion while he lived and when he died. In the brief recital of the events of his life which heads this sketch, it is obvious at a glance that there is much which needs explanation and defense. The best defense was to throw all possible light upon his career, and that was done by all who knew him; so that his life is more minutely exposed from boyhood to his death than that of any other English poet. As a consequence of this, opinion regarding him has been much modified; and though it may still be stern, it is now seldom harsh. The opinions which were regarded as of evil influence, and the acts which were condemned as wrong acts, are open to all to understand and pass judgment upon, as they are related in many books; and in respect to these, each will have his own mind. Whatever be the judgment, it must be agreed that the century has brought fame to Shelley, as a poet of the highest class and of a rare kind; and that as a man he has been an inspiration and almost a creed in many lives, and has won respect and affection from many hearts, and a singular devotion from some akin to that which his friends felt toward him. He has been loved as it is given to few strangers to be loved,—but that is apart from his poetry.

George E. Woodberry

FROM 'PROMETHEUS UNBOUND'

Chorus of Furies

From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth,
Where the night has its grave and the morning its birth,
Come, come, come!
O ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,
When cities sink howling in ruin; and ye
Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,
And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track,
Sit chattering with joy on the foodless wreck;
Come, come, come!
Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,
Strewed beneath a nation dead;
Leave the hatred, as in ashes
Fire is left for future burning:
It will burst in bloodier flashes
When ye stir it, soon returning:
Leave the self-contempt implanted
In young spirits, sense-enchanted,
Misery's yet unkindled fuel:
Leave Hell's secrets half unchanted
To the maniac dreamer; cruel
More than ye can be with hate
Is he with fear.
Come, come, come!
We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,
And we burthen the blast of the atmosphere,
But vainly we toil till ye come here.

Voice in the Air

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire: then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them:

As the radiant lines of morning
  Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds thee,
  But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
  From the sight, that liquid splendor;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
  Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
  Walk upon the winds with lightness.
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia

My soul is an enchanted boat,
  Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
  And thine doth like an angel sit
  Beside a helm conducting it;
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
  It seems to float ever, for ever,
  Upon that many-winding river,
  Between mountains, woods, abysses,
  A paradise of wildernesses!
  Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:

  Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
  In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
  And we sail on, away, afar,
  Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
  Till through Elysian garden islets
  By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
  Where never mortal pinnace glided,
  The boat of my desire is guided:

Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

LAST HOUR OF BEATRICE

From 'The Cenci'

Enter Lucretia, Beatrice, *and* Giacomo, *guarded*

BEATRICE — I hardly dare to fear
That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.
Camillo — May God in heaven be less inexorable
To the Pope's prayers than he has been to mine.
Here is the sentence and the warrant.
Beatrice [*wildly*] — O
My God! Can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nailed down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost —
How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be —
What? Oh, where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
No God, no heaven, no earth in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
If all things then should be — my father's spirit,
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Masked in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On earth, and ever present? Even though dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now
Oh, whither, whither?

Lucretia— Trust in God's sweet love.
The tender promises of Christ: ere night,
Think, we shall be in Paradise.

Beatrice— 'Tis past!
Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
How tedious, false, and cold, seem all things. I
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power molding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
I am cut off from the only world I know,—
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God,—
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold..

[*During the latter speeches Giacomo has retired conversing with Camillo, who now goes out; Giacomo advances.*]

Giacomo—Know you not, mother—sister, know you not?
Bernardo even now is gone to implore
The Pope to grant our pardon.

Lucretia— Child, perhaps
It will be granted. We may all then live
To make these woes a tale for distant years:
Oh, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
Like the warm blood.

Beatrice— Yet both will soon be cold.
Oh, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope:
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring;
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free;
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. Oh plead
With Famine, or wind-walking Pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man: righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die:
Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,

Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep, 'twere just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.
Live ye, who live, subject to one another
As we were once who now—

Bernardo *rushes in*

Bernardo— Oh, horrible,
That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in prayer,
Even till the heart is vacant and despairs,
Should all be vain! The ministers of death
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw
Blood on the face of one.—What if 'twere fancy?
Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth
Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off
As if 'twere only rain. O life! O world!
Cover me! let me be no more! To see
That perfect mirror of pure innocence
Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,
Shivered to dust! To see thee, Beatrice,
Who made all lovely thou didst look upon—
Thee, light of life, dead, dark! while I say «sister»
To hear I have no sister; and thou, mother,
Whose love was as a bond to all our loves,
Dead! the sweet bond broken!

Enter Camillo *and* Guards

They come! Let me
Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves
Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell before
Death chokes that gentle voice! Oh, let me hear
You speak.

Beatrice— Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now;
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child:
For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And though

Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.
So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Bernardo—
I cannot say, farewell!

Camillo— O Lady Beatrice!

Beatrice—Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another; now
We shall not do it any more. My lord,
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

ADONAIS

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy mother, wake and weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air:
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death: but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew:
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high capital where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;

Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries:—
«Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain.»
Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her willful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendor on his mouth alit,—
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

And others came: Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of sighs;
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,—
Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and molded into thought,
From shape and hue and odor and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower; and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day:
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds: a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves: since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both

Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean
A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on chaos: in its stream immersed
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst—
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath:
Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows,
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,

And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried, "Arise!"
Swift as a thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal night, that springs
Out of the east, and follows wild and drear
The golden day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!

Leave me not!» cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
caress.

«Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live:
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

«O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenseless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

«The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

«The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;—
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.»

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;

The pilgrim of eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail form,—
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike spirit beautiful and swift;
A Love in desolation masked;—a power
Girt round with weakness: it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;—
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew,
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it: of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own:
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
The stranger's mien, and murmured, «Who art thou?»
He answered not, but with a sudden hand

Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh, that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below:
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep;
He hath awakened from the dream of life:

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.— *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again:
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains; and thou air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;

And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men, into the heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry:
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre—
Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught

That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey:
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of desolation's nakedness,
Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,

And gray walls molder round, on which dull time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand:
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb:
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed: thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,— the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst,— now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven.
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats though unseen amongst us,— visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—

Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor,—
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream—
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not—lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard—I saw them not—
When, musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night;
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery;
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm,—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself and love all human-kind.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,—
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:—
«My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!»
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how!—
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart—
As I must on thine,
O belovèd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver — hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst — O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystálline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
  And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
  So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
  The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves—O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
  If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
  Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
  As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
  O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
  What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
  Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
  Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

Part First

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,—
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed;

Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all; it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver:

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower:
It loves even like Love, its deep heart is full;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound and odor and beam
Move, as reeds in a single stream,—

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,—
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness, —

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant,)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains:
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn:
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die,
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not:
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,—
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,—
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains:
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams;
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep:
The earth seemed to love her,
And heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"

The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer:
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream;—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night;—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts,
They past to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;

At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven,—and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—

Singing how down the vale of Menalus
  I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
  It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
  At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
    Spirit of Night!
  Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear—
    Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
    Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
    Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
    I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
    I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
    Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
    No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
    Soon, too soon;

Sleep will come when thou art fled:
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TO ——

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

(1714–1763)

TURNING over the pages of a certain eighteenth-century annual, the reader comes upon a brown and yellow engraving of a landscape garden: of walks in undulating curves, miniature lakes, little white cascades, Greek temples, pines and cypresses cut in grotesque shapes. Aquatic birds peer from out the reeds, and doves flutter in the trees. Beneath the picture is written:—

«Oh, may that genius which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's near.
Ne'er make my vintage glad the sordid breast,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere.»

SHENSTONE

The villa referred to, were it visible, would, according to the owner's biographer, prove to be «mean; for he did not improve it. When he came home from his walks, he might find the floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof, but could spare no money for its reparation.»

Would that the artist of the engraving of Leasowes, famous in song and story, had introduced that biographer and his subject into the picture,—Shenstone, «larger than the middle size, somewhat clumsy in his form, decked in crimson waistcoat and white breeches, his gray hair streaming on his shoulders,» leading the wheezy, sneezing Johnson in front of some simpering Italian divinity set in a damp grotto, and bidding him admire her! But Shenstone, like most minor poets of whom Johnson wrote, was unfortunate in having Johnson for a critic. There was no possible sympathy between the two. Johnson hated the country, hated affectation, hated a *poseur*. Shenstone was the child of his time, whose literary progenitors were poets of fashionable society: the child of the time when the changes were rung on Damons, Melissas, Philomels, and Cynthias; when Phœbus was invoked, and Delia's eyebrows inspired a sonnet. Coming close on the heels of a generation of poetasters, Shenstone could think of no better way of realizing Pope's ideal in the 'Ode to Solitude' than to retire to his country seat, and seek the admiration of the world as

an Arcadian hermit. He owes his distinction to his choice of subjects and his peculiarity of life, as much as to his verses. No poet of the same pretension is so well known by his residence. Without Leasowes, the 'Elegies' might have lain on the dustiest of bookshelves, and 'The Schoolmistress' have scarcely sustained enough vitality to survive. But through Leasowes, Shenstone lives. In his day, landscape gardening was a novelty; and in adorning his little estate he gratified his taste, his innocent vanity, and his indolence. The feet of his stanzas are as ingeniously varied as the walks through his domain. The flights of his Muse were bounded by the limits of his estate; but they were not less inventive and fantastic than the little surprises and turns of wood and waterfall, nor less musical than the songs of his birds. The deaths of his friends were commemorated by Grecian urns under weeping willows, and then by elegies inspired by the urns.

The revolution which has taken place in English poetry has flattened Shenstone's verses; and to realize the reaction from the extreme of artificial pathos to straightforward, manly expression, one has but to read his once popular 'Jemmy Dawson,' and 'The Dying Kid,' and then Hood's 'Eugene Aram,' and Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone'—which, but for the feeble ballads of the Leasowes poet, might never have been written.

Johnson's criticism of the 'Pastoral Ballad' is not less interesting as betraying his notion of the province of poetry than as a criticism of Shenstone. «I cannot but regret that it is pastoral: an intelligent reader, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the crook, the pipe, the sheep, and the kids, which it is not necessary to bring forward to notice; for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to show the beauties without the grossness of country life.»

But the volume Johnson scorned, beguiled many of Shenstone's cultivated contemporaries by its mellifluous seesaw, and its jingling resonance comes back to the reader of to-day.

> «I have found out a gift for my fair:
> I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.»

The elegiac form and triple rhythm please the fancy in the still remembered

> «Yet time may diminish the pain.»

Shenstone made no mean rank for himself, in the time when people were reading Pope's Homer, Addison's 'Cato,' and Dodsley's 'Economy of Human Life,'—the 'Proverbial Philosophy' of his day. 'The Schoolmistress' is a sketch drawn from life, and in versification and style closely imitated Spenser. Goldsmith and Gray both knew

it; and profited by its beauties and its faults when they wrote 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Elegy in a Country Church-yard.'

Shenstone's 'Essays' are quiet moralizings about Leasowes; though he could be playfully humorous now and then, as when he said:—"I have an alcove [his villa], six elegies, a seat, two eulogies (one on myself), four songs, and a serpentine river, to show you when you come."

He had a queer vanity to be thought a scholar; which made him keep his name on the Oxford books (Pembroke was his college) for ten years, though he never studied enough to take a degree. Gray ridiculed his love of the great, and his affected pose as a recluse; but one can fancy the proud, shy creature peeping through some high latticed window when the guests from Hagley, Lord Lyttelton's estate, arrived,—maddened, as one of Shenstone's commentators remarks, if they took the wrong direction, and frantic lest the exclamations he heard were in derision, not pleasure.

He was born at Leasowes in November 1714, and died there of a "putrid fever,"—as Dr. Johnson describes it, not without some satisfaction as a fit ending for so ill-regulated a life,—February 11th, 1763. The great man's opinion of our poet is however fairly just, and not unkindly.

"His good qualities are earnestness and simplicity. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he would have been a great man or not, I know not: he certainly would have been agreeable."

He published 'Miscellanies' (1737), 'The Judgment of Hercules' (1740), 'The Schoolmistress' (1742); and 'Elegies; Songs, and Pastoral Ballads' (1743), edited by his friend Dodsley. His 'Letters and Essays' appeared in 1750.

PASTORAL BALLAD

SINCE Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I prize them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain
  Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favorite maid,
  The pride of that valley, is flown:
Alas! where with her I have strayed,
  I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
  What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
  'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,—
  My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
  I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
  To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away
  Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair
  Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,—
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
  And my solace wherever I go.

SONG

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
  My fields were small, my flocks were few;
  While faltering accents spoke my fear
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroyed by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold,—
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear:
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I loved became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear:
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deigned my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress,—

This too she heard, and smiled to hear:
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoiled of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

DISAPPOINTMENT

From 'A Pastoral'

YE SHEPHERDS! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair — and my passion begun;
She smiled — and I could not but love;
She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems forever adorned with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone:
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain;
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
  But we're not to find them our own:
Fate never bestowed such delight
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace!
  To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
  I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
  With the same sad complaint it begun:
How she smiled, and I could not but love!
  Was faithless, and I am undone!

HOPE

From 'A Pastoral'

My banks they are furnished with bees,
  Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
  And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
  Such health do my fountains bestow,—
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
  Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
  But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
  But a sweetbrier entwines it around;
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
  More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
  To the bower I have labored to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plain, from the woodlands and groves,
  What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
  Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear
  As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair:
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed—
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
  Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
  How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
  And she called it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
  So much I her accents adore,—
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
  Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
  Unmoved when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
  These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
  Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly strayed—
  If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
  And where are her grots and her bowers?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
  And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
  And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
  But their love is not equal to mine.

MUCH TASTE AND SMALL ESTATE

From 'The Progress of Taste'

SEE yonder hill, so green, so round,
  Its brow with ambient beeches crowned!
  'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleased would the nymphs thy zeal survey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas such a shade, and such a nook
In such a vale, near such a brook
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That famed Apollo chose, to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where Music's charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be placed Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes):
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear;
And who would shun the pleasing labor
To have Minerva for his neighbor? . . .
But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When all the structures shone complete,—
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorned with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting,—
Ah me! ('twas Damon's own confession),
Came Poverty and took possession.

FROM 'THE SCHOOLMISTRESS'

A RUSSET stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare:
And sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear:
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

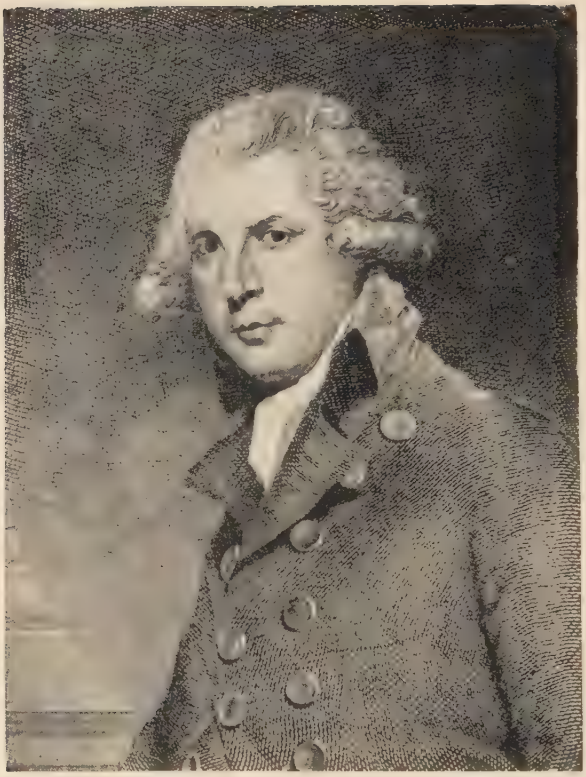
One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of gray renown, within these borders grew,—

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill that never dares to climb:
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751–1816)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the most distinguished member of a distinguished family. His grandfather was Dr. Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Swift. His father was Thomas Sheridan, elocutionist, actor, manager, and lexicographer. His mother was Frances Sheridan, author of the comedy of 'The Discovery' (acted by David Garrick), and of the novel 'Miss Sidney Biddulph' (praised by Samuel Johnson). His three granddaughters, known as the beautiful Sheridans, became, one the Duchess of Somerset, another the Countess of Dufferin, and the third the Hon. Mrs. Norton (afterward Lady Stirling-Maxwell). His great-grandson is Lord Dufferin, author and diplomatist. Thus, in six generations of the family, remarkable power of one kind or another has been revealed.

Richard Brinsley was born in Dublin, Ireland, in September 1751. Before he was ten the family moved to England; and he was presently sent to Harrow. Later he received from his father lessons in elocution, which he was destined to turn to account in Parliament. Before he was nineteen the family settled in Bath, then the resort of fashion. Here the young man observed life, wrote brilliant bits of verse, and fell in love with Miss Linley. The Linleys were all musicians: Miss Elizabeth Linley was a public singer of great promise; she was not seventeen when Sheridan first met her. She was beset by suitors, with one of whom, a disreputable Captain Mathews (who was the author of a good book on whist), the future dramatist fought two duels. Sheridan eloped with Miss Linley to France; and after many obstacles, the course of true love ran smooth at last and the young pair were married. Although he was wholly without fortune, the husband withdrew his wife from the stage.

Sheridan's education had been fragmentary, and he lacked serious training. But he had wit and self-confidence; and he determined to turn dramatist. His father was an actor, his mother had written plays, and his father-in-law was a composer; and so the stage door swung wide open before him. His first piece, the five-act comedy the 'Rivals,' was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, January

17th, 1775; and it then failed blankly, as it did again on a second performance. Withdrawn and revised, it was soon reproduced with approval. A similar experience is recorded of the 'Barber of Seville,' the first comedy of Beaumarchais, whose career is not without points of resemblance to Sheridan's. The 'Rivals' and the 'Barber of Seville' are among the few comedies of the eighteenth century which will survive into the twentieth.

In gratitude to the actor who had played Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Sheridan improvised the farce of 'St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenant'; brought out May 2d, 1775, and long since dropped out of the list of acting plays. During the summer he wrote the book of a comic opera, the 'Duenna,' for which his father-in-law Linley prepared the score, and which was produced at Covent Garden November 21st, 1775,—making three new plays which the young dramatist had brought out within the year.

The great actor, David Garrick, who had managed Drury Lane Theatre with the utmost skill for many years, was now about to retire. He owned half of the theatre, and this half he sold to Sheridan and to some of Sheridan's friends; and a little later Sheridan was able to buy the other half also, paying for it not in cash, but by assuming mortgages and granting annuities. It was in the middle of 1776 that David Garrick was succeeded in the management of Drury Lane Theatre by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was then not yet twenty-five years old.

The first new play of the new manager was only an old comedy altered. 'A Trip to Scarborough,' acted February 24th, 1777, was a deodorized version of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse'; rather better than most of the revisions of old plays, and yet a disappointment to the playgoers who were awaiting a new comedy. The new comedy came at last in the spring, and those who had high expectations were not disappointed. It was on May 8th, 1777, that the 'School for Scandal' was acted for the first time, with immense success,—a success which bids fair to endure yet another century and a quarter. With a stronger dramatic framework than the 'Rivals,' and a slighter proportion of broad farce, the 'School for Scandal' is as effective in the acting as its predecessor, while it repays perusal far better.

When Garrick died, early in 1779, Sheridan wrote a 'Monody,' to be recited at the theatre the incomparable actor had so long directed. And in the fall of that year, on October 30th, 1779, he brought out the brightest of farces and the best of burlesques, 'The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed'; a delightful piece of theatrical humor,—suggested by Buckingham's 'Rehearsal,' no doubt, but distinctly superior. The 'Critic,' like the 'Rivals' and the 'School for Scandal,' continues to be acted both in Great Britain and the United States.

Sheridan's best plays have revealed a sturdy vitality, and a faculty of readaptation to changing theatrical conditions. After the production of the 'Critic,' Sheridan did not again appear before the public as an original dramatist. Perhaps he was jealous of his reputation; and, aware of the limit of his powers, he knew that he could not surpass the 'School for Scandal.' Just as Molière used to talk about his 'Homme de Cour,' which he had not begun when he died, so Sheridan used to talk about a comedy to be called 'Affectation,' for which he had done no more than jot down a few stray notes and suggestions. Thereafter he confined himself to the outlining of plots for pantomimes, and to improving the plays of other authors. Thus the 'Stranger' indubitably owed some of its former effectiveness in English to his adroit touch. Perhaps it was the success of the 'Stranger' which led him to rework another of Kotzebue's plays into a rather turgid melodrama with a high-patriotic flavor. This, 'Pizarro,' was produced on May 24th, 1799; and it hit the temper of the time so skillfully that it filled all the theatres in England for many months.

But long before this, Sheridan had entered into political life. He took his seat in Parliament in 1780,—being then not yet thirty. His first speech was a failure, as his first play had been. But he persevered; and in time he became as completely master of the platform as he was of the stage. He was a Whig; and when Fox and North drove out Shelburne, Sheridan was Secretary of the Treasury: but the Whigs went out in 1783. When Burke impeached Warren Hastings, Sheridan was one of the managers of the prosecution; and in the course of the proceedings he delivered two speeches, the recorded effect of which was simply marvelous.

In 1792 Sheridan's wife died, and from that hour the fortune that had waxed so swiftly waned as surely. He neglected the theatre for politics, and his debts began to harass him. He married again in 1795; but it may be doubted whether this second marriage was not a mistake. In 1809 Drury Lane was burnt to the ground; and Sheridan had rebuilt it at enormous cost only fifteen years before. This fire ruined him. In 1812 he made his last speech in Parliament. In 1815 he suffered the indignity of arrest for debt. He died on July 7th, 1816.

Sheridan's indebtedness was found to be less than £5,000: that it had not been paid long before was due to his procrastination, his carelessness, and his total lack of business training. He seems to have allowed himself to be swindled right and left. In other ways also is his character not easy to apprehend aright. In his political career he unhesitatingly sacrificed place to patriotism; and during the mutiny at the Nore he put party advantage behind him, and came forward to urge the course of conduct best for the country as a whole.

In his private life he was not altogether circumspect; but he lived in days when it was thought no disgrace for a statesman to be overtaken with wine. In all things he was his own worst enemy.

It is as a writer of comedies that Sheridan claims admission into this work; and here his position is impregnable. Of the four comic dramatists of the Restoration,— Congreve, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, and Farquhar,— only one, Congreve, was Sheridan's superior as a wit; and Sheridan is the superior of every one of the four as a playwright, as an artist in stage effect, as a master of the medium in which they all of them worked. His only later rival is his fellow-Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith: but of Goldsmith's two comedies, one, the 'Good-Natured Man,' has always been a failure, when first acted and whenever a revival has been attempted; and the other, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' delightful as it is, is what its hostile critics called it when it was first seen; a farce,— it has the arbitrary plot of a farce, though its manner is the manner of comedy. Neither in the library nor in the theatre does 'She Stoops to Conquer' withstand the comparison with the 'School for Scandal'; and Sheridan has still to his credit the 'Rivals' and the 'Critic.' (It is true that Goldsmith has to his credit the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and his poems and his essays; but it is of his plays that a comparison is here made.)

Sheridan is not of course to be likened to Molière: the Frenchman had a depth and a power to which the Irishman could not pretend. But a comparison with Beaumarchais is fair enough, and it can be drawn only in favor of Sheridan; for brilliant as the 'Marriage of Figaro' is, it lacks the solid structure and the broad outlook of the 'School for Scandal.' Both the French wit and the Irish are masters of fence, and the dialogue of these comedies still scintillates as steel crosses steel. Neither of them put much heart into his plays; and perhaps the 'School for Scandal' is even more artificial than the 'Marriage of Figaro,'— but it is wholly free from the declamatory shrillness which to-day mars the masterpiece of Beaumarchais.

It is curious that the British novelists have often taken up their task in the maturity of middle age, and that the British dramatists have often been young fellows just coming into man's estate. One might say that Farquhar and Vanbrugh, Congreve and Sheridan, all composed their comedies when they were only recently out of their 'teens. Lessing has told us that the young man just entering on the world cannot possibly know it. He may be ingenious, he may be clever, he may be brilliant,— but he is likely to lack depth and breadth. Here is the weak spot in Sheridan's work. Dash he had, and ardor, and dexterity, and wit; but when his work is compared with the solid and more human plays of Molière, for example, its relative superficiality is apparent. And yet superficiality is a harsh

word, and perhaps misleading. What is not to be found in Sheridan's comedies is essential richness of inspiration. Liveliness there is, and dramaturgic skill, and comic invention, and animal spirits, and hearty enjoyment: these are gifts to be prized. To seek for more in the 'Rivals' and the 'School for Scandal' is to be disappointed.

Brander Matthews

MRS. MALAPROP'S VIEWS

From the 'Rivals'

The scene is Mrs. Malaprop's *lodgings at Bath. Present,* Lydia Languish. *Enter* Mrs. Malaprop *and* Sir Anthony Absolute.

MRS. MALAPROP — There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia — Madam, I thought you once —

Mrs. Malaprop — You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia — Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Malaprop — But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed — and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony — Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia — What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop — Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia—Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop—What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made? and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia—Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop—Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

Lydia—Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Malaprop—There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony—It is not to be wondered at, ma'am: all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop—Nay, nay, Sir Anthony: you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony—In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop—Those are vile places indeed!

Sir Anthony—Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge,—it blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop—Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony—Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop—Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I

don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony—Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate: you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Malaprop—None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anthony—Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Malaprop—We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anthony—Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this"; if he demurred I knocked him down, and if he grumbled at that I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Malaprop—Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and

prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anthony — Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice — keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Malaprop — Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger: sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. [*Calls.*] Lucy! Lucy! — Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

SIR LUCIUS DICTATES A CARTEL

From the 'Rivals'

The scene is Bob Acres's *lodgings at Bath.* Acres *is discovered as his servant shows in* Sir Lucius.

SIR LUCIUS — Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres — My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius — Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres — Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius — Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres — Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady: her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Sir Lucius — Very ill, upon my conscience. Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres—Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius—A rival in the case, is there? and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres—Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius—Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres—Not I, upon my soul.

Sir Lucius—We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres—What! fight him?

Sir Lucius—Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres—But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius—Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres—Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius—That's no argument at all: he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres—Gad, that's true. I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Lucius—What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul: they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres—Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart: I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were,—a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius—Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry in the O'Trigger line that would furnish the new room, every one of whom had killed his man! For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres — O Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds.*

Sir Lucius — Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case: these things should always be done civilly.

Acres — I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius, — I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! Indite, I say indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius — Pray compose yourself.

Acres — Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a "damme."

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now. "Sir —"

Acres — That's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius — "To prevent the confusion that might arise —"

Acres — Well —

Sir Lucius — "From our both addressing the same lady —"

Acres — Ay, there's the reason — "same lady": well —

Sir Lucius — "I shall expect the honor of your company —"

Acres — Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius — Pray be easy.

Acres — Well then, "honor of your company —"

Sir Lucius — "To settle our pretensions —"

Acres — Well —

Sir Lucius — Let me see: ay, King's-Mead Fields will do — "in King's-Mead Fields."

Acres — So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and a dagger — shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius — You see how this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres — Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius — Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres — Very true.

Sir Lucius — So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres — By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius — I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*

THE DUEL

From the 'Rivals'

Scene: King's-Mead Fields, Bath. Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger *and* Acres *with pistols.*

ACRES — By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius — Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now — I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres — Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius — Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres — No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards —

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres — Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring

him down at a long shot; — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius — Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand —

Sir Lucius — Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres — A quietus!

Sir Lucius — For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres — Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius — I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres — No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius — Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres — Odds files! I've practiced that — there, Sir Lucius — there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius — Now you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim — [*Leveling at him.*

Acres — Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius — Never fear.

Acres — But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius — Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance: for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres — A vital part!

Sir Lucius — But there — fix yourself so: [*placing him*] let him see the broad-side of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres — Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius — Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres — Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius [*looking at his watch*] — Sure they don't mean to disappoint us — hah! — no, faith, I think I see them coming.

Acres — Hey! — what! — coming!

Sir Lucius — Ay. Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres — There are two of them indeed! Well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Sir Lucius — Run!

Acres — No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres — Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but — I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius — O fie! Consider your honor.

Acres — Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius — Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres — Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me! Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius — Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres — Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius — Your honor — your honor! Here they are.

Acres — O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter Faulkland *and* Captain Absolute

Sir Lucius — Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! So — I suppose, sir, you are come here just like myself: to do a kind office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres — What — Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

Absolute—Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius—Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. [*To Faulkland.*] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland—My weapons, sir!

Acres—Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland: these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius—What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland—Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius—Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute—Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland—Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

Acres—No, no, Mr. Faulkland: I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius—Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres—Why, no, Sir Lucius: I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute—Hold, Bob—let me set you right: there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius—Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity—

Acres—What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute? Not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds, Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural!

Sir Lucius—Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres — Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres — Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls! —

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius — Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute — Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

Acres — Ay — at home!

Sir Lucius — Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin; so come out, my little counselor, [*draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Absolute — Come on then, sir: [*draws*] since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute, David, Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia, *and* Julia

David — Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony: knock down my master in particular, and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

Sir Anthony — Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy: how came you in a duel, sir?

Absolute — Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I: 'twas he called on me, — and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anthony — Here's a pretty fellow: I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! Zounds, sirrah! then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute—Sir, I tell you that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anthony—Gad, sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius—Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

Sir Anthony—Zounds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

Mrs. Malaprop—Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies.—Captain Absolute, come here: How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute—For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop—Nay, no delusions to the past: Lydia is convinced.—Speak, child.

Sir Lucius—With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark—

Lydia—What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Lucius—Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now: this is no time for trifling.

Lydia—'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Absolute—O my little angel, say you so! Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency: I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anthony—Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres—Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her,—by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Lucius—Captain, give me your hand: an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here—

[*Takes out letters.*

Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps I can illuminate—

Sir Lucius — Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia or not?

Lydia — Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not. [*Walks aside with Captain Absolute.*]

Mrs. Malaprop — Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are, I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes; I am Delia.

Sir Lucius — You Delia! — pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Malaprop — Why, thou barbarous Vandyke! those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Lucius — Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend Fighting Bob unprovided for.

Sir Lucius — Hah! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune?

Acres — Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius; forget and forgive: but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anthony — Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down: you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Malaprop — O Sir Anthony, men are all barbarians.

THE SCANDAL CLASS MEETS

From the 'School for Scandal'

Scene: A room in Lady Sneerwell's house. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite, *and* Joseph Surface *discovered.*

LADY SNEERWELL — Nay, positively we will hear it.

Joseph Surface — Yes, yes, the epigram; by all means.

Sir Benjamin — Oh, plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crabtree — No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benjamin — But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady

Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following: —

> Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
> Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies*:
> To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,—
> Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

Crabtree — There, ladies: done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph Surface — A very Phœbus, mounted — indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Benjamin — O dear, sir! trifles — trifles.

Enter Lady Teazle *and* Maria

Mrs. Candour — I must have a copy.

Lady Sneerwell — Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teazle — I believe he'll wait on your Ladyship presently.

Lady Sneerwell — Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria — I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your Ladyship pleases.

Lady Teazle [*aside*] — I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came.

Mrs. Candour — Now I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teazle — What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Candour — They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneerwell — Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabtree — I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Candour — She has a charming fresh color.

Lady Teazle — Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Candour — O fie! I'll swear her color is natural: I have seen it come and go!

* *I. e.*, resembling the «Italomaniac» dandies of the day.

Lady Teazle—I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin—True, ma'am: it not only comes and goes, but what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Candour—Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is—or was—very handsome.

Crabtree—Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. Candour—Now positively you wrong her: fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benjamin—Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneerwell—Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

Sir Benjamin—Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill; but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crabtree—Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. Candour—Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benjamin—Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teazle—Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

Mrs. Candour—How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teazle—Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: "How do you do, madam? Yes, madam." [*Mimics*

Lady Sneerwell—Very well, Lady Teazle: I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teazle—In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle

Sir Peter — Ladies, your most obedient.—[*Aside.*] Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Candour — I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter — That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Candour — Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teazle — What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Candour — Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneerwell — That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teazle — Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Candour — I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter — Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Candour — Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabtree — Yes; and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious,—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Candour — Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage: and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneerwell — Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Candour — True; and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benjamin — Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter [*aside*] — Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me!

Mrs. Candour — For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter — No, to be sure!

Sir Benjamin — Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teazle — Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes, — made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Candour — Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, — and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabtree — Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benjamin — So she has, indeed — an Irish front —

Crabtree — Caledonian locks —

Sir Benjamin — Dutch nose —

Crabtree — Austrian lips —

Sir Benjamin — Complexion of a Spaniard —

Crabtree — And teeth *à la Chinoise* —

Sir Benjamin — In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation —

Crabtree — Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest; and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Candour — Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter [*aside*] — Mercy on my life! — a person they dine with twice a week!

Mrs. Candour — Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle —

Sir Peter — Madam, madam, I beg your pardon — there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneerwell — Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature: too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter—Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle—True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benjamin—Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teazle—But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter—'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneerwell—O Lud, Sir Peter! would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter—Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneerwell—Go, you monster!

Mrs. Candour—But surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter—Yes, madam: I would have law-merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabtree—Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneerwell—Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter Servant, *who whispers* Sir Peter

Sir Peter—I'll be with them directly. [*Exit servant.*] [*Aside.*] I'll get away unperceived.

Lady Sneerwell—Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter—Your Ladyship must excuse me: I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.

[*Exit.*

Sir Benjamin—Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady Teazle—Oh, pray don't mind that: come, do let's hear them.

Exeunt all but Joseph Surface *and* Maria

Joseph Surface — Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria — How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph Surface — Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are: they have no malice at heart.

Maria — Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY

From the ‹School for Scandal›

Scene: A room in Sir Peter Teazle's *house. Enter* Sir Peter Teazle.

SIR PETER — When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution: a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grassplot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter Rowley

Rowley — Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter — Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley — What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir Peter — A good question to a married man!

Rowley — Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter — Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

Rowley — Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter — But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am myself the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley — Indeed!

Sir Peter — Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong. But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley — You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was at his years nearly as wild a spark; yet when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter — You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence; of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts: and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend Sir Oliver will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley — I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter — What! let me hear.

Rowley — Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter — How? you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley — I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter — Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together; but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley — Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Peter — Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits — however, he shall have his way; but pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley — Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter — What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though: I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley — By no means.

Sir Peter — For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think — Lord forgive me! — that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley — I understand you; but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter — Egad, and so we must — and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no, the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene: A room in Sir Peter Teazle's *house. Enter* Sir Peter *and* Lady Teazle.

Sir Peter — Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter—Very well, ma'am, very well: so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle—Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter—Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teazle—My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam: you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teazle—And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Peter—Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle—No, no, I don't: 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, madam: you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle—Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle—And then you know my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter — I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teazle — No — I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter — This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank,— in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle — Well then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; that is —

Sir Peter — My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle — Hem! hem!

Sir Peter — I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle — Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter — 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle — Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter — The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle — For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter — Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle — That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter — Ay, there's another precious circumstance,— a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teazle — Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter — Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle — What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter — Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle — Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter — Grace, indeed!

Lady Teazle — But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter — Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle — Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter — So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE AGREE TO DISAGREE

From the ‹School for Scandal›

Sir Peter Teazle *discovered: enter* Lady Teazle.

LADY TEAZLE — Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter — Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle—I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter—Two hundred pounds! what, a'n't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the payment.

Lady Teazle—Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir Peter—And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teazle—If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter—Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teazle—I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth; and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir Peter—Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady Teazle—Ay, so I was; and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter—Indeed!

Lady Teazle—Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Peter—Thank you.

Lady Teazle—And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter—And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady Teazle—And never differ again?

Sir Peter—No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teazle—I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter—Now, see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teazle—Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter—There now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teazle—Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir Peter—There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teazle—No, I'm sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

Sir Peter—There now! who begins first?

Lady Teazle—Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teazle—Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter—Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady Teazle—You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter—Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teazle—So much the better.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you,—a pert rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood!

Lady Teazle—And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty only because he could never meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter—Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teazle—No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter—I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe

you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds—

Lady Teazle—Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter—Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam; or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Teazle—Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, by-by! [*Exit.*

Sir Peter—Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either? Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

AUCTIONING OFF ONE'S RELATIVES

From the 'School for Scandal'

[Charles Surface, an amiable but dissipated young man of fashion, has decided to raise money for his pastimes by selling to a supposed «broker» his last salable property, the family portraits. The purchaser of them, under the name of «Mr. Premium,» is Charles's uncle, Sir Oliver Surface; who in disguise, desires to study his graceless nephew's character and extravagances.

The scene is the disfurnished mansion of Charles in London; and he is at table with several friends when the feigned Mr. Premium is presented.]

CHARLES SURFACE [*to Sir Oliver*]—Mr. Premium, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver—Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles—Oh no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver—Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing: I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you. Mustn't he, Moses?

Moses—Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles—Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

Sir Oliver—Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles—Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver—Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles—Nothing but live-stock—and that only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir Oliver—Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles—Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies—Sir Oliver Surface—from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver—That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles—Oh, no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver—Indeed! This is the first I've heard of it.

Charles—Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

Moses—Oh, yes! I'll swear to't.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

Charles—Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir Oliver — Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me — for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

Charles — Oh yes, you would! The moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver — Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles — What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliver — No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles — There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no: the climate has hurt him considerably — poor Uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told — and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

Sir Oliver — No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad — ha! ha! ha!

Charles — Ha! ha! ha! — you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver — No, no, I'm not.

Charles — Yes, yes, you are — ha! ha! ha! — you know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver — But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Charles — Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no: rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

Moses — Oh, yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver — Very true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

Moses — Yes, most undoubted!

Sir Oliver — But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles — How do you mean?

Sir Oliver — For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

Charles — O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls! [*Aloud.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

Charles — Yes, yes, so it was, — vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! [*Aloud.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles — You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium; for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses — I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver — So, so: nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles — Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

Sir Oliver — Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles — Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver — What! your great-uncles and aunts?

Charles — Ay; and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Now I give him up! [*Aloud.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odds life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles — Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver — Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. [*Aside.*] Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

Enter Careless

Careless — Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles — I can't come yet. I' faith, we are going to have a sale above-stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

Careless — Oh, burn your ancestors!

Charles — No, he may do that afterwards if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless — Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Oh, the profligates!

Charles — Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver — Oh, yes, I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction — ha! ha! [*Aside.*] Oh, the prodigal!

Charles — To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? [*Exeunt.*

Sir Oliver [*aside, as they go out*] — I'll never forgive him; never! never!

Scene: A picture room in Charles Surface's *house. Enter* Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface, Moses, *and* Careless.

Charles — Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in — here they are: the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver — And in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles — Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no *volontière grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no: the merit of these is the inveterate likeness — all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver — Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles — I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Careless — Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles — Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking the pedigree down.*] Here,

Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany: here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — What an unnatural rogue! — an *ex post facto* parricide!

Careless — Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed. 'Faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin — A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles — Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline: a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? Look at him — there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliver [*aside to Moses*] — Bid him speak.

Moses — Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles — Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles — Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. — Here now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see: a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten, — the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten — she's mine.

Charles — Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here now are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver — Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles — Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses — 'Tis a good bargain.

Charles — Careless! — This now is a grandfather of my mother's; a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses — Four guineas.

Charles — Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack: do let us knock his Lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver — By all means.

Careless — Gone!

Charles — And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver — That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

Careless — Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles — Here's a jolly fellow — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver — No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles — Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver — They're mine.

Charles — Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless — Ay, ay: that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver — Well, well, — anything to accommodate you: they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless — What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver — Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles — What, that? Oh, that's my Uncle Oliver! 'Twas done before he went to India.

Careless — Your Uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting

countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver—Upon my soul, sir, I do not: I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles—No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles—I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—I forgive him everything! [*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles—Don't tease me, master broker: I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—How like his father the dog is! [*Aloud.*] Well, well, I have done. [*Aside.*] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. [*Aloud.*] Here is a draught for your sum.

Charles—Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliver—You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles—Zounds! no, I tell you, once more.

Sir Oliver—Then never mind the difference: we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles—Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver—Yes, yes; I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles—But hold,—do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver—I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles—Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver—You're fixed on that?

Charles—Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aloud.*] Good-day!—Come, Moses. [*Aside.*] Let me hear now who dares call him a profligate! [*Exit with Moses.*

Careless—Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles—Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha! here's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless—I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles—Very true; and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless—Nothing else.

Charles—Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit Careless.*] So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see: two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant. [*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDLY CRITICISM

From 'The Critic'

Scene: The lodgings of Mr. *and* Mrs. Dangle. *Enter* Servant.

SERVANT—Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle—Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dangle—I confess he is a favorite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer—Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dangle—But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer—Never! He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty.

Dangle—Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

Sneer—Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and

shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism.

Dangle—There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer—You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dangle—Oh yes: he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer—Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dangle—Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most— [*Aside.*] He's here. [*Aloud*]—finished and most admirable perform—

Sir Fretful [*without*]—Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter Sir Fretful

Dangle—Ah, my dear friend! Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer—You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful,—never in your life.

Sir Fretful—You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. Dangle—They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

Dangle—Mrs. Dangle! Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now—he knows how she admires you, and—

Sir Fretful—O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to— [*Aside.*] A damned double-faced fellow!

Dangle—Yes, yes, Sneer will jest—but a better-humored—

Sir Fretful—Oh, I know—

Dangle—He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir Fretful [*aside*]—No, egad—or I should wonder how he came by it.

Dangle—But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir Fretful—No, no, I thank you: I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer—I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir Fretful—O Lud! no—never send a play there while I live— Hark'ee! [*Whispers to Sneer.*

Sneer—"Writes himself!" I know he does.

Sir Fretful—I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune; I say nothing. But this I will say,—Through all my knowledge of life, I have observed that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer—I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir Fretful—Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer—What! they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir Fretful—Steal! To be sure they may; and egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer—But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene; and he, you know, never—

Sir Fretful—That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer—That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir Fretful—And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole—

Dangle—If it succeeds.

Sir Fretful—Ay—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer—I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir Fretful—How?

Sneer—Swear he wrote it.

Sir Fretful—Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer—Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir Fretful—Hey! Sir!

Dangle—Oh, you know he never means what he says.

Sir Fretful—Sincerely, then,—you do like the piece?

Sneer—Wonderfully!

Sir Fretful—But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dangle—Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to—

Sir Fretful—With most authors it is just so, indeed: they are in general strangely tenacious! But for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer—Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fretful—Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer—I think it wants incident.

Sir Fretful—Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer—Yes: I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fretful—Good God!—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dangle—Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fretful—Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dangle—No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fretful—Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul: it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no, it don't fall off.

Dangle—Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dangle—No, indeed I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fretful [*crossing to Mrs. Dangle*]—Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. Dangle—Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece! but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fretful—Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dangle—O Lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fretful—Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play—a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle—Then I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fretful—Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dangle—I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

Dangle—Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fretful—The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal— Not that I ever read them! no! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle—You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fretful—No! quite the contrary: their abuse is in fact the best panegyric. I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer—Why, that's true; and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir Fretful—What? where?

Dangle—Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fretful—Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle—Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir Fretful—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer—Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir Fretful—O Lud, no!—anxious?—not I—not the least. I— But one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle—Sneer, do you recollect? [*Aside.*] Make out something.

Sneer [*aside, to Dangle*] — I will. [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fretful — Well, and pray now — not that it signifies — what might the gentleman say?

Sneer — Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

Sneer — That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book; where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

Sneer — Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha!

Sneer — In your most serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha!

Sneer — That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fretful — Ha!

Sneer — In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you, for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, incumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir Fretful [*after great agitation*] — Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer — Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fretful — I know it — I am diverted. Ha! ha! ha! — not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha! Very good! very good!

Sneer—Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dangle—A severe rogue! Ha! ha! But you are quite right; Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fretful—To be sure,—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse—why, one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another!

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIAN WARRIORS

From ‹Pizarro›

The scene represents the Temple of the Sun. The High Priest, Priests, *and* Virgins of the Sun, *discovered. A solemn march.* Ataliba *and the* Peruvian Warriors *enter on one side; on the other* Rolla, Alonzo, *and* Cora *with the* Child.

ATALIBA—Welcome, Alonzo! [*To Rolla.*] Kinsman, thy hand! —[*To Cora.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora—May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ataliba—In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rolla—Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is, Victory or death! our king, our country, and our God!

Ataliba—Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valor knows so well how to guard.

Rolla—Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!

Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs — covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: — The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[*Loud shouts of the Peruvian Warriors.*]

Ataliba [*embracing Rolla*] — Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.

[*A solemn procession commences. The Priests and Virgins arrange themselves on either side of the altar, which the High Priest approaches, and the solemnity begins. The invocation of the High Priest is followed by the choruses of the Priests and Virgins. Fire from above lights upon the altar. The whole assembly rise, and join in the thanksgiving.*]

Ataliba — Our offering is accepted. Now to arms, my friends; prepare for battle!

JOHN HENRY SHORTHOUSE

(1834-1903.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY mysticism is the dominant quality in the novels of John Henry Shorthouse. The spirit which informed the Tractarian movement, which produced 'The Blessèd Damozel' in poetry and 'Dante's Dream' in painting, produced in fiction 'John Inglesant' and 'The Countess Eve.' It is a spirit not wholly free from artificiality, because it is alien to the temper of the times; yet it possesses fascination for those who prefer the twilight passes of the world, leading perchance to the stars, above the electric-lighted highway leading direct to a city. It combines sensuousness with spirituality, day-dreams with keen knowledge, the Christianity of the 'Divine Comedy' with a kind of pagan delight in the offerings of earth.

JOHN H. SHORTHOUSE

'John Inglesant' is the best known of Mr. Shorthouse's novels: it is also the most perfect embodiment of this spirit of mysticism in fiction. The hero, whose name gives the title to the book, is a cavalier in the court of King Charles the First. There is an exquisite aroma about his character: he is a gentleman and a saint, a courtier with the soul of an anchorite. He adheres with scrupulous fidelity to the requirements of his order, yet he is haunted with visions of the Divine life: he is a mystic and a man of the world. It is the character of Inglesant which perhaps explains the fascination of this novel for a certain class of modern readers. The present generation are pre-eminently children of the world. Science has made it well-nigh ridiculous for men to do anything but turn to the best advantage what is here and now. So they nurse their desire of the impossible in secret; but they love its embodiment in fiction. John Inglesant is a thoroughly modern creation. His environment of Renaissance Italy and Cavalier England is due to the tact of the author, who perceived that the setting of this century for one who sees visions would be as incongruous in fiction as it is in actual life. The Rossettis and the Cardinal Newmans must be placed in long-ago beautiful years, if they would seem wholly natural.

It is in John Inglesant that the temper of the author is most fully expressed; and not of the author only, but of the poets, painters, and others of his ilk. There is the sensitiveness to the loveliness of nature; not the Wordsworthian spirit of philosophic detachment from it, but a kind of sensuous union with it, making it partaker both with the holy and unholy aspirations of men. When John Inglesant kneels to receive the sacrament at the church of Little Gidding, he is conscious of the «misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind,» as part of the gracious influence surrounding him. When he is tempted to ruin himself and another, he sees his evil passion reflected in nature:—

«He gazed another moment over the illumined forest, which seemed transfigured in the moonlight and the stillness into an unreal landscape of the dead. The poisonous mists crept over the tops of the cork-trees, and flitted across the long vistas in spectral forms, cowled and shrouded for the grave. Beneath the gloom, indistinct figures seemed to glide,—the personation of the miasma that made the place so fatal to human life.

«He turned to enter the room; but even as he turned, a sudden change came over the scene. The deadly glamour of the moonlight faded suddenly; a calm, pale solemn light settled over the forest; the distant line of hills shone out distinct and clear; the evil mystery of the place departed whence it came; a fresh and cooling breeze sprang up and passed through the rustling wood, breathing pureness and life. The dayspring was at hand in the Eastern sky.»

In his other novels, 'Sir Percival,' 'The Countess Eve,' 'Little Schoolmaster Mark,' 'Blanche, Lady Falaise,' Mr. Shorthouse makes similar use of nature. It is always the outward and visible sign of man's inward and spiritual state. There is the same mystical conception of human dwelling-places, as in a sense the houses of the soul. The beautiful ducal house in 'Sir Percival,' the Renaissance palace of the Duke of Umbria in 'John Inglesant,' is each expressive of the temperament of those who have dwelt therein. Architecture, to the mystic, is perhaps the most significant of all the arts. Shorthouse makes use of it, as much as of nature, to embody the mental moods of men. For music and musicians he has keen sympathy. 'The Countess Eve' is built out of music; the keen, wild sobbing music of the violin, its tremulous passion, its unutterable aspiration. 'The Master of the Violin' is another story of the same order. Music is constantly heard in 'John Inglesant' and in 'Sir Percival.' Shorthouse understands the value of music as Wagner understood it,—as all mystics understand it. It is the embodiment of all the senses; it is the embodiment of the soul.

As might be expected of a novelist who dwells in the half-seen world, the characters of Mr. Shorthouse are less like human beings than abstractions. John Inglesant is more of an ideal than of a

man. Constance in 'Sir Percival' is a Giotto woman,—a pale prayer only half clothed with humanity. The Countess Eve is delicate and unreal; and no force of passion can give life to her. Yet to be with these creations is to be in noble company. The idealism of their author is inspiring and regenerating. It is all the more so because it is clothed in very beautiful literary form. The style of 'John Inglesant' is exquisitely fitted to the thought of the book. Its passionate mysticism, its sense of the Unseen, its obedience to the Vision, make of it a work which could ill be spared to an age productive of Zola.

Mr. Shorthouse was born in Birmingham, England, in 1834. His death occurred in England, March 4, 1903.

INGLESANT VISITS MR. FERRAR'S RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY

From 'John Inglesant'

It was late in the autumn when he made this visit, about two months before Mr. Ferrar's death. The rich autumn foliage was lighted by the low sun, as he rode through the woods and meadows and across the sluggish streams of Bedford and Huntingdon. He slept at a village a few miles south of Little Gidding, and reached that place early in the day. It was a solitary, wooded place, with a large manor-house, and a little church close by. It had been for some time depopulated, and there were no cottages nor houses near. The manor-house and church had been restored to perfect order by Mr. Ferrar; and Inglesant reached it through a grove of trees planted in walks, with latticed paths and gardens on both sides. A brook crossed the road at the foot of the gentle ascent on which the house was built. He asked to see Mr. Ferrar, and was shown by a man-servant into a fair spacious parlor, where Mr. Ferrar presently came to him. Inglesant was disappointed at his appearance, which was plain and not striking in any way; but his speech was able and attractive. Johnny apologized for his bold visit, telling him how much taken he had been by his book, and by what he had heard of him and his family; and that what he had heard did not interest him merely out of curiosity, as he feared it might have done many, but out of sincere desire to learn something of the holy life which doubtless that family led. To this Mr. Ferrar replied that he was thankful to see any one who came in such a spirit; and that several not only of his own friends,—as

Mr. Crashaw the poet,—but many young students from the University at Cambridge, came to see him in a like spirit; to the benefit, he hoped, of both themselves and of him. He said with great humility, that although on the one hand very much evil had been spoken of him which was not true, he had no doubt that on the other, many things had been said about their holiness and the good that they did which went far beyond the truth. For his own part, he said he had adopted that manner of life through having long seen enough of the manners and vanities of the world; and holding them in low esteem, was resolved to spend the best of his life in mortifications and devotion, in charity, and in constant preparation for death. That his mother, his elder brother, his sisters, his nephews and nieces, being content to lead this mortified life, they spent their time in acts of devotion and by doing such good works as were within their power, —such as keeping a school for the children of the next parishes, for teaching of whom he provided three masters who lived constantly in the house. That for ten years they had lived this harmless life, under the care of his mother, who had trained her daughters and granddaughters to every good work: but two years ago they had lost her by death, and as his health was very feeble he did not expect long to be separated from her; but looked forward to his departure with joy, being afraid of the evil times he saw approaching.

When he had said this, he led Inglesant into a large handsome room up-stairs, where he introduced him to his sister, Mrs. Collet, and her daughters, who were engaged in making those curious books of Scripture Harmonies which had so pleased King Charles. These seven young ladies—who formed the junior part of the Society of the house, and were called by the names of the chief virtues, the Patient, the Cheerful, the Affectionate, the Submiss, the Obedient, the Moderate, the Charitable—were engaged at that moment in cutting out passages from two Testaments, which they pasted together so neatly as to seem one book, and in such a manner as to enable the reader to follow the narrative in all its particulars from beginning to end without a break, and also to see which of the sacred authors had contributed any particular part.

Inglesant told the ladies what fame reported of the nuns of Gidding: of two watching and praying all night; of their canonical hours; of their crosses on the outside and inside of their

chapel; of an altar there richly decked with plate, tapestry, and tapers; of their adoration and genuflexions at their entering. He told Mr. Ferrar that his object in visiting him was chiefly to know his opinion of the papists and their religion; as having been bred among them himself and being very nearly one of them, he was anxious to know the opinions of one who was said to hold many of their doctrines without joining them or approving them. Mr. Ferrar appeared at first shy of speaking: but being apparently convinced of the young man's sincerity, and that he was not an enemy in disguise, he conversed very freely with him for some time, speaking much of the love of God, and of the vanity of worldly things; of his dear friend Mr. George Herbert, and of his saintly life; of the confused and troublesome life he had formerly led, and of the great peace and satisfaction which he had found since he had left the world and betaken himself to that retired and religious life. That as regards the papists, his translating Valdessa's book was a proof that he knew that among them, as among all people, there were many true worshipers of Jesus, being drawn by the blessed sacrament to follow him in the spiritual and divine life; and that there were many things in that book similar to the mystical religion of which Inglesant spoke, which his dear friend Mr. George Herbert had disapproved, as exalting the inward spiritual life above the foundation of holy Scripture; that it was not for him, who was only a deacon in the church, to pronounce any opinion on so difficult a point, and that he had printed all Mr Herbert's notes in his book, without comment of his own; that though he was thus unwilling to give his own judgment, he certainly believed that this inward spiritual life was open to all men, and recommended Inglesant to continue his endeavors after it, seeking it chiefly in the holy sacrament accompanied with mortification and confession.

While they were thus talking, the hour of evening prayer arrived, and Mr. Ferrar invited Johnny to accompany him to the church; which he gladly did, being very much attracted by the evident holiness which pervaded Mr. Ferrar's talk and manner. The family proceeded to church in procession, Mr. Ferrar and Inglesant walking first. The church was kept in great order; the altar being placed upon a raised platform at the east end, and covered with tapestry stretching over the floor all round it, and adorned with plate and tapers. Mr. Ferrar bowed with great

reverence several times on approaching the altar, and directed Inglesant to sit in a stalled seat opposite the reading-pew, from which he said the evening prayer. The men of the family knelt on the raised step before the altar, the ladies and servants sitting in the body of the church. The church was very sweet, being decked with flowers and herbs, and the soft autumn light rested over it. From the seat where Inglesant knelt, he could see the faces of the girls as they bent over their books at prayers. They were all in black, except one, who wore a friar's gray gown; this was the one who was called the Patient, as Inglesant had been told in the house, and the singularity of her dress attracted his eye towards her during the prayers. The whole scene, strange and romantic as it appeared to him,—the devout and serious manner of the worshipers, very different from much that was common in churches at that day, and the abstracted and devout look upon the faces of the girls,—struck his fancy, so liable to such influences and so long trained to welcome them; and he could not keep his eyes from this one face, from which the gray hood was partly thrown back. It was a passive face, with well-cut delicate features and large and quiet eyes.

Prayers being over, the ladies saluted Inglesant from a distance, and left the church with the rest, in the same order as they had come, leaving Mr. Ferrar and Johnny alone. They remained some time discoursing on worship and church ceremonies, and then returned to the house. It was now late, and Mr. Ferrar, who was evidently much pleased with his guest, invited him to stay the night, and even extended his hospitality by asking him to stay over the next, which was Saturday, and the Sunday; upon which, as it was the first Sunday in the month, the holy sacrament would be administered, and several of Mr. Ferrar's friends from Cambridge would come over and partake of it, and to pass the night and day in prayer and acts of devotion. To this proposition Inglesant gladly consented; the whole proceeding appearing to him full of interest and attraction. Soon after they returned to the house, supper was served, all the family sitting down together at a long table in the hall. During supper some portion of Fox's 'Book of the Martyrs' was read aloud. Afterwards two hours were permitted for diversion, during which all were allowed to do as they pleased.

The young ladies, having found out that Inglesant was a queen's page, were very curious to hear of the court and royal

family from him; which innocent request Mr. Ferrar encouraged, and joined in himself. One reason of the success with which his mother and he had ruled this household appears to have been his skill in interesting and attracting all its inmates by the variety and pleasant character of their occupations. He was also much interested himself in what Johnny told him,—for in this secluded family, themselves accustomed to prudence, Inglesant felt he might safely speak of many things upon which he was generally silent: and after prayers, when the family were retired to their several rooms, Mr. Ferrar remained with him some time, while Johnny related to him the aspect of religious parties at the moment; and particularly all that he could tell, without violating confidence, of the papists and of his friend the Jesuit.

The next morning they rose at four; though two of the family had been at prayer all night, and did not go to rest till the others rose. They went into the oratory in the house itself to prayers, for they kept six times of prayer during the day. At six they said the psalms of the hour,—for every hour had its appropriate psalms,—and at half past six went to church for matins. When they returned at seven o'clock, they said the psalm of the hour, sang a short hymn, and went to breakfast. After breakfast, when the younger members of the family were at their studies, Mr. Ferrar took Inglesant to the school where all the children in the neighborhood were permitted to come. At eleven they went to dinner; and after dinner there was no settled occupation till one, every one being allowed to amuse himself as he chose. The young ladies had been trained not only to superintend the house, but to wait on any sick persons in the neighborhood who came to the house at certain times for assistance, and to dress the wounds of those who were hurt, in order to give them readiness and skill in this employment, and to habituate them to the virtues of humility and tenderness of heart. A large room was set apart for this purpose, where Mr. Ferrar had instructed them in the necessary skill; having been himself Physic Fellow at Clare Hall in Cambridge, and under the celebrated professors at Padua, in Italy. This room Inglesant requested to see, thinking that he should in this way also see something of and be able to speak to the young ladies, whose acquaintance he had hitherto not had much opportunity of cultivating. Mr. Ferrar told his nephew to show it him—young Nicholas Ferrar, a young man of extraordinary skill in languages,

who was afterwards introduced to the King and Prince Charles. some time before his early death.

When they entered the room, Inglesant was delighted to find that the only member of the family there was the young lady in the gray friar's habit, whose face had attracted him so much in church. She was listening to the long tiresome tale of an old woman; following the example of George Herbert, who thought on a similar occasion, that "it was some relief to a poor body to be heard with patience." Johnny, who in spite of his Jesuitical and court training was naturally modest, and whose sense of religion made him perfectly well-bred, accosted the young lady very seriously, and expressed his gratitude at having been permitted to stay and see so many excellent and improving things as that family had to show. The liking which the head of the house had evidently taken for Inglesant disposed the younger members in his favor, and the young lady answered him simply and unaffectedly, but with manifest pleasure.

Inglesant inquired concerning the assumed names of the sisters, and how they sustained their respective qualities, and what exercises suited to these qualities they had to perform. She replied that they had exercises, or discourses, which they performed at the great festivals of the year, Christmas and Easter; and which were composed with reference to their several qualities. All of these, except her own, were enlivened by hymns and odes composed by Mr. Ferrar, and set to music by the music-master of the family, who accompanied the voices with the viol or the lute. But her own, she said, had never any music or poetry connected with it: it was always of a very serious turn, and much longer than any other, and had not any historical anecdote or fable interwoven with it; the contrivance being to exercise that virtue to which she was devoted. Inglesant asked her with pity if this was not very hard treatment; and she only replied, with a smile, that she had the enjoyment of all the lively performances of the others.

He asked her whether they looked forward to passing all their lives in this manner, or whether they allowed the possibility of any change; and if she had entirely lost her own name in her assumed one, or whether he might presume to ask it, that he might have wherewithal to remember her by, as he surely should as long as he had life. She said her name was Mary Collet; and that as to his former question, two of her sisters had had, at

one time, a great desire to become veiled virgins,—to take upon them a vow of perpetual chastity, with the solemnity of a bishop's blessing and ratification, but on going to Bishop Williams he had discouraged and at last dissuaded them from it.

Inglesant and the young lady remained talking in this way for some time, young Nicholas Ferrar having left them; but at last she excused herself from staying any longer, and he was obliged to let her go. He ventured to say that he hoped they would remember him; that he was utterly ignorant of the future that lay before him, but that whatever fate awaited him, he should never forget the "Nuns of Gidding" and their religious life. She replied that they would certainly remember him, as they did all their acquaintances, in their daily prayer; especially as she had seldom seen her uncle so pleased with a stranger as he had been with him. With these compliments they parted, and Inglesant returned to the drawing-room, where more visitors had arrived.

In the afternoon there came from Cambridge Mr. Crashaw the poet, of Peterhouse,—who afterwards went over to the papists, and died canon of Loretto,—and several gentlemen, undergraduates of Cambridge, to spend the Sunday at Gidding, being the first Sunday of the month. Mr. Crashaw, when Inglesant was introduced to him as one of the queen's pages, finding that he was acquainted with many Roman Catholics, was very friendly, and conversed with him apart. He said he conceived a great admiration for the devout lives of the Catholic saints, and of the government and discipline of the Catholic Church; and that he feared that the English Church had not sufficient authority to resist the spread of Presbyterianism, in which case he saw no safety except in returning to the communion of Rome. Walking up and down the garden paths, after evening prayers in church, he spoke a great deal on this subject, and on the beauty of a retired religious life; saying that here at Little Gidding and at Little St. Marie's Church, near to Peterhouse, he had passed the most blissful moments of his life, watching at midnight in prayer and meditation.

That night Mr. Crashaw, Inglesant, and one or two others, remained in the church from nine till twelve, during which time they said over the whole Book of Psalms in the way of antiphony, one repeating one verse and the rest the other. The time of their watch being ended they returned to the house, went to

Mr. Ferrar's door and bade him good-morrow, leaving a lighted candle for him. They then went to bed; but Mr. Ferrar arose, according to the passage of Scripture "At midnight I will arise and give thanks," and went into the church, where he betook himself to religious meditation.

Early on the Sunday morning the family were astir and said prayers in the oratory. After breakfast many people from the country around, and more than a hundred children, came in. These children were called the Psalm children, and were regularly trained to repeat the Psalter, and the best voices among them to assist in the service on Sundays. They came in every Sunday, and according to the proficiency of each were presented with a small piece of money, and the whole number entertained with a dinner after church. The church was crowded at the morning service before the sacrament. The service was beautifully sung, the whole family taking the greatest delight in church music, and many of the gentlemen from Cambridge being amateurs. The sacrament was administered with the greatest devotion and solemnity. Impressed as he had been with the occupation of the preceding day and night, and his mind excited with watching and want of sleep and with the exquisite strains of the music, the effect upon Inglesant's imaginative nature was excessive.

Above the altar, which was profusely bedecked with flowers, the antique glass of the east window, which had been carefully repaired, contained a figure of the Savior, of an early and severe type. The form was gracious and yet commanding, having a brilliant halo round the head, and being clothed in a long and apparently seamless coat; the two forefingers of the right hand were held up to bless. Kneeling upon the half-pace, as he received the sacred bread and tasted the holy wine, this gracious figure entered into Inglesant's soul; and stillness and peace unspeakable, and life, and light, and sweetness, filled his mind. He was lost in a sense of rapture; and earth and all that surrounded him faded away. When he returned a little to himself, kneeling in his seat in the church, he thought that at no period of his life, however extended, should he ever forget that morning, or lose the sense and feeling of that touching scene, of that gracious figure over the altar, of the bowed and kneeling figures, of the misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind. Heaven itself seemed to have opened to him, and one

fairer than the fairest of the angelic hosts to have come down to earth.

After the service, the family and all the visitors returned to the mansion house in the order in which they had come, and the Psalm children were entertained with a dinner in the great hall; all the family and visitors came in to see them served, and Mrs. Collet, as her mother had always done, placed the first dish on the table herself to give an example of humility. Grace having been said, the bell rang for the dinner of the family, who, together with the visitors, repaired to the great dining-room, and stood in order round the table. While the dinner was being served, they sang a hymn accompanied by the organ at the upper end of the room. Then grace was said by the priest who had celebrated the communion, and they sat down. All the servants who had received the sacrament that day sat at table with the rest. During dinner, one of the young people whose turn it was read a chapter from the Bible; and when that was finished, conversation was allowed,—Mr. Ferrar and some of the other gentlemen endeavoring to make it of a character suitable to the day, and to the service they had just taken part in. After dinner they went to church again for evening prayer; between which service and supper, Inglesant had some talk with Mr. Ferrar concerning the papists, and Mr. Crashaw's opinion of them.

"I ought to be a fit person to advise you," said Mr. Ferrar with a melancholy smile, "for I am myself, as it were, crushed between the upper and nether millstone of contrary reports; for I suffer equal obloquy—and no martyrdom is worse than that of continual obloquy—both for being a papist and a Puritan. You will suppose there must be some strong reason why I, who value so many things among the papists so much, have not joined them myself. I should probably have escaped much violent invective if I had done so. You are very young, and are placed where you can see and judge of both parties. You possess sufficient insight to try the spirits, whether they be of God. Be not hasty to decide; and before you decide to join the Romish communion, make a tour abroad, and if you can, go to Rome itself. When I was in Italy and Spain, I made all the inquiries and researches I could. I bought many scarce and valuable books in the languages of those countries, in collecting which I had a principal eye to those which treated on the subjects of spiritual life, devotion, and religious retirement; but the result of all was that I am now, and I shall die,—as I believe and hope shortly,—in

the communion of the English Church. This day, as I believe, the blessed sacrament has been in the church before our eyes; and what can you or I desire more?"

The next morning before Inglesant left, Mr. Ferrar showed him his foreign collections, his great treasure of rarities and of prints of the best masters of that time, mostly relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments. Inglesant dined with the family, of whom he took leave with a full heart; saluting the ladies with the pleasant familiarity which the manners of the time permitted. Mr. Ferrar went with him to the borders of the parish, and gave him his blessing. They never saw each other again, for two months afterwards Nicholas Ferrar was in his grave.

THE VISIT TO THE ASTROLOGER

From 'John Inglesant'

After two or three days, Eustace [Inglesant] told his brother one morning that he was ready to go into the West; but before starting, he said he wished Johnny to accompany him to a famous astrologer in Lambeth Marsh, to whom already he had shown the horoscope, and who had appointed a meeting that night to give his answer, and who had also promised to consult a crystal as an additional means of obtaining information of the future.

Accordingly, late in the afternoon, they took a wherry at the Temple Stairs, and were ferried over to Lambeth Marsh, a wide extent of level ground between Southwark and the Bishop's Palace, on which only a few straggling houses had been built. The evening was dark and foggy, and a cold wind swept across the marsh, making them wrap their short cloaks closely about them. It was almost impossible to see more than a yard or two before them; and they would probably have found great difficulty in finding the wizard's house, had not a boy with a lantern met them a few paces from the river, who inquired if they were seeking the astrologer. This was the wizard's own boy, whom, with considerable worldly prudence at any rate, he had dispatched to find his clients and bring them to the house. The boy brought them into a long low room, with very little furniture in it, a small table at the upper end, with a large chair

behind it, and three or four high-backed chairs placed along the wall. On the floor, in the middle of the room, was a large double circle; but there were no figures or signs of any kind about it. On the table was a long thin rod. A lamp which hung from the roof over the table cast a faint light about the room, and a brazier of lighted coals stood in the chimney.

The astrologer soon entered the room, with the horoscope Eustace had left with him in his hand. He was a fine-looking man, with a serious and lofty expression of face, dressed in a black gown, with the square cap of a divine, and a fur hood or tippet. He bowed courteously to the gentlemen, who saluted him with great respect. His manner was coldest to John Inglesant, whom he probably regarded with suspicion as an amateur. He however acknowledged that Inglesant's criticisms on the horoscope were correct; but pointed out to him that in his own reading of it many of the aspects were very adverse. John Inglesant knew this, though he had chosen to conceal it from his brother. The astrologer then informed them that he had drawn out a scheme of the heavens himself at the moment when first consulted by Eustace; and that, in quite different ways and by very different aspects, much the same result had been arrived at. "As, however," he went on to say, "the whole question is to some extent vitiated by the suspicion of foul play, and it will be impossible for any of us to free our minds entirely from these suspicions, I do not advise any farther inquiry; but I propose that you should consult a consecrated beryl or crystal, a mode of inquiry far more high and certain than astrology,—so much so, indeed, that I will seriously confess to you that I use the latter but as the countenance and blind; but this search in the crystal is by the help of the blessed spirits, and is open only to the pure from sin, and to men of piety, humility, and charity."

As he said these words, he produced from the folds of his gown a large crystal or polished stone, set in a circle of gold, supported by a silver stand. Round the circle were engraved the names of angels. He placed this upon the table, and continued:—

"We must pray to God that he will vouchsafe us some insight into this precious stone: for it is a solemn and serious matter upon which we are, second only to that of communication with the angelical creatures themselves; which indeed is vouchsafed to some, but only to those of the greatest piety, to which

we may not aspire. Therefore let us kneel down and humbly pray to God."

They all knelt; and the adept, commencing with the Prayer Book collect for the festival of St. Michael, recited several other prayers, all for extreme and spotless purity of life.

He then rose, the two others continuing on their knees, and struck a small bell, upon which the boy whom they had before seen entered the room by a concealed door in the wainscot. He was a pretty boy, with a fair and clean skin, and was dressed in a surplice similar to those worn by choristers. He took up a position by the crystal, and waited his master's orders.

"I have said," continued the adept, "that these visions can be seen only by the pure, and by those who, by long and intense looking into the spiritual world, have at last penetrated somewhat into its gloom. I have found these mostly to be plain and simple people, of an earnest faith,—country people, grave-diggers, and those employed to shroud the dead, and who are accustomed to think much upon objects connected with death. This boy is the child of the sexton of Lambeth Church, who is himself a godly man. Let us pray to God."

Upon this he knelt down again and remained for some time engaged in silent prayer. He then rose and directed the boy to look into the crystal, saying, "One of these gentlemen desires news of his wife."

The boy looked intently into the crystal for some moments, and then said, speaking in a measured and low voice:—

"I see a great room, in which there is a bed with rich hangings; pendent from the ceiling is a silver lamp. A tall dark man, with long hair, and a dagger in his belt, is bending over the bed with a cup in his hand."

"It is my wife's room," said Eustace in a whisper, "and it is no doubt the Italian: he is tall and dark."

The boy continued to look for some time into the crystal, but said nothing; then he turned to his master and said, "I can see nothing; some one more near to this gentleman must look; this other gentleman," he said suddenly, and turning to John Inglesant, "if he looks, will be able to see."

The astrologer started. "Ah!" he said, "why do you say that, boy?"

"I can tell who will see aught in the crystal, and who will not," replied the boy: "this gentleman will see."

The astrologer seemed surprised and skeptical, but he made a sign to Inglesant to rise from his knees, and to take his place by the crystal.

He did so, and looked steadily into it for some seconds; then he shook his head.

"I can see nothing," he said.

"Nothing!" said the boy: "can you see nothing?"

"No. I see clouds and mist."

"You have been engaged," said the boy, "in something that was not good — something that was not true; and it has dimmed the crystal sight. Look steadily, and if it is as I think, that your motive was not false, you will see more."

Inglesant looked again; and in a moment or two gave a start, saying,—"The mist is breaking! I see; — I see a large room, with a chimney of carved stone, and a high window at the end; in the window and on the carved stone is the same coat many times repeated, — three running greyhounds proper, on a field vert."

"I know the room," said Eustace: "it is the inn parlor at Mintern, not six miles from Oulton. It was the manor of the Vinings before the wars, but is now an inn; that was their coat."

"Do you see aught else?" said the adept.

Inglesant gave a long look; then he stepped back, and gazed at the astrologer, and from him to his brother, with a faltering and ashy look.

"I see a man's figure lie before the hearth, and the hearth-stone is stained, as if with blood. Eustace, it is either you or I!"

"Look again," said the adept eagerly, "look again!"

"I will look no more!" said Inglesant fiercely; "this is the work of a fiend, to lure men to madness or despair!"

As he spoke, a blast of wind — sudden and strong — swept through the room; the lamp burned dim; and the fire in the brazier went out. A deathly coldness filled the apartment, and the floor and the walls seemed to heave and shake. A loud whisper, or muffled cry, seemed to fill the air; and a terrible awe struck at the hearts of the young men. Seizing the rod from the table, the adept assumed a commanding attitude, and waved it to and fro in the air; gradually the wind ceased, the dread coldness abated, and the fire burned again of its own accord. The adept gazed at Inglesant with a stern and set look.

"You are of a strange spirit, young sir," he said: "pure in heart enough to see things which many holy men have desired

in vain to see; and yet so wild and rebellious as to anger the blessed spirits with your self-will and perverse thoughts. You will suffer fatal loss, both here and hereafter, if you learn not to give up your own will, and your own fancies, before the heavenly will and call."

Inglesant stared at the man in silence. His words seemed to him to mean far more than perhaps he himself knew. They seemed to come into his mind, softened with anxiety for his brother, and shaken by these terrible events, with the light of a revelation. Surely this was the true secret of his wasted life, however strange might be the place and action which revealed it to him. Whatever he might think afterwards of this night, it might easily stand to him as an allegory of his own spirit, set down before him in a figure. Doubtless he was perverse and headstrong under the pressure of the Divine Hand; doubtless he had followed his own notions rather than the voice of the inward monitor he professed to hear; henceforth, surely, he would give himself up more entirely to the heavenly voice.

Eustace appeared to have seen enough of the future, and to be anxious to go. He left a purse of gold upon the wizard's table; and hurried his brother to take his leave.

Outside, the air was perfectly still; a thick motionless fog hung over the marsh and the river; not a breath of wind stirred.

"That was a strange wind that swept by as you refused to look," said Eustace to his brother: "do you really think the spirits were near, and were incensed?"

Inglesant did not reply: he was thinking of another spirit than that the wizard had evoked.

They made their way through the fog to Lambeth, and took boat again to the Temple Stairs.

JOHN INGLESANT MAKES A JOURNEY, AND MEETS HIS BROTHER'S MURDERER

From 'John Inglesant'

It was long before sunrise that Inglesant set out, accompanied by his train, hoping to cross the mountains before the heat began. His company consisted of several men-at-arms, with their grooms and horse-boys, and the Austrian page. They ascended the mountains in the earlier part of the night, and

towards dawn they reached a flat plain. The night had been too dark to allow them to see the steep and narrow defiles, full of oaks and beech; and as they passed over the dreary plain in the white mist, their figures seemed vast and indistinct in the dim light: but now, as the streaks of the dawn grew brighter in the east behind them, they could see the fir-trees clothing the distant slopes, and here and there one of the higher summits still covered with white snow. The scene was cold and dead and dreary as the grave. A heavy mist hung over the mountain plain, and an icy lake lay black and cold beneath the morning sky. As they reached the crest of the hill the mist rose, stirred by a little breeze at sunrise, and the gorges of the descent lay clear before them. The sun arose behind them, gilding the mountain-tops, and tracing streaks and shades of color on the rising mist sparkling with glittering dewdrops; while dark and solemn beneath them lay the pine-clothed ravines and sloping valleys, with here and there a rocky peak; and farther down still the woods and hills gave place at last to the plain of the Tiber, at present dark and indistinguishable in the night.

As the sun arose behind them, one by one the pine ravines became lighted, and the snowy summits, soft and pink with radiant light, stood out against the sky, which became every instant of a deeper blue. The sunlight, stealing down the defiles and calling forth into distinct shape and vision tree and rock and flashing stream, spread itself over the oak woods in the valleys, and shone at last upon the plain, embossed and radiant with wood and green meadow, and marble towers and glistering water —the waters of the Tiber running onward towards Rome. Mysterious forms and waves of light, the creatures of the morning and of the mist, floated before the sight, and from the dark fir-trees murmurs and mutterings of ethereal life fell upon the ear. Sudden and passionate flushes of color tinted the pine woods and were gone; and beneath the branches and across the paths, fairy lights played for a moment and passed away.

The party halted more than once, but it was necessary to make the long descent before the heat began, and they commenced carefully to pick their way down the stony mountain road, which wound down the ravines in wild unequal paths. The track, now precipitous, now almost level, took them round corners and masses of rock sometimes hanging above their heads, revealing continually new reaches of valleys and new defiles clothed

with fir and oak. Mountain flowers and trailing ivy and creeping plants hung in festoons on every side, lizards ran across the path, birds fluttered above them or darted into the dark recesses where the mountain brooks were heard; everything sang the morning psalm of life, with which, from field and mountain solitudes, the free children of nature salute the day.

The Austrian boy felt the beauty of the scene, and broke out into singing.

"When the northern gods," he said to Inglesant, "rode on their chevisance, they went down into the deep valleys singing magic songs. Let us into this dark valley, singing magic songs, also go down: who knows what strange and hidden deity, since the old pagan times lost and forgotten, we may find among the dark fir dingles and the laurel shades?"

And he began to sing some love ditty.

Inglesant did not hear him. The beauty of the scene, ethereal and unreal in its loveliness, following upon the long dark mountain ride, his sleepless nights and strange familiarity with approaching death by the couch of the old duke, confused his senses, and a presentiment of impending fate filled his mind. The recollection of his brother rose again in his remembrance, distinct and present as in life; and more than once he fancied that he heard his voice, as the cry of some mountain beast or sound of moaning trees, came up the pass. No other foreshadowing than this very imperfect one warned him of the approaching crisis of his life.

The sun was fully up, and the light already brilliant and intense, when they approached a projecting point where the slope of wood ended in a tower of rock jutting upon the road. The path by which they approached it was narrow and ragged; but beyond the rock the ground spread itself out, and the path was carried inward towards the right, having the sloping hillside on the one hand covered with scattered oaks, while on the other a slip of ground separated it from the ravine. At the turning of the road, where the opening valley lay before them as they reached the corner, face to face with Inglesant as he checked his horse was the Italian, the inquisitive stranger of the theatre at Florence, the intruder into the Conclave, the masque of the Carnival ball, the assassin of the Corso,—that Malvolti who had treacherously murdered his brother and sought his own life. Alone and weary, his clothes worn and threadbare, he came

toiling up the pass. Inglesant reined in his horse suddenly, a strange and fierce light in his eyes and face. The Italian started back like some wild creature of the forest brought suddenly to bay, a terrified cry broke from him, and he looked wildly round as if intending flight. The nature of the ground caught him as in a trap: on the one hand the sloping hillside, steep and open, on the other tangled rugged ground, slightly rising between the road and the precipice, cut off all hope of sudden flight. He looked wildly round for a moment; then, when the horsemen came round the rocky wall and halted behind their leader, his eyes came back to Inglesant's face, and he marked the smile upon his lips and in his eyes, and saw his hand steal downward to the hunting-piece he carried at the saddle; then with a terrible cry he threw himself on his knees before the horse's head, and begged for pity,—pity and life.

Inglesant took his hand from his weapon, and turning slightly to the page and to the others behind him, he said:—

"This man, messeri, is a murderer and a villain, steeped in every crime; a cruel secret midnight cut-throat and assassin; a lurker in secret corners to murder the innocent. He took my brother, a noble gentleman whom I was proud to follow, treacherously at an advantage, and slew him. I see him now before me lying in his blood. He tried to take my life,—I, who scarcely even knew him,—in the streets of Rome. Now he begs for mercy. What say you, gentlemen? what is his due?"

"Shoot the dog through the head. Hang him on the nearest tree. Carry him into Rome and torture him to death."

The Italian still continued on his knees, his hands clasped before him, his face working with terror and agony that could not be disguised.

"Mercy, monsignore," he cried. "Mercy! I cannot, I dare not, I am not fit to die. For the blessed Host, monsignore, have mercy—for the love of Jesu—for the sake of Jesu."

As he said these last words Inglesant's attitude altered, and the cruel light faded out of his eyes. His hand ceased to finger the carabine at his saddle; and he sat still upon his horse, looking down upon the abject wretch before him, while a man might count fifty. The Italian saw, or thought he saw, that his judge was inclining to mercy, and he renewed his appeals for pity.

"For the love of the crucifix, monsignore; for the Blessed Virgin's sake."

But Inglesant did not seem to hear him. He turned to the horsemen behind him, and said:—

"Take him up, one of you, on the crupper. Search him first for arms. Another keep his eye on him; and if he moves or attempts to escape, shoot him dead. You had better come quietly," he continued: "it is your only chance for life."

Two of the men-at-arms dismounted and searched the prisoner, but found no arms upon him. He seemed indeed to be in the greatest distress from hunger and want, and his clothes were ragged and thin. He was mounted behind one of the soldiers and closely watched; but he made no attempt to escape, and indeed appeared to have no strength or energy for such an effort.

They went on down the pass for about an Italian league. The country became more thickly wooded; and here and there on the hillsides, patches of corn appeared, and once or twice in a sheltered spot a few vines. At length, on the broad shoulder of the hill round which the path wound, they saw before them a few cottages; and above them on the hillside, in a position that commanded the distant pass till it opened on the plain, was a chapel, the bell of which had just ceased ringing for mass.

Inglesant turned his horse's head up the narrow stony path; and when the gate was reached, he dismounted and entered the chapel, followed by his train. The cappella had apparently been built of the remains of some temple or old Roman house; for many of the stones of the front were carved in bold relief. It was a small narrow building, and possessed no furniture save the altar and a rude pulpit built of stones; but behind the altar, painted on the plaster of the wall, was the rood or crucifix, the size of life. Who the artist had been, cannot now be told: it might have been the pupil of some great master, who had caught something of the master's skill; or perhaps, in the old time, some artist had come up the pass from Borgo San Sepolcro, and had painted it for the love of his art and of the Blessed Virgin; but whoever had done it, it was well done, and it gave a sanctity to the little chapel, and possessed an influence, of which the villagers were not unconscious, and of which they were even proud.

The mass had commenced some short time as the train entered, and such few women and peasants as were present turned in surprise.

Inglesant knelt upon the steps before the altar, and the men-at-arms upon the floor of the chapel; the two who guarded the prisoner keeping close behind their leader.

The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping, but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and, influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the sacrament. He took it; and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the mass.

Then Inglesant rose; and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar, with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands.

"My father," he said, "I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio; and as I came across the mountains this morning on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother,—a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law either of earth or heaven, a guilty monster steeped in every crime. Him, as soon as I had met him,—sent by this lonely and untrodden way as it seems to me by the Lord's hand,—I thought to crush at once, as I would a venomous beast, though he is worse than any beast. But, my father, he has appealed from me to the adorable name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord's hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Henceforth he is safe from earthly retribution, but the Divine Powers are just. Take this sword, reverend father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ himself; and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul."

The priest took the sword; and kneeling before the altar, placed it thereon like a man acting in a dream.

He was one of those childlike peasant-priests to whom the great world was unknown; and to whom his mountain solitudes were peopled as much by the saints and angels of his breviary, as by the peasants who shared with him the solitudes and the legends that gave to these mountain fastnesses a mysterious awe. To such a man as this it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St. George himself, in jeweled armor, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light, his shining sword in his hand.

He turned again to Inglesant, who had knelt down once more.

"It is well done, monsignore," he said, "as all that thou doest doubtless is most well. The sword shall remain here as thou sayest, and the Lord doubtless will work his blessed will. But I entreat, monsignore, thy intercession for me, a poor sinful man; and when thou returnest to thy place, and seest again the Lord Jesus, that thou wilt remind him of his unworthy priest. Amen."

Inglesant scarcely heard what he said, and certainly did not understand it. His sense was confused by what had happened, and by the sudden overmastering impulse upon which he had acted. He moved as in a dream; nothing seemed to come strange to him, nothing startled him, and he took slight heed of what passed. He placed his embroidered purse, heavy with gold, in the priest's hand, and in his excitement totally forgot to name his brother, for whose repose masses were to be said.

He signed to his men to release the prisoner; and, his trumpets sounding to horse before the chapel gate, he mounted and rode on down the pass.

But his visit was not forgotten: and long afterward — perhaps even to the present day — popular tradition took the story up, and related that once, when the priest of the mountain chapel was a very holy man, the blessed St. George himself, in shining armor, came across the mountains one morning very early, and himself partook of the sacrament, and all his train; and appealed triumphantly to the magic sword, set with gold and precious stones, that lay upon the altar from that morning, — by virtue of which no harm can befall the village, no storm strike it, and above all, no pillage of armed men or any violence can occur.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554–1586)

BY PITTS DUFFIELD

WHEN I was a boy nine years old," says Aubrey the antiquary, "I was with my father at one Mr. Singleton's, an alderman and woollen draper, in Gloucester, who had in his parlour over the chimney the whole description of Sir Philip Sidney's funerall, engraved and printed on papers pasted together, which at length was, I believe, the length of the room at least. But he had contrived it to be twined upon two pinnes, that turning one of them made the figures march all in order. It did make such a strong impression on my young tender phantasy that I remember it as if it were but yesterday." The pageantry of Sir Philip Sidney's life and death is still potent to impress the tender fancy, young or old; it cannot be forgotten by anybody who to-day would meddle with the estimate put upon him by his contemporaries. That he was the embodied ideal of all the Elizabethan world held noble in life and art, there is an almost inconceivable amount of tribute to testify. All England and most of Europe went into mourning at his death; and while he lived, the name of Astrophel was one that poets conjured with. Bruno the philosopher, Languet the Huguenot, enshrined him in their affections; and Sir Fulke Greville the thinker, in the never-to-be-forgotten epitaph, was proud to remember that besides having been servant to Queen Elizabeth and counselor to King James, he had been also Sir Philip Sidney's friend.

The extraordinary charm of this celebrated personality is hardly to be accounted for completely by the flavor of high romance about him, or by attributing to him what nowadays has been called personal magnetism. Something of temperamental magic there must have been, to be sure; but even in his short life there was something also of distinct purpose and achievement. When in his thirty-second year — for he was born November 29th, 1554, and died October 5th, 1586 — he received his death wound at the siege of Zutphen, he had already gained the reputation of more than ordinary promise in statesmanship, and had made himself an authority in questions of letters. The results of modern scholarship seem to show, on the whole, that his renown was more richly deserved than subsequent opinion has always been willing to admit.

In the first place, Sidney's devotion to art was steadfast and sincere. Throughout his travels on the Continent, whether in the midst of the terrors of St. Bartholomew in Paris, or of the degenerative Italy,—which for its manifold temptations old Roger Ascham declared a Circe's court of vice,—he held a high-spirited philosophy which kept him alike from evil and from bigotry. Dante and Petrarch more than any fleshly following were his companions in Italy. On the grand tour or in his foreign missions, as his writings always show, he was ever the true observer. In the splendors of Elizabeth's court—such as, for instance, the Kenilworth progress, which his uncle the Earl of Leicester devised for the gratification of the Queen's Majesty—he had always an eye for the romantic aspects of things, and a thought for the significance of them. The beautiful face in the Warwick Castle portrait—lofty with the truth of a soul that derives itself from Plato—cannot have been the visage of a nature careless of its intellectual powers or its fame; but of one most serious, as his friend Fulke Greville testifies, and strenuous in his public duty. The celebrated romance of 'Arcadia'—which he wrote for his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in retirement at Penshurst, his birthplace, after his courageous letter of remonstrance to the Queen concerning the French match—is entirely the outcome of a mind that did its own thinking, and made even its idle thoughts suggestive in the study of the literature.

At first sight the Countess of Pembroke's 'Arcadia' may seem, indeed, but the "vain amatorious poem" which Milton condemned Charles I. for using upon the scaffold. Sidney himself might have called it a poem: for "it is not rhyming and versing," he says, "that maketh a poet; but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by:" and he did call it, in his dedication, "an idle work,"—"a trifle and trifling handled." But it is to be noted that what Charles used of it was a prayer put originally in the mouth of Pamela, and that Dr. Johnson declared his use of it was innocent. Pamela also, in spite of the trifling diversions of Philip and his sister the Countess, has a way of pretty often growing eloquent on serious matters. "You say yesterday was as to-day," she exclaims. "O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish since wit makes you foolish, what does that argue but that there is a constancy in the everlasting governor?" And Pamela's exposition of her faith, in Book iii., is more theology than many a trifler would care to read or write to-day. Altogether this elaborate compound of Spanish, Italian, and Greek pastoral, and romantic incident, has its fair share of the moral element which the English nature inevitably craves.

Another element in it, less peculiar to the Saxon race, but always characteristic of Sidney, is its strong instinctive art. In form, of course,—though Sidney had a leaning toward the unities,—it is purely romantic. Its art is to be found in the most distinctive characteristic of the Elizabethans,—the art of putting together canorous words and phrases. When Sidney retired to Penshurst in 1580, the whole world was reading John Lyly's 'Euphues'; in which the love of elaborate language found vent in complicated systems of alliteration, antitheses, and similes borrowed from an artificial natural history. Sidney, though like Shakespeare after him he did not entirely escape this craze, was not slow to transmute the rather mechanical system of Lyly into something more really musical. His style shows traces also of the foreign models he set himself; but in the end, like the matter he borrowed, it resolves itself into something individual, in its persistent aim in saying what it has to say simply (according to his lights) and beautifully. More specifically, its verse contains also many experiments in the classic metres, which Harvey, Spenser, and other literary men of the day hoped to introduce into English; but Sidney, whatever were his failures, never held anything but the loftiest estimate of the real poet or worker in words. His eloquent defense of "poesie," written soon after the Arcadia, and before England had produced more than a very few of the works for which her literature is now famous, is a marvel of prophetic sympathy. In spite of his sometimes academic judgments, the very fact of his criticism shows that he had an interest in the then unfashionable and sordid theatre; and more than any of the criticising pamphleteers of his time, he had an ear for the poetry of the common people. "Certainly," he says, in the famous passage in the 'Defense of Poesie,' "I must confess mine own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style,—which being so evilly appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"

It is with this notion of Sidney as a literary man of wide sympathy and high thoughts, if of a somewhat too bookish Muse, that we can most easily apprehend his last and perhaps greatest work,—the series of sonnets and poems called 'Astrophel and Stella.' Literary gossip and scholarship are still busy with the question whether the Stella of the Sonnets, Penelope Devereux, was already Lady Rich, and so a married woman, when Astrophel made his poetical love to her. The important thing to-day is that there was a Stella at all. Lady Rich, married against her will to an unworthy spouse, remains true to him, in the Sonnets at least; and Sidney in the end, having

pledged his hand to Frances Walsingham, the daughter of his friend Sir Francis Walsingham, transcends his earthly love in a love of eternal and spiritual things. "The argument cruel Chastity," says Thomas Nash, his first editor; "the prologue Hope, the epilogue Despair." "My theory of the love which it portrays," says Mr. Symonds, one of his recent biographers, "is that this was latent up to the time of her betrothal, and that the consciousness of the irrevocable at that moment made it break into the kind of regretful passion which is peculiarly suited for poetic treatment." Certainly it was not the mere amatorious element in the poems which made the name of Astrophel dear to men like Jonson, Crashaw, Wither, and stately Sir Thomas Browne; nor is it the artificial element that need concern the reader in these days. Without either of these, there is plenty of lettered charm, searching thought into the relations of the body and the soul, high and beautiful speculation on the conditions of earthly life, expressed everywhere in the spirit of one who, as Wotton says, was "the very essence of congruity."

Pitt Duffield

THE ARRIVAL IN ARCADIA

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that, from which he saw no reason to disagree, and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they took their journey together through Laconia: Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding), they gave way unto it for that day and the next,—never troubling him either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor, dolorous discourses of their own and other folks' misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one half asleep he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, e'er sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts

bear away something else beside his own sorrow: which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches; then to marvel at such wit in shepherds; after to like their company; and lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep; and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of so many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, as yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor: a show as it were of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. I pray you (said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips), what countries be these we pass through which are so diverse in show,— the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?

The country (answered Claius) where you were cast ashore, and now are past through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named Helots), hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it: the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

But the country where now you set your foot is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore in the division of the Arcadian estate are termed shepherds: a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much. What cause then, said Musidorus, made you venture to leave this sweet life, and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm? Guarded with poverty (answered Strephon) and guided with love. But now (said Claius), since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you, and of the young man you so much lament; that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. Musidorus (according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names) answered, that he called himself Palladius, and his friend Daiphantus: but till I have him again (said he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing; his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate: and in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend.

They perceived he was not willing to open himself farther, and therefore, without farther questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected: each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good-fellowship: all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behavior; testifying even in their countenances, that

their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favored; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of,—for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune,—he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

No, said Kalander (speaking aloud), I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees: it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind than you have done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in show like a merchant's 'prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and to Claius from Urania; which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of Kalander (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter), and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him; and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) got speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness (which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly: so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners; desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming him Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander, seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his

house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a creditable ambassador of his health; to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succor Daiphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For having found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity,—and all in a man whose age could not be above one-and-twenty years,—the good old man was even enamored of a fatherly love towards him; or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him, once he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself more than in any other delighted in. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard: or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees, of the most taste-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stept into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows,—and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a

naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly,—meanwhile the breast running.

Hard by was a house of pleasure, built for a summer-retiring place; whither, Kalander leading him, he found a square room full of delightful pictures, made by most excellent workmen of Greece. There was Diana, when Actæon saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the painter had set such a color as was mixed between shame and disdain; and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was Atalanta; the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole: but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty; and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between them a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her, but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living) was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed nothing on the other of new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not choose but ask who she was, that bearing show of one being indeed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered that it was made for Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table; the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents: and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince, for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would for modesty demand

no farther: but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it; which Kalander perceiving,—Well (said he), my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no farther than the bounds of the question; but I will discover unto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers. So then sitting down, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake:—

This country, Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation: partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence, give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve their good determination, by choosing this country for their chief repairing-place; and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince, whose picture you see, by name Basilius: a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country; where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers, but as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence; yet he is notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

He being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, Gynecia, daughter of the king of Cyprus, of notable

beauty, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity: but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say, it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

Of these two are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show that nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela; by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfection may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellences had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners; Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellences, but by making that one of her excellences, to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private estate blessed as to have so excellent a wife and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired — himself, his wife and children — into a certain forest hereby, which he called his desert: wherein (besides an house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges; in the one of them himself remains with his young daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, surcharged, to music lendeth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure!
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heaven forgat all measure.

Who hath the lips where wit in fairness reigneth!
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose step all sweetness planteth!
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast whose milk doth patience nourish!
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth!
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair which, loosest, fastest tieth!
Who makes a man live, then glad when he dieth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice which soul from senses sunders!
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beauty thunders!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharged, to music lendeth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

SONNETS TO STELLA

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bearing itself in my long-settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise
With idle pains and missing aim do guess.
Some, that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince of service tries,
Think that I think State errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place—
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

WITH how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face:
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

COME, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw,—
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease.
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so:
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace,—thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
  Nor do not use set colors for to wear,
  Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
  Of them which in their lips love's standard bear,
  "What, he!" say they of me: "now I dare swear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone!"
And think so still, so Stella know my mind
  Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
  That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
  Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
  Thou web of will whose end is never wrought—
Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought
  With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
  Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
  In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
  In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire:
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—
  Within myself to seek my only hire,
  Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust;
  And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
  Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and tumble all thy might
  To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
  That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
  In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
  Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

SIENKIEWICZ

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

(1846–1916)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

WITH all the confidence that can ever attach to human judgment upon a recent author, Sienkiewicz may be pronounced the greatest creative genius in the field of fiction at the end of the nineteenth century. In his own country a clique of Polish critics applied to him the policy of silence, but they had underestimated the force that they strove to check. With his splendid trilogy of historical novels, Sienkiewicz sat self-crowned upon the throne of Polish literature, left vacant by the death of Mickiewicz thirty years before. It was with translations of these novels that he made his first appearance before the English-speaking world; and at once was felt the presence of the supreme master through the veil of an alien tongue and the mists of a remote time and people. It has been said that the creation of a new character is as important as the birth of a new man. If it is the highest achievement of art to create a new human character and endow it with inexhaustible freshness and vitality, Sienkiewicz securely takes his rank among the greatest artists. One who has wandered through that wonder-world of Poland in the seventeenth century can never again be quite the same: he is one that has had a vision. The characters who ruled in that rugged time enter the mind through these inspired pages, and like the gods of Greece and the heroes of Homer, take up their abode in the realms of the fancy forever.

Henryk Sienkiewicz was born at Wola Okrzejska in Lithuania, in 1846. The facts obtainable about his life are meagre. He studied at Warsaw, and from the first gave himself wholly to letters. For a time he was editor of the Niwa. As a writer of fiction he first came before the public in 1872, with a humorous tale, 'No Man is a Prophet in his Own Country.' In 1876 he came to America; and in southern California, in the midst of that circle of which Madame Modjeska was the centre and the inspiration, he met many of the characters and had many of the experiences that have received artistic immortality in his works. It was there that he found the prototype of the inimitable Zagloba. Under the pen-name of "Litwos," he wrote letters of travel for the Gazeta Polska which attracted

general attention. Several stories appeared under the same name, some of them dealing with characteristically American scenes. In 1880 he published his first large work, 'Niewola Tartarska' (Tartar Slavery). With this he served his apprenticeship in the historical novel. Four years later came the first of his great masterpieces, 'Ogniem i Mieczem' (With Fire and Sword), and he entered at once into his kingdom. In 1886 appeared 'Potop' (The Deluge), and in 1887 'Pan Wolodyjowski' (Pan Michael). To the Poles themselves these books represent the finest achievement of prose fiction in the language; and they are unsurpassed by the best historical romances of the world's literature. As if to show his boundless versatility, the author next published the profound psychological novel 'Bez Dogmatu' (Without Dogma). His two next works were 'Rodzina Polanieckich' (Children of the Soil) (1894) and 'Quo Vadis' (1895), both of which immediately secured a popular success in English. For a time Sienkiewicz edited the Slowoc in Warsaw; but his genius was restless. He said himself that he was something of a gipsy; travel was a passion: but Cracow and Warsaw were the cities to which he returned. After his long sojourn in California he went to Africa; and his wanderings led him over all of Europe and far into the Orient. But he was no idle rover: he plunged into the midst of men and events, and described with a realist's precision what he observed with a poet's discernment. Freedom and independence were everything to him.

Of the short stories of Sienkiewicz, the best are those which deal with Polish scenes and people. The stories of American life, as 'Lillian Morris' and 'The Comedy of Errors,' lack the intimate touch. The Polish tales are firmly drawn and faithful pictures, revealing the closest knowledge of the life described and of the modes of thought that condition it. They cover a varied field. Light-hearted humor and deep feeling distinguish the story of artist life entitled 'The Third.' It is told in the first person by a young painter, whose impulsive nature twice leads him into error in the choice of a sweetheart. In all his amusing entanglements a distinguished actress is his friend and adviser; they are of the same artistic temperament: at last the obvious dawns upon him that his true love is this "third." In contrast to the gayety of this tale stands the sad 'Na Marne,' a story of student life in Kieff. The title may be paraphrased as 'Frittered Away.' It is a powerful picture of the struggles, temptations, and ambitions in the storm and stress of university life. In it the solution of the highest problems is attempted, and the author does not hesitate coldly to analyze the loftiest human emotions; but never cynically, for through it all breathes an atmosphere of poetry. The famous Bartek 'Zwyciezca' (The Victor) tells of a poor Polish peasant who was forced to fight

under the Prussian eagle at Gravelotte and Sedan. After performing marvels of blind valor, he went home only to become the victim of the repressive injustice of the Prussian government. Strongest of all the stories, in the judgment of the Poles themselves, is 'God's Will,' from the collection of 'Szkice Weglem' (Charcoal Sketches). It is a tale of village life in Poland, and the secrets of local administration are ruthlessly laid bare,—its corruption, stupidity, and helplessness. Of all these elements the village clerk avails himself to accomplish his designs upon a handsome, honest peasant woman, who has a husband and child. Through sufferings infinitely pitiable,—for in her simple-mindedness she does not know that her persecutor has no power to carry out his threats,—she is at last brought to yield that she may save her husband; and her husband kills her. The story moves to its catastrophe with the inevitableness of a force of nature. The tragedy is enlivened by many scenes of the sprightliest humor; always, however, directly bearing upon the relentless development of the plot. The diverting description of the village court in session is a triumph of realistic drawing. The political significance of the story aroused the opposition of the aristocratic and clerical party, whose policy of non-intervention in local affairs was therein so savagely attacked. But it soon became obvious that Sienkiewicz had something victorious in his nature; that he was a supreme artist, taking his materials where he found them and treating them as his genius chose. The author of 'God's Will' was the author also of that tender bit of pathos 'Yanko the Musician,' the story of the poor boy who struggled to express his inner aspirations but "died with all his music in him." Now over his grave the willows whisper. With the same tender touch was written 'The Old Servant,' which forms the introduction to 'Hania,' a story of love and renunciation. Everywhere there is a faithful reproduction of the hopes and sorrows and faults of the Polish people. For his thought the author always finds the right form, and for his feeling the right figure.

Sienkiewicz had won the supreme place among the short-story writers of his native land. The historical trilogy gave him a like place among the novelists on a larger scale. Then, from those wonderful pictures of the vigorous and valiant men of action who represented the old Polish commonwealth, he turned to the delineation of a modern Pole in 'Without Dogma.' The book is the diary of the hero. It is the record of a silent conflict with his own soul, full of profound observations, subtle philosophy, lofty wisdom; but the protagonist is passive, "a genius without a portfolio." He reveals every cranny of his mind's dwelling-place: the lofty galleries whence he has a wide panorama of humanity and the world; the stately halls filled with the treasures of science and art; the dungeons also where

the evil impulses fret and sins are bred. But over the whole mansion of his soul lies a heavy enervating atmosphere: the galleries afford a spectacle but stimulate no aspirations; the treasures of knowledge and beauty feed a selfish pleasure quickly cloyed; even the evil impulses rarely pass into action. This is the modern miasma which he calls "Slavic unproductivity." It is the over-cultivation which is turning to decay, the refinement of self-analysis that lames the will. The hero is a Hamlet in the guise of a young Polish nobleman of the late nineteenth century. His only genuine emotion is his love for Aniela; but this he doubts and philosophizes into apathy. She marries another, loving him. Obstacles arouse him, and now he puts forth an effort to win her. Her simplicity and faithfulness, her dogma, saves him who is without dogma. The futility of his life is symbolized in the words—"Aniela died this morning." The man cannot command our respect any more than Wilhelm Meister can, or Lermontov's "Hero of our Own Time"; but the interest of the psychological analysis is irresistible. There is in it a hint of Bourget; but in the quality of his psychology Sienkiewicz surpasses Bourget, as he surpasses Zola and Flaubert in the quality of his realism. He has been called a psychic realist, and 'Without Dogma' is the greatest psychological romance that the subtle mind of Poland has produced. 'Children of the Soil' has in it certain echoes of the greater work: It is a modern story also, turning upon the marriage of a man to a woman whom he thinks he loves, and whom after much sin and sorrow he learns to love at last. 'Quo Vadis,' the next work, is a tale of the times of Nero. Paganism and Christianity are contrasted. The sympathy of the artist is naturally drawn to the ancient pagan, who devoted his life to the worship of beauty, and faced death with a stoic's calmness. The character of Petronius Arbiter is the masterpiece of the book. This conflict between two forms of civilization has long been a favorite theme with the Polish poets: the dawn of a new era while the lights of the old still blaze.

With this array of works, Sienkiewicz would take honorable rank among the best writers of his generation; but his title to a place among the great creators rests upon none of these. That claim is based upon the famous historical trilogy, 'With Fire and Sword,' 'The Deluge,' and 'Pan Michael.' Poland was the bulwark of Christian civilization on the east. Against the Tartar hordes and Mongolian bands the gallant commonwealth maintained a stout resistance for centuries: but her warlike neighbors did not recognize her importance as the defender of the Christian marches; she was constantly exposed to encroachments on the west. In the moment of her greatest peril the Swedes attacked her from that quarter. These wonderful wars of the seventeenth century are the theme of the trilogy. In the

descriptions of innumerable battles and sieges, Sienkiewicz displays an astounding fertility of invention and an infinite variety of treatment. These scenes stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory with all the savage beauty and the thrilling horror of war. Amid the bewildering rush and whirl of events, and in the breathless excitement of individual destinies, the one animating thought is national glory; and to this, life and love are freely sacrificed. But splendid as the martial pageant is, revealing in itself a master hand of incomparable skill, the historical element is after all only the background before which heroes of Homeric mold make proof of their manhood. It is in the creation of living human beings that Sienkiewicz exhibits his highest genius. Nothing could surpass in vital force, originality of conception, and convincing realism of presentation, the character of Zagloba, bibulous but steadfast, cowardly but courageous, boasting but competent, lying but honest,—an incomparable character, to be laughed at, admired, and loved; or the plucky little hoyden and daredevil Basia, who marries Pan Michael out of hand. And these are but two of a dazzling galaxy of creations that hold the imagination enthralled. From the magic of Sienkiewicz there is no escape; firmly he grasps his wand, and once within the circle he describes, the charm can never be eluded. There is here all the tense excitement of intrigue and danger and hairbreadth escapes that fascinate in Dumas; there is the same joy in the courage and sagacity of heroes that stimulate in Dumas; but in Sienkiewicz there is also a deep psychological interest, the working out of an inner problem, the struggle of noble minds between selfishness and duty, which raise these novels out of the class of romantic tales of adventure into that higher region of poetry where we breathe the air that swept the plains of Troy. These books have an almost conscious Homeric touch; the very form of the similes is Homeric. But there is a flavor of Shakespeare also: if Michael is a modern Hector, Zagloba is a Polish Falstaff. In every case it is only of the greatest that we are reminded.

Each of the three novels deals with a different campaign; each has its own central figure; each sets its own psychological task. The first deals with the uprising of the Zaporojians: the interest centres in the noble but perhaps too highly idealized Pan Yan; the struggle is between his duty to Poland and his love for Helena, whom the Cossacks have carried off. Obviously the author's interest in his characters grows as he proceeds, and they become more vivid and convincing with each chapter. Zagloba, to be sure, is there with all his qualities from the beginning; but the little knight, Pan Michael, the incomparable swordsman, takes up more and more of the foreground, while in the second and third of the novels Pan Yan and his

Helena become mere shadows. 'The Deluge' deals with the Swedish invasion and the dissensions among the Poles themselves; for to this noble and gifted race Goethe's Xenion applies with sad force:—

> «Each, if you take him alone, is fairly shrewd and discerning;
> Let them in council meet, blockhead is the result.»

They triumphed in spite of their own traitors, by sheer native force and exuberance of strength. The hero of this second novel is Kmita, psychologically the most interesting of them all. In the wild days of his thoughtless youth he had committed crimes; he was easily won over to the service of the traitor Radziwill, for he was ill-informed and inexperienced. At last his better nature awakes and his eyes are opened: he finds himself disgraced and his career ruined; he resolves to begin life anew under an assumed name, and win his way to honor or find absolution in death. The book is largely a story of this struggle. The crown of the series is 'Pan Michael.' The subject is border warfare on the wind-swept steppes, and the Tartar invasion which ended disastrously for Poland in the fall of Kamenyets. Like a true artist, Sienkiewicz in the gloom of this sad catastrophe has made a reconcilement. At the funeral of Michael the commanding figure of Sobieski kneels beside the catafalque; and it was Sobieski who a few years later turned back the tide of Turkish invasion from the gates of Vienna. Pan Michael himself is of course the hero of this closing volume. The woman he loved has died; and the little knight, grown melancholy, has entered a monastery. Zagloba in a delicious scene lures him forth again. At once the impressionable warrior falls in love; but he is obliged to renounce his love, yielding to his friend Ketling. It is at this moment that the wholly delightful little Basia throws her arms around his neck, and with the utmost emphasis asserts her own willingness to marry him. «God has wrought a miracle,» says Pan Michael solemnly. Through the terrors of border warfare and the horrors of sieges this fearless devoted woman accompanies him; she is all his joy, the crown of his life. But Poland demands another sacrifice, and Michael brings it without hesitation. He goes to a self-determined death with only this message to his wife: «Remember, this life is nothing.» The lofty sublimity of this conclusion is wholly worthy of the noble thought that dominates it all: it is the apotheosis of Polish patriotism. In Sienkiewicz, as in all the great Polish poets of the nineteenth century, love of country, pride in its glorious past, and hope unquenched for the future, are the great inspiring forces. There is a solemn pathos in the words with which the author lays down his pen: «Here ends this series of books, written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts.»

In 1899 appeared ‹The Knights of the Cross,› a two-volume romance of Poland and Germany showing how the growth of Christianity was retarded by crimes committed in the name of the Church. ‹On the Field of Glory› returned to the period of the great trilogy and was followed by ‹The Desert and Wilderness› and ‹Whirlpools,› but none of these was equal in interest and popular favor to the works analyzed above.

Sienkiewicz was married three times; his third wife was the Countess Babaka. In 1905 the Nobel prize of $45,000 was awarded to him for distinguished work in idealistic literature. He died suddenly at the Grand Hotel du Lac at Vevey, Switzerland, on November 15th, 1916.

ZAGLOBA CAPTURES A BANNER

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[At the decisive moment in a battle between the Polish forces under Prince Yeremi and the peasant mob of the Zaporojians, the hussars of the former are ordered to advance. Zagloba, reluctant, alarmed, indignant, is carried forward with them.]

When the hussars moved forward, Zagloba, though he had short breath and did not like a throng, galloped with the others, because in fact he could not do otherwise without danger of being trampled to death. He flew on therefore, closing his eyes; and through his head there flew with lightning speed the thought, "Stratagem is nothing, stratagem is nothing: the stupid win, the wise perish!" Then he was seized with spite against the war, against the Cossacks, the hussars, and every one else in the world. He began to curse, to pray. The wind whistled in his ears, the breath was hemmed in his breast. Suddenly his horse struck against something; he felt resistance. Then he opened his eyes, and what did he see? Scythes, sabres, flails, a crowd of inflamed faces, eyes, mustaches,—and all indefinite, unknown, all trembling, galloping, furious. Then he was transported with rage against those enemies, because they are not going to the devil, because they are rushing up to his face and forcing him to fight. "You wanted it, now you have it," thought he, and he began to slash blindly on every side. Sometimes he cut the air, and sometimes he felt that his blade had sunk into something soft. At the same time he felt that he was still living, and this gave him extraordinary hope. "Slay! kill!" he

roared like a buffalo. At last those frenzied faces vanished from his eyes, and in their places he saw a multitude of visages, tops of caps, and the shouts almost split his ears. "Are they fleeing?" shot through his head. "Yes!" Then daring sprang up in him beyond measure. "Scoundrels!" he shouted, "is that the way you meet a noble?" He sprang among the fleeing enemy, passed many, and entangled in the crowd, began to labor with greater presence of mind now.

Meanwhile his comrades pressed the Cossacks to the bank of the Sula, covered pretty thickly with trees, and drove them along the shore to the embankment,—taking no prisoners, for there was no time.

Suddenly Zagloba felt that his horse began to spread out under him; at the same time something heavy fell on him and covered his whole head, so that he was completely enveloped in darkness.

"Oh, save me!" he cried, beating the horse with his heels.

The steed, however, apparently wearied with the weight of the rider, only groaned and stood in one place.

Zagloba heard the screams and shouts of the horsemen rushing around him; then that whole hurricane swept by, and all was in apparent quiet.

Again thoughts began to rush through his head with the swiftness of Tartar arrows: "What is this? What has happened? Jesus and Mary, I am in captivity!"

On his forehead drops of cold sweat came out. Evidently his head was bound just as he had once bound Bogun. That weight which he feels on his shoulder is the hand of a Cossack. But why don't they hang him or kill him? Why is he standing in one place?

"Let me go, you scoundrel!" cried he at last, with a muffled voice.

Silence.

"Let me go! I'll spare your life. Let me go, I say!"

No answer.

Zagloba struck into the sides of his horse again with his heels, but again without result; the prodded beast only stretched out wider and remained in the same place.

Finally rage seized the unfortunate captive; and drawing a knife from the sheath that hung at his belt, he gave a terrible stab behind. But the knife only cut the air.

Then Zagloba pulled with both hands at the covering which bound his head, and tore it in a moment. What is this?

No Cossack. Deserted all around. Only in the distance was to be seen in the smoke the red dragoons of Volodyovski flying past; and farther on, the glittering armor of the hussars pursuing the remnant of the defeated, who were retreating from the field toward the water. At Zagloba's feet lay a Cossack regimental banner. Evidently the fleeing Cossack had dropped it so that the staff hit Zagloba's shoulder, and the cloth covered his head.

Seeing all this, and understanding it perfectly, that hero regained his presence of mind completely.

"Oh, ho!" said he, "I have captured a banner. How is this? Didn't I capture it? If justice is not defeated in this battle, then I am sure of a reward. Oh, you scoundrels! it is your luck that my horse gave out! I did not know myself when I thought I was greater in strategy than in bravery. I can be of some higher use in the army than eating cakes. Oh, God save us! some other crowd is rushing on. Don't come here, dog-brothers; don't come this way! May the wolves eat this horse! Kill! slay!"

Indeed a new band of Cossacks were rushing toward Zagloba, raising unearthly voices, closely pursued by the armored men of Polyanovski. And perhaps Zagloba would have found his death under the hoofs of their horses, had it not been that the hussars of Skshetuski, having finished those whom they had been pursuing, turned to take between two fires those onrushing parties. Seeing this, the Zaporojians ran toward the water, only to find death in the swamps and deep places after escaping the sword. Those who fell on their knees begging for quarter died under the steel. The defeat was terrible and complete, but most terrible on the embankment. All who passed that, were swept away in the half-circle left by the forces of the prince. Those who did not pass, fell under the continual fire of Vurtsel's cannon and the guns of the German infantry. They could neither go forward nor backward; for Krívonos urged on still new regiments, which, pushing forward, closed the only road to escape. It seemed as though Krívonos had sworn to destroy his own men; who stifled, trampled, and fought one another, fell, sprang into the water on both sides, and were drowned. On one side were black masses of fugitives, and on the other masses advancing; in the middle, piles and mountains and rows of dead bodies; groans, screams, men deprived of speech; the madness of terror, disorder, chaos.

The whole pond was full of men and horses; the water overflowed the banks.

At times the artillery was silent. Then the embankment, like the mouth of a cannon, threw forth crowds of Zaporojians and the mob, who rushed over the half-circle and went under the swords of the cavalry waiting for them. Then Vurtsel began to play again with his rain of iron and lead; the Cossack reinforcement barred the embankment. Whole hours were spent in these bloody struggles.

Krívonos, furious, foaming at the mouth, did not give up the battle yet, and hurried thousands of men to the jaws of death.

Yeremi, on the other side, in silver armor, sat on his horse, on a lofty mound called at that time the Kruja Mogila, and looked on. His face was calm; his eye took in the whole embankment, pond, banks of the Sluch, and extended to the place in which the enormous tabor of Krívonos stood wrapped in the bluish haze of the distance. The eyes of the prince never left that collection of wagons. At last he turned to the massive voevoda of Kieff, and said:—

"We shall not capture the tabor to-day."

"How? You wished to—"

"Time is flying quickly. It is too late. See! it is almost evening."

In fact, from the time the skirmishers went out, the battle, kept up by the stubbornness of Krívonos, had lasted already so long that the sun had but an hour left of its whole daily half-circle, and inclined to its setting. The light, lofty, small clouds, announcing fair weather and scattered over the sky like white-fleeced lambs, began to grow red and disappear in groups from the field of heaven. The flow of Cossacks to the embankment stopped gradually, and those regiments that had already come upon it retreated in dismay and disorder.

The battle was ended; and ended because the enraged crowd fell upon Krívonos at last, shouting with despair and madness:—

"Traitor! you are destroying us. You bloody dog! We will bind you ourselves, and give you up to Yeremi, and thus secure our lives. Death to you, not to us!"

"To-morrow I will give you the prince and all his army, or perish myself," answered Krívonos.

But the hoped-for to-morrow had yet to come, and the present to-day was a day of defeat and disorder. Several thousand of the best warriors of the lower country, not counting the mob,

lay on the field of battle, or were drowned in the pond and river. Nearly two thousand were taken prisoners; fourteen colonels were killed, not counting sotniks, essauls, and other elders. Pulyan, next in command to Krívonos, had fallen into the hands of the enemy alive, but with broken ribs.

"To-morrow we will cut them all up," said Krívonos. "I will neither eat nor drink till it is done."

In the opposite camp the captured banners were thrown down at the feet of the terrible prince. Each of the captors brought his own, so that they formed a considerable crowd,—altogether forty. When Zagloba passed by, he threw his down with such force that the staff split. Seeing this, the prince detained him, and asked:—

"And you captured that banner with your own hands?"

"At your service, your Highness."

"I see that you are not only a Ulysses, but an Achilles."

"I am a simple soldier, but I serve under Alexander of Macedon."

"Since you receive no wages, the treasurer will pay you, in addition to what you have had, two hundred ducats for this honorable exploit."

Zagloba seized the prince by the knees, and said, "Your favor is greater than my bravery, which would gladly hide itself behind its own modesty."

A scarcely visible smile wandered over the dark face of Skshetuski; but the knight was silent, and even later on he never said anything to the prince, or any one else, of the fears of Zagloba before the battle: but Zagloba himself walked away with such threatening mien that, seeing him, the soldiers of the other regiments pointed at him, saying:—

"He is the man who did most to-day."

Night came. On both sides of the river and the pond, thousands of fires were burning, and smoke rose to the sky in columns. The wearied soldiers strengthened themselves with food and gorailka, or gave themselves courage for to-morrow's battle by relating the exploits of the present day. But loudest of all spoke Zagloba, boasting of what he had done, and what he could have done if his horse had not failed.

"I can tell you," said he, turning to the officers of the prince and the nobles of Tishkyevich's command, "that great battles are no novelty for me. I was in many of them in Moldavia and

Turkey; but when I was on the field I was afraid — not of the enemy, for who is afraid of such trash! — but of my own impulsiveness, for I thought immediately that it would carry me too far."

"And did it?"

"It did. Ask Skshetuski. The moment I saw Vershul falling with his horse, I wanted to gallop to his aid without asking a question. My comrades could scarcely hold me back."

"True," said Skshetuski, "we had to hold you in."

"But," interrupted Karvich, "where is Vershul?"

"He has already gone on a scouting expedition: he knows no rest."

"See then, gentlemen," said Zagloba, displeased at the interruption, "how I captured the banner."

"Then Vershul is not wounded?" inquired Karvich again.

"This is not the first one that I have captured in my life, but none cost me such trouble."

"He is not wounded, only bruised," answered Azulevich, a Tartar, "and has gulped water, for he fell head first into the pond."

"Then I wonder the fish didn't die," said Zagloba with anger, "for the water must have boiled from such a flaming head."

"But he is a great warrior."

"Not so great, since a half John* was enough for him. Tfu! it is impossible to talk with you. You might learn from me how to capture banners from the enemy."

PODBIPIENTA'S DEATH

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[Within the fortifications of Zbaraj the Poles are closely besieged. Their only hope lies in getting news of their plight to the King. The four comrades Pan Longin Podbipienta, Pan Yan Skshetuski, Pan Michael Volodyovski, and Pan Zagloba, are together on the ramparts, keeping watch.]

PAN LONGIN fell into deep thought; his brows were covered with furrows, and he sat a whole hour in silence. Suddenly he raised his head, and spoke with his usual sweetness: "I will undertake to steal through the Cossacks."

* A pun on "Pulyan," which in Polish means "half Yan" or John.

The knights, hearing these words, sprang from their seats in amazement. Zagloba opened his mouth, Volodyovski's mustaches quivered, Skshetuski grew pale; and the starosta, striking himself on the breast, cried, "Would you undertake to do this?"

"Have you considered what you say?" asked Pan Yan.

"I considered it long ago," answered the Lithuanian; "for this is not the first day that the knights say that notice must be given the King of our position. And I, hearing this, thought to myself: 'If the Most High God permits me to fulfill my vow, I will go at once. I am an obscure man: what do I signify? What harm to me, even if I am killed on the road?'"

"But they will cut you to pieces, without doubt!" cried Zagloba. "Have you heard what the starosta says,—that it is evident death?"

"What of that, brother? If God wishes he will carry me through; if not, he will reward me in heaven."

"But first they will seize you, torture you, give you a fearful death. Have you lost your reason, man?" asked Zagloba.

"I will go, anyhow," answered the Lithuanian mildly.

"A bird could not fly through, for they would shoot it from their bows. They have surrounded us like a badger in his hole."

"Still I will go!" repeated the Lithuanian. "I owe thanks to the Lord for permitting me to fulfill my vow."

"Well, look at him, examine him!" said Zagloba in desperation. "You had better have your head cut off at once and shoot it from a cannon over the tabor; for in this way alone could you push through them."

"But permit me, my friends—" said Pan Longin, clasping his hands.

"Oh, no: you will not go alone, for I will go with you," said Skshetuski.

"And I with you both!" added Volodyovski, striking his sword.

"And may the bullets strike you!" cried Zagloba, seizing himself by the head. "May the bullets strike you with your 'And I,' 'And I,' with your daring! They have not had enough blood yet, not enough of destruction, not enough of bullets! What is doing here is not sufficient for them; they want more certainty of having their necks twisted. Go to the dogs, and give me peace! I hope you will be cut to pieces." When he

had said this he began to circle about in the tent as if mad. "God is punishing me," cried he, "for associating with whirlwinds instead of honorable, solid men. It serves me right." He walked through the tent awhile longer with feverish tread: at last he stopped before Skshetuski; then putting his hands behind his back and looking into his eyes, began to puff terribly: "What have I done that you persecute me?"

"God save us!" exclaimed the knight. "What do you mean?"

"I do not wonder that Podbipienta invents such things: he always had his wit in his fist. But since he has killed the three greatest fools among the Turks he has become the fourth himself—"

"It is disgusting to hear him," interrupted the Lithuanian.

"And I don't wonder at *him*," continued Zagloba, pointing at Volodyovski. "He will jump on a Cossack's boot-leg, or hold to his trousers as a burr does to a dog's tail, and get through quicker than any of us. The Holy Spirit has not shone upon either of the two; but that you, instead of restraining their madness, should add excitement to it, that you are going yourself, and wish to expose us four to certain death and torture,—that is the final blow! Tfu! I did not expect this of an officer whom the prince himself has esteemed a valiant knight."

"How four?" asked Skshetuski in astonishment. "Do you want to go?"

"Yes!" cried Zagloba, beating his breast with his fists, "I will go. If any of you go, or all go together, I will go too. My blood be on your heads! I shall know next time with whom to associate."

"Well may you!" said Skshetuski.

The three knights began to embrace him; but he was angry in earnest, and puffed and pushed them away with his elbows saying, "Go to the Devil! I don't want your Judas kisses." Then was heard on the walls the firing of cannon and muskets. "There it is for you,—go!"

"That is ordinary firing," remarked Pan Yan.

"Ordinary firing!" repeated Zagloba, mocking him. "Well, just think,—this is not enough for them! Half the army is destroyed by this ordinary firing, and they turn up their noses at it!"

"Be of good cheer," said Podbipienta.

"You ought to keep your mouth shut, Botvinia. You are most to blame: you have invented an undertaking, which if it is not a fool's errand, then I'm a fool."

"But still I'll go, brother," said Pan Longin.

"You'll go, you'll go; and I know why. Don't exhibit yourself as a hero, for they know you. You have virtue for sale, and are in a hurry to take it out of camp. You are the worst among knights, not the best,—simply a drab, trading in virtue. Tfu! an offense to God,—that's what you are. It is not to the King you want to go, but you would like to snort through the villages like a horse through a meadow. Look at him! There is a knight with virtue for sale! Vexation, vexation, as God is dear to me!"

"Disgusting to hear him!" cried the Lithuanian, thrusting his fingers in his ears.

"Let disputes rest," said Skshetuski seriously. "Better let us think about this question."

"In God's name," said the starosta, who had listened hitherto with astonishment to Zagloba: "this is a great question, but we can decide nothing without the prince. This is no place for discussion. You are in service and obliged to obey orders. The prince must be in his quarters: let us go to him and see what he will say to your offer."

"I agree to that," answered Zagloba; and hope shone in his face. "Let us go as quickly as possible."

They went out and crossed the square, on which already the balls were falling from the Cossack trenches. The troops were at the ramparts, which at a distance looked like booths at a fair, so overhung were they with many-colored clothing and sheepskin coats, packed with wagons, fragments of tents, and every kind of object which might become a shelter against the shots which at times ceased neither day nor night. And now above those rags hung a long bluish line of smoke, and behind them ranks of prostrate red and yellow soldiers, working hard against the nearest trenches of the enemy. The square itself was like a ruin: the level space was cut up with spades, or trampled by horses; it was not made green by a single grass-blade. Here and there were mounds of earth freshly raised by the digging of walls and graves; here and there lay fragments of broken wagons, cannon, barrels, or piles of bones, gnawed and whitening before the sun. Bodies of horses were nowhere visible, for each one was removed immediately as food for the soldiers; but everywhere were piles

of iron,—mostly cannon-balls, red from rust, which fell every day on that piece of land. Grievous war and hunger were evident at every step. On their way our knights met greater or smaller groups of soldiers,—some carrying wounded or dead, others hurrying to the ramparts to relieve their overworked comrades. The faces of all were black, sunken, overgrown with beard; their fierce eyes were inflamed, their clothing faded and torn; many had filthy rags on their heads in place of caps or helmets; their weapons were broken. Involuntarily came the question, What will happen a week or two later to that handful hitherto victorious?

"Look, gentlemen," said the starosta: "it is time to give notice to the King."

"Want is showing its teeth like a dog," said the little knight.

"What will happen when we have eaten the horses?" asked Skshetuski.

Thus conversing, they reached the tents of the prince, situated at the right side of the rampart, before which were a few mounted messengers to carry orders through the camp. Their horses, fed with dried and ground horse-flesh and excited by continual fire, reared restively, unable to stand in one place. This was the case too with all the cavalry horses, which in going against the enemy seemed like a herd of griffins or centaurs going rather by air than by land.

"Is the prince in the tent?" asked the starosta of one of the horsemen.

"Yes, with Pan Pshiyemski," answered the orderly.

The starosta entered first without announcing himself, but the four knights remained outside. After a while the canvas opened, and Pshiyemski thrust out his head. "The prince is anxious to see you," said he.

Zagloba entered the tent in good humor, for he hoped the prince would not expose his best knights to certain death; but he was mistaken, for they had not yet bowed when he said:—

"The starosta has told me of your readiness to issue from the camp, and I accept your good-will. Too much cannot be sacrificed for the country."

"We have only come for permission to try," said Skshetuski, "since your Highness is the steward of our blood."

"Then you want to go together?"

"Your Highness," said Zagloba, "they want to go, but I do not. God is my witness that I have not come here to praise

myself or to make mention of my services; and if I do mention them, I do so lest some one might suppose that I am afraid. Pan Skshetuski, Volodyovski, and Podbipienta of Myshekishki, are great knights; but Burlai, who fell by my hand (not to speak of other exploits), was also a famous warrior, equal to Burdabut, Bogun, and the three heads of the janissaries. I mean to say by this that in knightly deeds I am not behind others. But heroism is one thing, and madness another. We have no wings, and we cannot go by land; that is certain."

"You will not go, then?" said the prince.

"I have said that I do not wish to go, but I have not said that I will not go. Since God has punished me with their company, I must remain in it till death. If we should be hard pressed, the sabre of Zagloba will be of service yet; but I know not why death should be put upon us four, and I hope that your Highness will avert it from us by not permitting this mad undertaking."

"You are a good comrade," answered the prince, "and it is honorable on your part not to wish to leave your friends; but you are mistaken in your confidence in me, for I accept your offer."

"The dog is dead!" muttered Zagloba, and his hands dropped.

At that moment Firlei, castellan of Belsk, entered the tent. "Your Highness, my people have seized a Cossack, who says that they are preparing an assault for to-night."

"I have received information too," answered the prince. "All is ready, only let our people hurry with the ramparts."

"They are nearly finished."

"That is well! We will occupy them in the evening." Then he turned to the four knights. "It is best to try after the storm, if the night is dark."

"How is that?" asked Firlei: "are you preparing a sally?"

"The sally in its own order,—I will lead it myself; but now we are talking about something else. These gentlemen undertake to creep through the enemy and inform the King of our condition."

The castellan was astonished, opened his eyes, and looked at the knights in succession. The prince smiled with delight He had this vanity,—he loved to have his soldiers admired.

"In God's name!" said the castellan: "there are such hearts then in the world? As God lives, I will not dissuade you from the daring deed."

Zagloba was purple from rage; but he said nothing, he only puffed like a bear.

The prince thought awhile, then said:—

"I do not wish, however, to spend your blood in vain, and I am not willing that all four should go together. One will go first; if the enemy kill him, they will not delay in boasting of it, as they have once already boasted of the death of my servant whom they seized at Lvoff. If they kill the first, the second will go; afterward in case of necessity the third and the fourth. But perhaps the first will pass through; in such an event I do not wish to expose the others to a useless death."

"Your Highness—" interrupted Skshetuski.

"This is my will and command," said Yeremi with emphasis. "To bring you to agreement, I say that he shall go first who offered himself first."

"It was I!" cried Pan Longin with a beaming face.

"To-night, after the storm, if it is dark," added the prince. "I will give no letters to the King: you will tell what you have seen,—merely take a signet-ring as credential."

Podbipienta took the signet-ring and bowed to the prince, who caught him by the temples and held him awhile with his two hands; then he kissed him several times on the forehead, and said in a voice of emotion:—

"You are as near to my heart as a brother. May the God of Hosts and our Queen of Angels carry you through, warrior of the Lord! Amen!"

"Amen!" repeated Sobieski, the castellan of Belsk, and Pan Pshiyemski.

The prince had tears in his eyes, for he was a real father to the knights. Others wept, and a quiver of enthusiasm shook the body of Pan Podbipienta. A flame passed through his bones; and rejoiced to its depth was his soul, pure, obedient, and heroic, with the hope of coming sacrifice.

"History will write of you!" cried the castellan.

"Non nobis, non nobis, sed nomini tuo, Domine, da gloriam" (Not to us, not to us, but to thy name, O Lord, give the glory), said the prince.

The knights issued from the tent.

"Tfu! something has seized me by the throat and holds me," said Zagloba; "and it is as bitter in my mouth as wormwood, and there they are firing continually. Oh, if the thunders would

fire you away!" said he, pointing to the smoking trenches of the Cossacks. "Oh, it is hard to live in this world! Pan Longin, are you really going out? May the angels guard you! If the plague would choke those ruffians!"

"I must take farewell of you," said Podbipienta.

"How is that? Where are you going?" asked Zagloba.

"To the priest Mukhovetski,—to confess, my brother. I must cleanse my sinful soul."

Pan Longin hastened to the castle; the others returned to the ramparts. Skshetuski and Volodyovski were silent, but Zagloba said:—

"Something holds me by the throat. I did not think to be sorrowful, but that is the worthiest man in the world. If any one contradicts me, I'll give it to him in the face. O my God, my God! I thought the castellan of Belsk would restrain the prince, but he beat the drums still more. The hangman brought that heretic! 'History,' he says, 'will write of you.' Let it write of him, but not on the skin of Pan Longin. And why doesn't he go out himself? He has six toes on his feet, like every Calvinist, and he can walk better. I tell you, gentlemen, that it is getting worse and worse on earth, and Jabkovski is a true prophet when he says that the end of the world is near. Let us sit down awhile at the ramparts, and then go to the castle, so as to console ourselves with the company of our friend till evening at least."

But Pan Longin, after confession and communion, spent the whole time in prayer. He made his first appearance at the storm in the evening,—which was one of the most awful, for the Cossacks had struck just when the troops were transporting their cannon and wagons to the newly raised ramparts. For a time it seemed that the slender forces of the Poles would fall before the onrush of two hundred thousand foes. The Polish battalions had become so intermingled with the enemy that they could not distinguish their own, and three times they closed in this fashion. Hmelnitski exerted all his power; for the Khan and his own colonels had told him that this must be the last storm, and that henceforth they would only harass the besieged with hunger. But after three hours, all attacks were repulsed with such terrible losses that according to later reports, forty thousand of the enemy had fallen. One thing is certain,—after the battle a whole bundle of flags was thrown at the feet of the prince; and this was

really the last great assault, after which followed more difficult times of digging under the ramparts, capturing wagons, continual firing, suffering, and famine.

Immediately after the storm the soldiers, ready to drop from weariness, were led by the tireless Yeremi in a sally, which ended in a new defeat for the enemy. Quiet then soothed the tabor and the camp.

The night was warm but cloudy. Four black forms pushed themselves quietly and carefully to the eastern edge of the ramparts. They were Pan Longin, Zagloba, Skshetuski, and Volodyovski.

"Guard your pistols well, to keep the powder dry," whispered Pan Yan. "Two battalions will be ready all night. If you fire, we will spring to the rescue."

"Nothing to be seen, even if you strain your eyes out!" whispered Zagloba.

"That is better," answered Pan Longin.

"Be quiet!" interrupted Volodyovski: "I hear something."

"That is only the groan of a dying man,—nothing!"

"If you can only reach the oak grove."

"O my God! my God!" sighed Zagloba, trembling as if in a fever.

"In three hours it will be daylight."

"It is time!" said Pan Longin.

"Time! time!" repeated Skshetuski in a stifled voice. "Go with God!"

"With God, with God!"

"Farewell, brothers, and forgive me if I have offended any of you in anything."

"You offend? O God!" cried Zagloba, throwing himself into his arms.

Skshetuski and Volodyovski embraced him in turn. The moment came. Suppressed gulping shook the breasts of these knights. One alone, Pan Longin, was calm, though full of emotion. "Farewell!" he repeated once more; and approaching the edge of the rampart, he dropped into the ditch, and soon appeared as a black figure on the opposite bank. Once more he beckoned farewell to his comrades, and vanished in the gloom.

Between the road to Zalostsitse and the highway from Vishnyovets grew an oak grove, interspersed with narrow openings. Beyond and joining with it was an old pine forest, thick and

large, extending north of Zalostsitse. Podbipienta had determined to reach that grove. The road was very perilous, for to reach the oaks it was necessary to pass along the entire flank of the Cossack tabor; but Pan Longin selected it on purpose, for it was just around the camp that most people were moving during the whole night, and the guards gave least attention to passers-by. Besides, all other roads, valleys, thickets, and narrow places were beset by guards who rode around continually; by essauls, sotniks, and even Hmelnitski himself. A passage through the meadows and along the Gnyezna was not to be dreamt of, for the Cossack horse-herders were watching there from dusk till daylight with their herds.

The night was gloomy, cloudy, and so dark that at ten paces not only could a man not be seen, but not even a tree. This circumstance was favorable for Pan Longin; though on the other hand he was obliged to go very slowly and carefully, so as not to fall into any of the pits or ditches occupying the whole expanse of the battle-field, and dug by Polish and Cossack hands. In this fashion he made his way to the second Polish rampart, which had been abandoned just before evening, and had passed through the ditch. He stopped and listened; the trenches were empty. The sally made by Yeremi after the storm had pushed the Cossacks out; who either fell, or took refuge in the tabor. A multitude of bodies were lying on the slopes and summits of these mounds. Pan Longin stumbled against bodies every moment, stepped over them, and passed on. From time to time a low groan or sigh announced that some one of the prostrate was living yet.

Beyond the ramparts there was a broad expanse stretching to another trench made before the arrival of Yeremi, also covered with corpses; but some tens of steps farther on were those earth shelters, like stacks of hay in the darkness. But they were empty. Everywhere the deepest silence reigned,—nowhere a fire or a man; no one on that former square but the prostrate.

Pan Longin began the prayer for the souls of the dead, and went on. The sounds of the Polish camp, which followed him to the second rampart, grew fainter and fainter, melting in the distance, till at last they ceased altogether. Pan Longin stopped and looked around for the last time. He could see almost nothing, for in the camp there was no light; but one window in the castle glimmered weakly as a star which the clouds now

expose and now conceal, or like a glow-worm which shines and darkens in turn.

"My brothers, shall I see you again in this life?" thought Pan Longin; and sadness pressed him down like a tremendous stone. He was barely able to breathe. There, where that pale light was trembling, are his people; there are brother hearts,—Prince Yeremi, Pan Yan, Volodyovski, Zagloba, the priest Mukhovetski; there they love him and would gladly defend him. But here is night, with desolation, darkness, corpses; under his feet choruses of ghosts; farther on, the blood-devouring tabor of sworn, pitiless enemies. The weight of sadness became so great that it was too heavy even for the shoulders of this giant. His soul began to waver within him.

In the darkness pale Alarm flew upon him, and began to whisper in his ear, "You will not pass, it is impossible! Return; there is still time! Fire the pistol, and a whole battalion will rush to your aid. Through those tabors, through that savageness, nothing will pass."

That starving camp, covered every day with balls, full of death and the odor of corpses, appeared at that moment to Pan Longin a calm, peaceful, safe haven. His friends there would not think ill of him if he returned. He would tell them that the deed passed human power; and they would not go themselves, would not send another,—would wait further for the mercy of God and the coming of the King. But if Skshetuski should go and perish! "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! These are temptations of Satan," thought Pan Longin. "I am ready for death, and nothing worse can meet me. And this is Satan terrifying a weak soul with desolation, corpses, and darkness; for he makes use of all means." Will the knight return, cover himself with shame, suffer in reputation, disgrace his name, not save the army, renounce the crown of heaven? Never! And he moved on, stretching out his hands before him.

Now a murmur reached him again; not from the Polish camp, however, but from the opposite side, still indefinite, but as it were deep and terrible, like the growling of a bear giving sudden answer in a dark forest. Disquiet had now left Pan Longin's soul; sadness had ceased, and changed into a mere sweet remembrance of those near to him. At last, as if answering that menace coming up from the tabor, he repeated once more in spirit, "But still I will go."

After a certain time he found himself on that battle-field where on the first day of the storm the prince's cavalry had defeated the Cossacks and janissaries. The road here was more even,—fewer pits, ditches, shelters, and no corpses; for those who had fallen in the earlier struggles had been buried by the Cossacks. It was also somewhat clearer, for the ground was not covered with various obstacles. The land inclined gradually toward the north. But Pan Longin turned immediately to the flank, wishing to push through between the western pond and the tabor.

He went quickly now, without hindrance, and it seemed to him already that he was reaching the line of the tabor, when some new sound caught his attention. He halted at once, and after waiting a quarter of an hour heard the tramp and breathing of horses. "Cossack patrols!" thought he. The voices of men reached his ears. He sprang aside with all speed, and searching with his foot for the first depression in the ground, fell to the earth and stretched out motionless, holding his pistol in one hand and his sword in the other.

The riders approached still nearer, and at last were abreast of him. It was so dark he could not count them; but he heard every word of their conversation.

"It is hard for them, but hard for us too," said some sleepy voice. "And how many good men of ours have bitten the dust!"

"O Lord!" said another voice, "they say the King is not far. What will become of us?"

"The Khan got angry with our father; and the Tartars threaten to take us, if there will be no other prisoners."

"And in the pastures they fight with our men. Father has forbidden us to go to the Tartar camp, for whoever goes there is lost."

"They say there are disguised Poles among the market-men. I wish this war had never begun."

"It is worse this time than before."

"The King is not far away, with the Polish forces. That is the worst!"

"Ha, ha! You would be sleeping in the Saitch at this hour; now you have got to push around in the dark like a vampire."

"There must be vampires here, for the horses are snorting."

The voices receded gradually, and at last were silent. Pan Longin rose and went on.

A rain fine as mist began to fall. It grew still darker. On the left side of Pan Longin gleamed at the distance of two furlongs a small light; after that a second, a third, and a tenth. Then he knew he was on the line of the tabor. The lights were far apart and weak. It was evident that all were sleeping, and only here and there might they be drinking or preparing food for the morrow.

"Thank God that I am out after the storm and the sally," said Pan Longin to himself. "They must be mortally weary."

He had scarcely thought this when he heard again in the distance the tramp of horses,—another patrol was coming But the ground in this place was more broken; therefore it was easier to hide. The patrol passed so near that the guards almost rode over Pan Longin. Fortunately the horses, accustomed to pass among prostrate bodies, were not frightened. Pan Longin went on.

In the space of a thousand yards he met two more patrols. It was evident that the whole circle occupied by the tabor was guarded like the apple of the eye. But Pan Longin rejoiced in spirit that he was not meeting infantry outposts, who are generally placed before camps to give warning to mounted patrols.

But his joy was of short duration. Scarcely had he advanced another furlong of the road when some dark figure shifted before him not more than twenty yards distant. Though unterrified, he felt a slight tremor along his spine. It was too late to withdraw and go around. The form moved; evidently it had seen him. A moment of hesitation followed, short as the twinkle of an eye. Then a suppressed voice called:—

"Vassil, is that you?"

"I," said Pan Longin, quietly.

"Have you gorailka?"

"I have."

"Give me some."

Pan Longin approached.

"Why are you so tall?" asked the voice, in tones of terror.

Something rustled in the darkness. A scream of "Lor—!" smothered the instant it was begun, came from the mouth of the picket; then was heard the crash as it were of broken bones, heavy breathing, and one figure fell quietly to the earth. Pan Longin moved on.

But he did not pass along the same line, for it was evidently a line of pickets; he turned therefore a little nearer to the tabor, wishing to go between the pickets and the line of wagons. If there was not another line of pickets, Pan Longin could meet in that space only those who went out from camp to relieve those on duty. Mounted patrols had no duty here.

After a time it became evident that there was no second line of pickets. But the tabor was not farther than two bow-shots; and wonderful! it seemed to grow nearer continually, though he tried to go at an equal distance from the line of wagons.

It was evident too that not all were asleep in the tabor. At the fires smoldering here and there, sitting figures were visible. In one place the fire was greater,— so large indeed that it almost reached Pan Longin with its light, and he was forced to draw back toward the pickets so as not to pass through the line of illumination. From the distance he distinguished, hanging on cross-sticks near the fire, oxen which the butchers were skinning. Disputing groups of men looked on. A few were playing quietly on pipes for the butchers. It was that part of the camp occupied by the herdsmen. The more distant rows of wagons were surrounded by darkness.

But the line of the tabor lighted by the smoldering fires again appeared as if nearer to Pan Longin. In the beginning he had it only on his right hand; suddenly he saw that he had it in front of him. Then he halted and meditated what to do. He was surrounded. The tabor, the Tartar camp, and the camps of the mob, encircled all Zbaraj like a ring. Inside this ring, sentries were standing and mounted guards moving, that no one might pass through.

The position of Pan Longin was terrible. He had now the choice either to go through between the wagons or seek another exit between the Cossacks and the Tartars. Otherwise he would have to wander till daylight along that rim, unless he wished to return to Zbaraj; but even in the latter case he might fall into the hands of the mounted patrol. He understood, however, that the very nature of the ground did not permit that one wagon should stand close to another. There had to be intervals in the rows, and considerable ones. Such intervals were necessary for communication, for an open road, for necessary travel. He determined to look for such a passage, and with that object approached still nearer to the wagons. The gleam of fires burning

here and there might betray him; but on the other hand they were useful, for without them he could see neither the wagons nor the road between them.

After a quarter of an hour he found a road, and recognized it easily, for it looked like a black belt between the wagons. There was no fire on it; there could be no Cossacks there, since the cavalry had to pass that way. Pan Longin put himself on his knees and hands, and began to crawl to that dark throat like a snake to a hole.

A quarter of an hour passed,—half an hour; he crawled continually, praying at the same time, commending his body and soul to the protection of the heavenly powers. He thought that perhaps the fate of all Zbaraj was depending on him then, could he pass that throat; he prayed therefore not for himself alone, but for those who at that moment in the trenches were praying for him.

On both sides of him all was silent,—no man moved, no horse snorted, no dog barked; and Pan Longin went through. The bushes and thickets looked dark before him; behind them was the oak grove; behind the oak grove the pine woods, all the way to Toporoff; beyond the pine woods, the King, salvation, and glory, service before God and man. What was the cutting of three heads in comparison with this deed, for which something was needed beyond an iron hand? Pan Longin felt the difference, but pride stirred not that clean heart; it was only moved like that of a child with tears of thankfulness.

Then he rose and passed on. Beyond the wagons there were either no pickets, or few easily avoided. Now heavier rain began to fall, pattering on the bushes and drowning the noise of his steps. Pan Longin then gave freedom to his long legs, and walked like a giant, trampling the bushes; every step was like five of a common man,—the wagons every moment farther, the oak grove every moment nearer and salvation every moment nearer.

Here are the oaks. Night beneath them is as black as under the ground; but that is better. A gentle breeze sprang up; the oaks murmured lightly,—you would have said they were muttering a prayer: "O great God, good God, guard this knight, for he is thy servant, and a faithful son of the land on which we have grown up for thy glory!"

About seven miles and a half divided Pan Longin from the Polish camp. Sweat poured from his forehead, for the air was

sultry, as if gathering for a storm; but he went on, caring nothing for the storm, for the angels were singing in his heart. The oaks became thinner. The first field is surely near. The oaks rustle more loudly, as if wishing to say, "Wait: you were safe among us." But the knight has no time, and he enters the open field. Only one oak stands on it, and that in the centre; but it is larger than the others. Pan Longin moves toward that oak.

All at once, when he was a few yards from the spreading branches of the giant, about a dozen figures push out and approach him with wolf-springs: "Who are you? who are you?" Their language is unknown; their heads are covered with something pointed. They are the Tartar horse-herders, who have taken refuge from the rain. At that moment red lightning flashed through the field, revealing the oak, the wild figures of the Tartars, and the enormous noble. A terrible cry shook the air, and the battle began in a moment.

The Tartars rushed on Pan Longin like wolves on a deer, and seized him with sinewy hands; but he only shook himself, and all the assailants fell from him as ripe fruit from a tree. Then the terrible double-handed sword gritted in the scabbard; and then were heard groans, howls, calls for aid, the whistle of the sword, the groans of the wounded, the neighing and the frightened horses, the clatter of broken Tartar swords. The silent field roared with all the wild sounds that can possibly find place in the throats of men.

The Tartars rushed on him repeatedly in a crowd; but he put his back to the oak, and in front covered himself with the whirlwind of his sword, and slashed awfully. Bodies lay dark under his feet; the others fell back, impelled by panic terror. "A div! a div!" howled they wildly.

The howling was not without an answer. Half an hour had not passed when the whole field swarmed with footmen and horsemen. Cossacks ran up, and Tartars also with poles and bows and pieces of burning pitch-pine. Excited questions began to fly from mouth to mouth. "What is it? what has happened?" "A div!" answered the Tartars. "A div!" repeated the crowd. "A Pole! A div! Take him alive, alive!"

Pan Longin fired twice from his pistols, but those reports could not be heard by his comrades in the Polish camp. Now the crowd approached him in a half-circle. He was standing in the shade, gigantic, supported by the tree, and he waited with

sword in hand. The crowd came nearer, nearer. At last the voice of command shouted, "Seize him!"

They rushed ahead. The cries were stopped. Those who could not push on gave light to the assailants. A whirl of men gathered and turned under the tree. Only groans came out of that whirl, and for a long time it was impossible to distinguish anything. At last a scream of terror was wrested from the assailants. The crowd broke in a moment. Under the tree remained Pan Longin, and at his feet a crowd of bodies still quivering in agony.

"Ropes! ropes!" thundered a voice.

The horsemen ran for the ropes, and brought them in the twinkle of an eye. Then a number of strong men seized the two ends of a long rope, endeavoring to fasten Pan Longin to the tree; but he cut with his sword, and the men fell on the ground on both sides. Then the Tartars tried, with the same result.

Seeing that too many men in the crowd interfere with one another, a number of the boldest Nogais advanced once more, wishing absolutely to seize the enormous man alive; but he tore them as a wild boar tears resolute dogs. The oak, which had grown together from two great trees, guarded in its central depression the knight; whoever approached him from the front within the length of his sword perished without uttering a groan. The superhuman power of Pan Longin seemed to increase with each moment. Seeing this, the enraged hordes drove away the Cossacks, and around were heard the wild cries, "Bows! bows!"

At the sight of the bows, and of the arrows poured out at the feet of his enemies from their quivers, Pan Longin saw that the moment of death was at hand, and he began the litany to the Most Holy Lady.

It became still. The crowds restrained their breath, waiting for what would happen. The first arrow whistled, as Pan Longin was saying, "Mother of the Redeemer!" and it scratched his temple. Another arrow whistled as he was saying, "O glorious Lady," and it stuck in his shoulder. The words of the litany mingled with the whistling of arrows; and when Pan Longin had said "Morning Star," arrows were standing in his shoulders, in his side, in his legs. The blood from his temples was flowing into his eyes; he saw as through a mist the field and the Tartars; he heard no longer the whistle of the arrows. He felt

that he was weakening, that his legs were bending under him; his head dropped on his breast. At last he fell on his knees. Then he said, with a half-groan, "Queen of the Angels—" These words were his last on earth. The angels of heaven took his soul, and placed it as a clear pearl at the feet of the "Queen of the Angels."

BASIA WORKS A MIRACLE

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[Pan Michael is in love with Krysia, but she loves Ketling; to him therefore Michael resigns her, while Basia sobs.]

KETLING was so changed that he was barely able to make a low obeisance to the ladies; then he stood motionless, with his hat at his breast, with his eyes closed, like a wonder-working image. Pan Michael embraced his sister on the way, and approached Krysia. The maiden's face was as white as linen, so that the light down on her lip seemed darker than usual; her breast rose and fell violently. But Pan Michael took her hand mildly and pressed it to his lips; then his mustaches quivered for a time, as if he were collecting his thoughts; at last he spoke with great sadness, but with great calmness:—

"My gracious lady—or better, my beloved Krysia! Hear me without alarm; for I am not some Scythian or Tartar, or a wild beast, but a friend, who though not very happy himself, still desires your happiness. It has come out that you and Ketling love each other: Panna Basia in just anger threw it in my eyes. I do not deny that I rushed out of this house in a rage, and flew to seek vengeance on Ketling. Whoso loses his all is more easily borne away by vengeance; and I, as God is dear to me, loved you terribly, and not merely as a man never married loves a maiden. For if I had been married, and the Lord God had given me an only son or daughter, and had taken them afterward, I should not have mourned over them, I think, as I mourned over you."

Here Pan Michael's voice failed for a moment, but he recovered quickly; and after his mustache had quivered a number of times, he continued:—

«Sorrow is sorrow; but there is no help. That Ketling fell in love with you is not a wonder. Who would not fall in love with you? And that you fell in love with him — that is my fate: there is no reason either to wonder at that, for what comparison is there between Ketling and me? In the field he will say himself that I am not the worse man; but that is another matter. The Lord God gave beauty to one, withheld it from the other, but rewarded him with reflection. So when the wind on the road blew around me, and my first rage had passed, conscience said straightway, Why punish them? Why shed the blood of a friend? They fell in love,— that was God's will. The oldest people say that against the heart, the command of a hetman is nothing. It was the will of God that they fell in love; but that they did not betray, is their honesty. If Ketling had even known of your promise to me, maybe I should have called to him, 'Quench!' but he did not know of it. What was his fault? Nothing. And your fault? Nothing. He wished to depart; you wished to go to God. My fate is to blame, my fate only; for the finger of God is to be seen now in this, that I remain in loneliness. But I have conquered myself; I have conquered!»

Pan Michael stopped again and began to breathe quickly, like a man who, after long diving in water, has come out to the air; then he took Krysia's hand. «So to love,» said he, «as to wish all for one's self, is not an exploit. 'The hearts are breaking in all three of us,' thought I: 'better let one suffer and give relief to the other two.' Krysia, God give you happiness with Ketling! Amen. God give you, Krysia, happiness with Ketling! It pains me a little, but that is nothing— God give you — that is nothing — I have conquered myself!»

The soldier said, «That is nothing;» but his teeth gritted, and his breath began to hiss through them. From the other end of the room, the sobbing of Basia was heard.

«Ketling, come here, brother!» cried Volodyovski.

Ketling approached, knelt down, opened his arms, and in silence, with the greatest respect and love, embraced Krysia's knees.

But Pan Michael continued in a broken voice, «Press his head. He has had his suffering too, poor fellow. God bless you and him! You will not go to the cloister. I prefer that you should bless me rather than have reason to curse me. The Lord God is above me, though it is hard for me now.»

Basia, not able to endure longer, rushed out of the room; seeing which, Pan Michael turned to Makovetski and his sister. "Go to the other chamber," said he, "and leave them; I too will go somewhere, for I will kneel down and commend myself to the Lord Jesus." And he went out.

Half-way down the corridor he met Basia, at the staircase; on the very same place where, borne away by anger, she had divulged the secret of Krysia and Ketling. But this time Basia stood leaning against the wall, choking with sobs.

At sight of this, Pan Michael was touched at his own fate; he had restrained himself up to that moment as best he was able, but then the bonds of sorrow gave way, and tears burst from his eyes in a torrent. "Why do you weep?" cried he pitifully.

Basia raised her head, thrusting, like a child, now one and now the other fist into her eyes, choking and gulping at the air with open mouth, and answered with sobbing, "I am so sorry! Oh, for God's sake! O Jesus! Pan Michael is so honest, so worthy! Oh, for God's sake!"

Pan Michael seized her hands and began kissing them from gratitude. "God reward you! God reward you for your heart!" said he. "Quiet; do not weep."

But Basia sobbed the more, almost to choking. Every vein in her was quivering from sorrow; she began to gulp for air more and more quickly; at last, stamping from excitement, she cried so loudly that it was heard through the whole corridor, "Krysia is a fool! I would rather have one Pan Michael than ten Ketlings! I love Pan Michael with all my strength — better than auntie, better than uncle, better than Krysia!"

"For God's sake! Basia!" cried the knight. And wishing to restrain her emotion, he seized her in his embrace, and she nestled up to his breast with all her strength, so that he felt her heart throbbing like a wearied bird; then he embraced her still more firmly, and they remained so.

Silence followed.

"Basia, do you wish me?" asked the little knight.

"I do, I do, I do!" answered Basia.

At this answer transport seized him in turn; he pressed his lips to her rosy lips, and again they remained so.

Meanwhile a carriage rattled up to the house; and Zagloba rushed into the ante-room, then to the dining-room, in which

Pan Makovetski was sitting with his wife. "There is no sign of Michael!" cried he, in one breath: "I looked everywhere. Pan Krytski said that he saw him with Ketling. Surely they have fought!"

"Michael is here," answered Pani Makovetski; "he brought Ketling and gave him Krysia."

The pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned had surely a less astonished face than Zagloba at that moment. Silence continued for a while; then the old noble rubbed his eyes and asked, "What?"

"Krysia and Ketling are sitting in there together, and Michael has gone to pray," said Makovetski.

Zagloba entered the next room without a moment's hesitation; and though he knew of all, he was astonished a second time, seeing Ketling and Krysia sitting forehead to forehead. They sprang up, greatly confused, and had not a word to say, especially as the Makovetskis came in after Zagloba.

"A lifetime would not suffice to thank Michael," said Ketling at last. "Our happiness is his work."

"God give you happiness!" said Makovetski. "We will not oppose Michael."

Krysia dropped into the embraces of Pani Makovetski, and the two began to cry. Zagloba was as if stunned. Ketling bowed to Makovetski's knees as to those of a father; and either from the onrush of thoughts, or from confusion, Makovetski said, "But Pan Deyma killed Pan Ubysh. Thank Michael, not me!" After a while he asked, "Wife, what was the name of that lady?"

But she had no time for an answer, for at that moment Basia rushed in, panting more than usual, more rosy than usual, with her forelock falling down over her eyes more than usual; she ran up to Ketling and Krysia, and thrusting her finger now into the eye of one, and now into the eye of the other, said, "Oh, sigh, love, marry! You think that Pan Michael will be alone in the world? Not a bit of it: I shall be with him, for I love him, and I have told him so. I was the first to tell him, and he asked if I wanted him, and I told him that I would rather have him than ten others; for I love him, and I'll be the best wife, and I will never leave him! I'll go to the war with him! I've loved him this long time, though I did not tell him; for he is the best and the worthiest, the beloved— And now marry

for yourselves, and I will take Pan Michael, to-morrow if need be — for — »

Here breath failed Basia.

All looked at her, not understanding whether she had gone mad or was telling the truth; then they looked at one another, and with that Pan Michael appeared in the door behind Basia.

« Michael,» asked Makovetski, when presence of mind had restored his voice to him, « is what we hear true? »

« God has wrought a miracle,» answered the little knight with great seriousness, « and here is my comfort, my love, my greatest treasure.»

After these words Basia sprang to him again like a deer.

Now the mask of astonishment fell from Zagloba's face, and his white beard began to quiver; he opened his arms widely and said, « God knows I shall sob! Haiduk and Michael, come hither! »

BASIA AND MICHAEL PART

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[The siege of Kamenyets is in progress. The defenders have just repulsed a fierce attack upon the castle, but they know their desperate plight, and foresee the tragic end. Basia is with the knights upon the ramparts.]

« PRAISE be to God,» said the little knight, « there will be rest till the morning kindya at least; and in justice it belongs to us.»

But that was an apparent rest only; for when night was still deeper, they heard in the silence the sound of hammers beating the cliff.

« That is worse than artillery,» said Ketling, listening.

« Now would be the time to make a sortie,» said the little knight; « but 'tis impossible, — the men are too weary. They have not slept; and they have not eaten, though they had food, for there was no time to take it. Besides there are always some thousands on guard with the miners, so that there may be no opposition from our side. There is no help but to blow up the new castle ourselves, and withdraw to the old one.»

"That is not for to-day," answered Ketling. "See, the men have fallen like sheaves of grain, and are sleeping a stone sleep. The dragoons have not even wiped their swords."

"Basia, it is time to go home and sleep," said the little knight.

"I will, Michael," answered Basia obediently; "I will go as you command. But the cloister is closed now: I should prefer to remain, and watch over your sleep."

"It is a wonder to me," said the little knight, "that after such toil sleep has left me, and I have no wish whatever to rest my head."

"Because you have roused your blood among the janissaries," said Zagloba. "It was always so with me: after a battle I could never sleep in any way. But as to Basia, why should she drag herself to a closed gate? Let her remain here till morning."

Basia pressed Zagloba with delight; and the little knight, seeing how much she wished to stay, said:—

"Let us go to the chambers."

They went in; but the place was full of lime dust, which the cannon-balls had raised by shaking the walls. It was impossible to stay there; so they went out again, and took their places in a niche made when the old gate had been walled in. Pan Michael sat there, leaning against the masonry. Basia nestled up to him, like a child to its mother. The night was in August, warm and fragrant. The moon illuminated the niche with a silver light; the faces of the little knight and Basia were bathed in its rays. Lower down, in the court of the castle, were groups of sleeping soldiers and the bodies of those slain during the cannonade; for there had been no time yet for their burial. The calm light of the moon crept over those bodies, as if that hermit of the sky wished to know who was sleeping from weariness merely, and who had fallen into the eternal slumber. Farther on was outlined the wall of the main castle, from which fell a black shadow on one half of the court-yard. Outside the walls, from between the bulwarks, where the janissaries lay cut down with sabres, came the voices of men. They were camp-followers and those of the dragoons to whom booty was dearer than slumber; they were stripping the bodies of the slain. Their lanterns were gleaming on the place of combat like fireflies. Some of them called to one another; and one was singing in an undertone a

sweet song not beseeming the work to which he was given at the moment:—

> "Nothing is silver, nothing is gold to me now,
> Nothing is fortune.
> Let me die at the fence, then, of hunger,
> If only near thee."

But after a certain time that movement began to decrease, and at last stopped completely. A silence set in which was broken only by the distant sound of the hammers breaking the cliffs, and the calls of the sentries on the walls. That silence, the moonlight, and the night full of beauty, delighted Pan Michael and Basia. A yearning came upon them, it is unknown why; and a certain sadness, though pleasant. Basia raised her eyes to her husband; and seeing that his eyes were open, she said:—

"Michael, you are not sleeping."

"It is a wonder, but I cannot sleep."

"It is pleasant for you here?"

"Pleasant. But for you?"

Basia nodded her bright head. "O Michael, so pleasant! ai, ai! Did you not hear what that man was singing?"

Here she repeated the last words of the little song,—

> "Let me die at the fence, then, of hunger,
> If only near thee."

A moment of silence followed, which the little knight interrupted:—

"But listen, Basia."

"What, Michael?"

"To tell the truth, we are wonderfully happy with each other; and I think if one of us were to fall, the other would grieve beyond measure."

Basia understood perfectly that when the little knight said "if one of us were to fall," instead of *die*, he had himself only in mind. It came to her head that maybe he did not expect to come out of that siege alive,—that he wished to accustom her to that termination; therefore a dreadful presentiment pressed her heart, and clasping her hands, she said:—

"Michael, have pity on yourself and on me!"

The voice of the little knight was moved somewhat, though calm.

"But see, Basia, you are not right," said he; "for if you only reason the matter out, what is this temporal existence? Why break one's neck over it? Who would be satisfied with tasting happiness and love here when all breaks like a dry twig,—who?"

But Basia began to tremble from weeping, and to repeat:—

"I will not hear this! I will not! I will not!"

"As God is dear to me, you are not right," repeated the little knight. "Look, think of it: there above, beyond that quiet moon, is a country of bliss without end. Of such a one speak to me. Whoever reaches that meadow will draw breath for the first time, as if after a long journey, and will feed in peace. When my time comes,—and that is a soldier's affair,—it is your simple duty to say to yourself, 'That is nothing! Michael is gone. True, he is gone far, farther than from here to Lithuania; but that is nothing, for I shall follow him.' Basia, be quiet; do not weep. The one who goes first will prepare quarters for the other: that is the whole matter."

Here there came on him, as it were, a vision of coming events; for he raised his eyes to the moonlight, and continued:—

"What is this mortal life? Grant that I am there first, waiting till some one knocks at the heavenly gate. Saint Peter opens it. I look: who is that? My Basia! Save us! Oh, I shall jump then! Oh, I shall cry then! Dear God, words fail me. And there will be no tears, only endless rejoicing; and there will be no pagans, nor cannon, nor mines under walls, only peace and happiness. Ai, Basia, remember, this life is nothing!"

"Michael, Michael!" repeated Basia.

And again came silence, broken only by the distant, monotonous sound of the hammers.

"Basia, let us pray together," said Pan Michael at last.

And those two souls began to pray. As they prayed, peace came on both; and then sleep overcame them, and they slumbered till the first dawn.

Pan Michael conducted Basia away before the morning kindya to the bridge joining the old castle with the town. In parting, he said:—

"This life is nothing! remember that, Basia."

THE FUNERAL OF PAN MICHAEL

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[Kamenyets has been basely surrendered to the Sultan. Pan Michael prepares to send forth his troops, but between him and Ketling there is a secret understanding: they have sworn to blow up the castle and meet death together, that the white flag may never be hoisted over the citadel of Kamenyets.]

When Volodyovski had mustered the troops, he called Pan Mushalski and said to him:—

"Old friend, do me one more service. Go this moment to my wife, and tell her from me—" Here the voice stuck in the throat of the little knight for a while. "And say to her from me—" He halted again, and then added quickly, "This life is nothing!"

The bowman departed. After him the troops went out gradually. Pan Michael mounted his horse and watched over the march. The castle was evacuated slowly, because of the rubbish and fragments which blocked the way.

Ketling approached the little knight. "I will go down," said he, fixing his teeth.

"Go! but delay till the troops have marched out. Go!"

Here they seized each other in an embrace which lasted some time. The eyes of both were gleaming with an uncommon radiance. Ketling rushed away at last toward the vaults.

Pan Michael took the helmet from his head. He looked awhile yet on the ruin, on that field of his glory, on the rubbish, the corpses, the fragments of walls, on the breastwork, on the guns; then raising his eyes, he began to pray. His last words were, "Grant her, O Lord, to endure this patiently; give her peace!"

Ah! Ketling hastened, not waiting even till the troops had marched out: for at that moment the bastions quivered, an awful roar rent the air; bastions, towers, walls, horses, guns, living men, corpses, masses of earth, all torn upward with a flame, and mixed,—pounded together, as it were, into one dreadful cartridge, flew toward the sky.

Thus died Volodyovski, the Hector of Kamenyets, the first soldier of the Commonwealth.

In the monastery of St. Stanislav stood a lofty catafalque in the centre of the church; it was surrounded with gleaming tapers, and on it lay Pan Volodyovski in two coffins, one of lead and one of wood. The lids had been fastened, and the funeral service was just ending.

It was the heartfelt wish of the widow that the body should rest in Hreptyoff: but since all Podolia was in the hands of the enemy, it was decided to bury it temporarily in Stanislav; for to that place the "exiles" of Kamenyets had been sent under a Turkish convoy, and there delivered to the troops of the hetman.

All the bells in the monastery were ringing. The church was filled with a throng of nobles and soldiers, who wished to look for the last time at the coffin of the Hector of Kamenyets, and the first cavalier of the Commonwealth. It was whispered that the hetman himself was to come to the funeral; but as he had not appeared so far, and as at any moment the Tartars might come in a chambul, it was determined not to defer the ceremony.

Old soldiers, friends or subordinates of the deceased, stood in a circle around the catafalque. Among others were present Pan Mushalski, the bowman, Pan Motovidlo, Pan Snitko, Pan Hromyka, Pan Nyenashinyets, Pan Novoveski, and many others, former officers of the stanitsa. By a marvelous fortune, no man was lacking of those who had sat on the evening benches around the hearth at Hreptyoff; all had brought their heads safely out of that war, except the man who was their leader and model. That good and just knight, terrible to the enemy, loving to his own; that swordsman above swordsmen, with the heart of a dove,—lay there high among the tapers, in glory immeasurable, but in the silence of death. Hearts hardened through war were crushed with sorrow at that sight; yellow gleams from the tapers shone on the stern, suffering faces of warriors, and were reflected in glittering points in the tears dropping down from their eyelids.

Within the circle of soldiers lay Basia, in the form of a cross, on the floor; and near her Zagloba, old, broken, decrepit, and trembling. She had followed on foot from Kamenyets the hearse bearing that most precious coffin, and now the moment had come when it was necessary to give that coffin to the earth. Walking the whole way, insensible, as if not belonging to this world, and now at the catafalque, she repeated with unconscious lips, "This life is nothing!" She repeated it because that beloved one had commanded her, for that was the last message which he

had sent her; but in that repetition and in those expressions were mere sounds, without substance, without truth, without meaning and solace. No: "This life is nothing" meant merely regret, darkness, despair, torpor, merely misfortune incurable, life beaten and broken,—an erroneous announcement that there was nothing above her, neither mercy nor hope; that there was merely a desert, and it will be a desert which God alone can fill when he sends death.

They rang the bells; at the great altar, Mass was at its end. At last thundered the deep voice of the priest, as if calling from the abyss: "*Requiescat in pace!*" A feverish quiver shook Basia, and in her unconscious head rose one thought alone: "Now, now, they will take him from me!" But that was not yet the end of the ceremony. The knights had prepared many speeches to be spoken at the lowering of the coffin; meanwhile Father Kaminski ascended the pulpit,—the same who had been in Hreptyoff frequently, and who in the time of Basia's illness had prepared her for death.

People in the church began to spit and cough, as is usual before preaching; then they were quiet, and all eyes were turned to the pulpit. The rattling of a drum was heard on the pulpit.

The hearers were astonished. Father Kaminski beat the drum as if for alarm; he stopped suddenly, and a death-like silence followed. Then a drum was heard a second and a third time; suddenly the priest threw the drumsticks to the floor of the church, and called:—

"Pan Colonel Volodyovski!"

A spasmodic scream from Basia answered him. It became simply terrible in the church. Pan Zagloba rose, and aided by Mushalski bore out the fainting woman.

Meanwhile the priest continued: "In God's name, Pan Volodyovski, they are beating the alarm! there is war, the enemy is in the land!—and do you not spring up, seize your sabre, mount your horse? Have you forgotten your former virtue? Do you leave us alone with sorrow, with alarm?"

The breasts of the knights rose; and a universal weeping broke out in the church, and broke out several times again, when the priest lauded the virtue, the love of country, and the bravery of the dead man. His own words carried the preacher away. His face became pale; his forehead was covered with sweat; his voice trembled. Sorrow for the little knight carried him away.

sorrow for Kamenyets, sorrow for the Commonwealth, ruined by the hands of the followers of the Crescent; and finally he finished his eulogy with this prayer:—

"O Lord, they will turn churches into mosques, and chant the Koran in places where till this time the Gospel has been chanted. Thou hast cast us down, O Lord; thou hast turned thy face from us, and given us into the power of the foul Turk. Inscrutable are thy decrees; but who, O Lord, will resist the Turk now? What armies will war with him on the boundaries? Thou, from whom nothing in the world is concealed,—thou knowest best that there is nothing superior to our cavalry! What cavalry can move for thee, O Lord, as ours can? Wilt thou set aside defenders behind whose shoulders all Christendom might glorify thy name? O kind Father, do not desert us! show us thy mercy! Send us a defender! Send a crusher of the foul Mohammedan! Let him come hither; let him stand among us; let him raise our fallen hearts! Send him, O Lord!"

At that moment the people gave way at the door; and into the church walked the hetman, Pan Sobieski. The eyes of all were turned to him; a quiver shook the people; and he went with clatter of spurs to the catafalque, lordly, mighty, with the face of a Cæsar. An escort of iron cavalry followed him.

"Salvator!" cried the priest, in prophetic ecstasy.

Sobieski knelt at the catafalque, and prayed for the soul of Volodyovski.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

(1841–1887)

THE strain sounded by Edward Rowland Sill has a quality of distinction, and a haunting loveliness of aspiration, such as to endear him to those who rejoice in art which is but the handmaiden to dignity of thought and quiet beauty of form. Life and song with Sill — as with Sidney Lanier, between whom and the New-Englander there is spiritual fellowship — were in harmony; and man and writer equally call forth admiration. Sill's life was studious, shy, withdrawn; his work too made no noisy demand on the public. It was not startling in manner. Its appeal was to the inner experience, to the still small voice, which is the soul's monitor. His art showed that unobtrusive obedience to the fundamental technique, which, from the Greek days to our own, has acted as a preservative of the written word.

EDWARD R. SILL

Sill was born in Windsor, Connecticut, on April 29th, 1841, and was graduated from Yale College at the age of twenty. At first he went to California with business plans in mind; but came back to the East, intending to become a minister, and studied for a short time at the Harvard Divinity School. This idea was soon abandoned; and he went to New York City and did editorial work on the New York Evening Mail. Then he went to Ohio to do some teaching, and thence was called to California again in 1871, as principal of the High School at Oakland; and after three years' service there, went to the University of California at Berkeley, to be the professor of English literature, — a position he held until 1882, when he returned to Ohio and devoted himself to literary work. He died at Cleveland, in that State, February 27th, 1887.

But it was the life internal, not that external, which was most significant in the case of Sill. A scholar, an idealist, as a teacher he was very unconventional but intensely inspiring. He fulfilled the grand pedagogic conception that the most fruitful teaching means not so much the imparting of knowledge as the stimulation of a fine personality. In his latest years, when out of health and thrown

much upon himself, his broodings were deep and wise, and his choicest lyrics are the precious register of them; another such registration being the remarkable letters he wrote to a few privileged friends. He lived aside from the feverish centres of activity, but kept in the stream of the nobler activities of the human mind and soul. As he wrote in one of the finest of his poems, 'Field-Notes':—

> «Life is a game the soul can play
> With fewer pieces than men say.»

Again in 'Solitude' he expresses his feeling:—

> «All alone, alone,
> Calm as on a kingly throne,
> Take thy place in the crowded land
> Self-centred in free self-command.
> Far from the chattering tongues of men,
> Sitting above their call or ken,
> Free from links of manner and form,
> Thou shalt learn of the wingèd storm,—
> God shall speak to thee out of the sky.»

All that one knows of Sill's personal side is in consonance with the aspiring note and the intellectual questing that mark his poetry.

Dying comparatively young, at forty-five, there is a sense of incompletion about his literary output. He did not write facilely nor polish much. A book of verse in young manhood, 'The Hermitage and Other Poems' (1867); a mid-manhood volume privately printed, 'The Venus of Milo and Other Poems' (1883); and a well-chosen posthumous selection, 'Poems' (1888), embracing the bulk of his worthiest work,—make up the scant list. He produced slowly, and was chary about collecting the pieces which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and elsewhere; only doing so, indeed, on the urgence of his publishers. But it is quality, not quantity, which defines a writer's place; and the charm, suggestion, and strength of Sill's verse cannot be gainsaid. The dominant trait in him is spirituality, coming out whether he is describing nature—few American poets have been more happy in this—or dealing with the deep heart of man. It is the soul's problem in relation to existence which awakens his warm interest and solicitude. The jocund mood, the touch of humor, were rare with him as a writer, but not entirely wanting, as the very strong satiric piece of verse 'Five Lives' is enough to prove. The playful side of his nature, too, is glimpsed in many of his private letters. Intellectually, and in the matter of diction to a degree, there is an Emersonian flavor to Sill. A lyric like 'Service,' for example, certainly would not have shamed the Concord Sage. Sill's spiritual faith had the same robust optimism as Emerson's, though there was

more sensitiveness to the minor chords of life. This strong, affirming belief in the triumph of spirit over flesh makes Sill's verse an ethical tonic, as well as an æsthetic delight. 'Field-Notes' is his noblest statement of this helpful philosophy, which however crops out continually in his work. This mood and attitude of mind, expressed with sincerity and tenderness, with music and imagination, denote Sill as one whose accomplishment, if slight in extent and unambitious in aim, is of a very high order, and such as could emanate only from a poet truly called to song.

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OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the King's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

HOME

THERE lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
  Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
  Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
  His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite love will lead thee home.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
  Sought out some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
  And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose:—"O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
  From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,—
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders,—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will: but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed: in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool;
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

A MORNING THOUGHT

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me:—
"This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear:
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death"?

STRANGE

He died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him; sudden fame
These suddenly warm comrades gave.
They called him pure, they called him brave;
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said, "You'd seek his like in vain,—
Gentle, and strong, and good:" none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Mended, was well! They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues; lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Thanked God they were not such as he;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread:
And made him, living, wish him dead.

LIFE

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

(1806–1870)

ONE of the stalwart pioneers of American literature was the South-Carolinian, William G. Simms. He cultivated letters under comparatively adverse conditions. He produced, under the whip of necessity and by force of a vigorous gift for literary composition, a remarkable number of books, many of them below his normal power. Yet some of his Revolutionary and Colonial romances have a merit likely to give them a lasting audience. Boys, who are keen on the scent of a stirring plot and a well-told storv, still read Simms with gusto. Moreover, in making literary use of the early doings of his native State and of other Southern and border States, he did a real service in drawing attention to and awakening interest in local United States history. Simms had the wisdom, in a day when it was rarer than it is now, to draw upon this rich native material lying as virgin ore for the novelist. No other man of his time made more successful use of it.

W. G. Simms

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17th, 1806. His father was a self-made man of decided force, though lacking education. William had only a common-school training; and before studying law, was a clerk in a chemical house. He was admitted to the bar when twenty-one years of age; but cared little for the profession, indicating his preference the same year by publishing two volumes of poems. Throughout his career Simms courted the Muse; but his verse never became an important part of his achievement. In 1828 he became editor and part owner of the Charleston City Gazette, which took the Union side during the Nullification excitement. He held the position for four years, when the newspaper was discontinued because of political dissensions, leaving the editor in financial straits. After a year's residence in Hingham, Massachusetts,—where his first novel, 'Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal,' was written,—he returned to South Carolina; settling finally on his plantation Woodlands, near Medway, in that State, where he lived for many years the life of a genial

country gentleman, a large slave-owner, his mansion the centre of an open-handed hospitality. Simms was in these years the representative Southern author, visited as a matter of course by travelers from the North. This life was varied also by political office: he was for many years a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and was once an unsuccessful candidate for lieutenant-governor.

Personally Simms was an impulsive, choleric, generous-hearted man, full of pluck and energy, widely interested in the affairs of his land, doing steadily what he conceived to be right. During his meridian of strength he prospered, though driven to work hard to keep up his style of living. But when the war came he suffered the common lot of well-conditioned Southerners, and was almost ruined. Thereafter, until his death, it was an up-hill struggle. Simms was frankly, warmly sectional in his feelings, stoutly maintaining the right of the South to secede. A sympathetic picture of the days of his activity, in both sunshine and storm, is given in Professor William P. Trent's biography of him prepared for the 'American Men of Letters' series. Simms published more than thirty volumes of novels and shorter tales: his verse alone counts up to nearly twenty books, and in addition he wrote histories,—including several books of South Carolina biographies,—edited various standard authors, and contributed almost countless articles to periodicals. The voluminous nature of his writings explains the ephemerality of much of his work, and suggests his faults,—carelessness of style and looseness of construction, and an inclination to the sensational. Simms's bloody scenes are generally in full view of the audience: he did not see the value of reserve. But his good qualities are positive: he has lively characterization, brisk movement, a sense of the picturesque, and great fertility of invention.

It is unnecessary, in the case of a writer so fecund, to catalogue his works: the most powerful and artistic are those dealing with his native State; and the chapter quoted from 'The Yemassee,' the most popular and perhaps the best of all his fiction,—a story describing the uprising of the Indian tribe of that name, and the bravery of the early Carolinians in repulsing them,—gives an admirable idea of his gift for the graphic presentation of a dramatic scene. 'Guy Rivers,' in 1834, was Simms's first decided success in native romance; and crude as it is, has plenty of bustling action to hold the attention. The Revolutionary quadrilogy beginning with 'The Partisan' (1835), and ending with 'Katharine Walton' (1851), including also 'Mellichampe' and 'The Kinsman,'—all tales of Marion and his troopers and the British campaign in the Carolinas; the group of short stories known as 'Wigwam and Cabin' (1845), dealing with frontier and Indian life; and the much later 'The Cassique of Kiawah' (1860).

which depicts colonial days in Charleston,— are superior examples of his scope and style. Both the American and English public of that day took to his work: ten of his novels received German translation.

Simms was conscientious and indefatigable in getting the material for his tales: reading the authorities in print and manuscript, traveling in order to study the physical aspects of the country and gather oral legends and scraps of local history. Thus he came to know well, and to be able to reproduce with truth and spirit, the Indians and white men who filled his mind's eye. The reader of to-day is more likely to underestimate than to overestimate Simms in this regard. He was a writer with a very conspicuous talent for character limning and narrative, which was aided by years of ceaseless pen-work. Under less practical pressure, and with a keener sense of the obligation of the artist to his art, he might have ranked with Cooper. As it is, with all allowance for shortcomings, he is an agreeable figure whether he be considered as author or man.

THE DOOM OF OCCONESTOGA

From 'The Yemassee'

It was a gloomy amphitheatre in the deep forests to which the assembled multitude bore the unfortunate Occonestoga. The whole scene was unique in that solemn grandeur, that sombre hue, that deep spiritual repose, in which the human imagination delights to invest the region which has been rendered remarkable for the deed of punishment or crime. A small swamp or morass hung upon one side of the wood; from the rank bosom of which, in numberless millions, the flickering firefly perpetually darted upwards, giving a brilliance and animation to the spot, which at that moment no assemblage of light or life could possibly enliven. The ancient oak, a bearded Druid, was there to contribute to the due solemnity of all associations; the green but gloomy cedar, the ghostly cypress, and here and there the overgrown pine,— all rose up in their primitive strength, and with an undergrowth around them of shrub and flower that scarcely at any time, in that sheltered and congenial habitation, had found it necessary to shrink from winter. In the centre of the area thus invested rose a high and venerable mound, the tumulus of many preceding ages, from the washed sides of which might now and then be seen protruding the bleached bones of some ancient warrior or sage. A circle of trees at a little distance hedged it in,

made secure and sacred by the performance there of many of their religious rites and offices,—themselves, as they bore the broad arrow of the Yemassee, being free from all danger of overthrow or desecration by Indian hands.

Amid the confused cries of the multitude, they bore the captive to the foot of the tumulus, and bound him backward, half reclining upon a tree. A hundred warriors stood around, armed according to the manner of the nation,—each with a tomahawk and knife and bow. They stood up as for battle, but spectators simply; and took no part in a proceeding which belonged entirely to the priesthood. In a wider and denser circle gathered hundreds more: not the warriors, but the people,—the old, the young, the women and the children, all fiercely excited, and anxious to see a ceremony so awfully exciting to an Indian imagination; involving as it did not only the perpetual loss of human caste and national consideration, but the eternal doom, the degradation, the denial of and the exile from their simple forest heaven. Interspersed with this latter crowd, seemingly at regular intervals, and with an allotted labor assigned them, came a number of old women: not unmeet representatives, individually, for either of the weird sisters of the Scottish thane,

"So withered and so wild in their attire;"

and regarding their cries and actions, of whom we may safely affirm that they looked like anything but inhabitants of earth! In their hands they bore, each of them, a flaming torch of the rich and gummy pine; and these they waved over the heads of the multitude in a thousand various evolutions, accompanying each movement with a fearful cry, which at regular periods was chorused by the assembled mass. A bugle—a native instrument of sound, five feet or more in length; hollowed out from the commonest timber, the cracks and breaks of which were carefully sealed up with the resinous gum oozing from their burning torches; and which to this day, borrowed from the natives, our negroes employ on the Southern waters with a peculiar compass and variety of note—was carried by one of the party; and gave forth at intervals, timed with much regularity, a long, protracted, single blast, adding greatly to the wild and picturesque character of the spectacle. At the articulation of these sounds, the circles continue to contract, though slowly; until at length but a brief

space lay between the armed warriors, the crowd, and the unhappy victim.

The night grew dark of a sudden; and the sky was obscured by one of the brief tempests that usually usher in the summer, and mark the transition, in the South, of one season to another. A wild gust rushed along the wood. The leaves were whirled over the heads of the assemblage, and the trees bent downwards until they cracked and groaned again beneath the wind. A feeling of natural superstition crossed the minds of the multitude, as the hurricane, though common enough in that region, passed hurriedly along; and a spontaneous and universal voice of chanted prayer rose from the multitude, in their own wild and emphatic language, to the evil deity whose presence they beheld in its progress: —

> "Thy wing, Opitchi-Manneyto,
> It o'erthrows the tall trees —
> Thy breath, Opitchi-Manneyto,
> Makes the waters tremble —
> Thou art in the hurricane,
> When the wigwam tumbles —
> Thou art in the arrow fire,
> When the pine is shivered —
> But upon the Yemassee
> Be thy coming gentle —
> Are they not thy well-beloved?
> Bring they not a slave to thee?
> Look! the slave is bound for thee,
> 'Tis the Yemassee that brings him.
> Pass, Opitchi-Manneyto —
> Pass, black spirit, pass from us —
> Be thy passage gentle."

And as the uncouth strain rose at the conclusion into a diapason of unanimous and contending voices, — of old and young, male and female, — the brief summer tempest had gone by. A shout of self-gratulation, joined with warm acknowledgments, testified the popular sense and confidence in that especial Providence, which even the most barbarous nations claim as forever working in their behalf.

At this moment, surrounded by the chiefs, and preceded by the great prophet or high-priest, Enoree-Mattee, came Sanutee, the well-beloved of the Yemassee, to preside over the destinies of

his son. There was a due and becoming solemnity, but nothing of the peculiar feelings of the father, visible in his countenance. Blocks of wood were placed around as seats for the chiefs; but Sanutee and the prophet threw themselves, with more of imposing veneration in the proceeding, upon the edge of the tumulus, just where an overcharged spot, bulging out with the crowding bones of its inmates, had formed an elevation answering the purpose of couch or seat. They sat directly looking upon the prisoner; who reclined, bound securely upon his back to a decapitated tree, at a little distance before them. A signal having been given, the women ceased their clamors; and approaching him, they waved their torches so closely above his head as to make all his features distinctly visible to the now watchful and silent multitude. He bore the examination with stern, unmoved features, which the sculptor in brass or marble might have been glad to transfer to his statue in the block. While the torches waved, one of the women now cried aloud, in a barbarous chant, above him:—

> «Is not this a Yemassee?
> Wherefore is he bound thus—
> Wherefore with the broad arrow
> On his right arm growing,
> Wherefore is he bound thus?
> Is not this a Yemassee?»

A second woman now approached him, waving her torch in like manner, seeming closely to inspect his features, and actually passing her fingers over the emblem upon his shoulder, as if to ascertain more certainly the truth of the image. Having done this, she turned about to the crowd, and in the same barbarous sort of strain with the preceding, replied as follows:—

> «It is not the Yemassee,
> But a dog that runs away.
> From his right arm take the arrow,
> He is not the Yemassee.»

As these words were uttered, the crowd of women and children around cried out for the execution of the judgment thus given; and once again flamed the torches wildly, and the shoutings were general among the multitude. When they had subsided, a huge Indian came forward and sternly confronted the prisoner.

This man was Malatchie, the executioner; and he looked the horrid trade which he professed. His garments were stained and smeared with blood, and covered with scalps, which, connected together by slight strings, formed a loose robe over his shoulders. In one hand he carried a torch, in the other a knife. He came forward, under the instructions of Enoree-Mattee the prophet, to claim the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto,—that is, in our language, the slave of hell. This he did in the following strain:—

> «'Tis Opitchi-Manneyto
> In Malatchie's ear that cries:—
> 'This is not the Yemassee,—
> And the woman's word is true,—
> He's a dog that should be mine:
> I have hunted for him long.
> From his master he had run,
> With the stranger made his home;
> Now I have him, he is mine:
> Hear Opitchi-Manneyto.'»

And as the besmeared and malignant executioner howled his fierce demand in the very ears of his victim, he hurled the knife which he carried, upwards with such dexterity into the air, that it rested point downward and sticking fast, on its descent, into the tree and just above the head of the doomed Occonestoga. With his hand, the next instant, he laid a resolute gripe upon the shoulder of the victim, as if to confirm and strengthen his claim by actual possession; while at the same time, with a sort of malignant pleasure, he thrust his besmeared and distorted visage close into the face of his prisoner. Writhing against the ligaments which bound him fast, Occonestoga strove to turn his head aside from the disgusting and obtrusive presence; and the desperation of his effort, but that he had been too carefully secured, might have resulted in the release of some of his limbs; for the breast heaved and labored, and every muscle of his arms and legs was wrought, by his severe action, into so many ropes,—hard, full, and indicative of prodigious strength.

There was one person in that crowd who sympathized with the victim. This was Hiwassee, the maiden in whose ears he had uttered a word, which, in her thoughtless scream and subsequent declaration of the event, when she had identified him, had

been the occasion of his captivity. Something of self-reproach for her share in his misfortune, and an old feeling of regard for Occonestoga,—who had once been a favorite with the young of both sexes among his people,—was at work in her bosom; and turning to Echotee, her newly accepted lover, as soon as the demand of Malatchie had been heard, she prayed him to resist the demand.

In such cases, all that a warrior had to do was simply to join issue upon the claim, and the popular will then determined the question. Echotee could not resist an application so put to him, and by one who had just listened to a prayer of his own so all-important to his own happiness; and being himself a noble youth, —one who had been a rival of the captive in his better days,—a feeling of generosity combined with the request of Hiwassee, and he boldly leaped forward. Seizing the knife of Malatchie, which stuck in the tree, he drew it forth and threw it upon the ground; thus removing the sign of property which the executioner had put up in behalf of the evil deity.

"Occonestoga is the brave of the Yemassee," exclaimed the young Echotee, while the eyes of the captive looked what his lips could not have said. "Occonestoga is a brave of Yemassee: he is no dog of Malatchie. Wherefore is the cord upon the limbs of a free warrior? Is not Occonestoga a free warrior of Yemassee? The eyes of Echotee have looked upon a warrior like Occonestoga when he took many scalps. Did not Occonestoga lead the Yemassee against the Savannahs? The eyes of Echotee saw him slay the red-eyed Suwannee, the great chief of the Savannahs. Did not Occonestoga go on the war-path with our young braves against the Edistoes,—the brown foxes that came out of the swamp? The eyes of Echotee beheld him. Occonestoga is a brave, and a hunter of Yemassee: he is not the dog of Malatchie. He knows not fear. He hath an arrow with wings, and the panther he runs down in the chase. His tread is the tread of a sly serpent, that comes so that he hears him not upon the track of the red deer, feeding down in the valley. Echotee knows the warrior; Echotee knows the hunter; he knows Occonestoga,—but he knows no dog of Opitchi-Manneyto."

"He hath drunk of the poison drink of the palefaces; his feet are gone from the good path of the Yemassee; he would sell his people to the English for a painted bird. He is the

slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," cried Malatchie in reply. Echotee was not satisfied to yield the point so soon, and he responded accordingly.

"It is true; the feet of the young warrior have gone away from the good paths of the Yemassee: but I see not the weakness of the chief when my eye looks back upon the great deeds of the warrior. I see nothing but the shrinking body of Suwannee under the knee — under the knife of the Yemassee. I hear nothing but the war-whoop of the Yemassee, when he broke through the camp of the brown foxes, and scalped them where they skulked in the swamp. I see this Yemassee strike the foe and take the scalp, and I know Occonestoga,—Occonestoga, the son of the well-beloved, the great chief of the Yemassee."

"It is good; Occonestoga has thanks for Echotee; Echotee is a brave warrior!" murmured the captive to his champion, in tones of melancholy acknowledgment. The current of public feeling began to set somewhere in behalf of the victim, and an occasional whisper to that effect might be heard here and there among the multitude. Even Malatchie himself looked for a moment as if he thought it not improbable that he might be defrauded of his prey; and while a free shout from many attested the compliment which all were willing to pay to Echotee for his magnanimous defense of one who had once been a rival — and not always successful — in the general estimation, the executioner turned to the prophet and to Sanutee, as if doubtful whether or not to proceed farther in his claim. But all doubt was soon quieted, as the stern father rose before the assembly. Every sound was stilled in expectation of his words on this so momentous an occasion to himself. They waited not long. The old man had tasked all the energies of the patriot, not less than of the stoic; and having once determined upon the necessity of the sacrifice, he had no hesitating fears or scruples palsying his determination. He seemed not to regard the imploring glance of his son, seen and felt by all besides in the assembly; but with a voice entirely unaffected by the circumstances of his position, he spoke forth the doom of the victim in confirmation with that originally expressed.

"Echotee has spoken like a brave warrior with a tongue of truth, and a soul that has birth with the sun. But he speaks out of his own heart, and does not speak to the heart of the

traitor. The Yemassee will all say for Echotee, but who can say for Occonestoga when Sanutee himself is silent? Does the Yemassee speak with a double tongue? Did not the Yemassee promise Occonestoga to Opitchi-Manneyto with the other chiefs? Where are they? They are gone into the swamp, where the sun shines not, and the eyes of Opitchi-Manneyto are upon them. He knows them for his slaves. The arrow is gone from their shoulders, and the Yemassee knows them no longer. Shall the dog escape who led the way to the English — who brought the poison drink to the chiefs, which made them dogs to the English and slaves to Opitchi-Manneyto? Shall he escape the doom the Yemassee hath put upon them? Sanutee speaks the voice of the Manneyto. Occonestoga is a dog, who would sell his father — who would make our women to carry water for the palefaces. He is not the son of Sanutee — Sanutee knows him no more. Look, Yemassees, — the Well-beloved has spoken!"

He paused, and turning away, sank down silently upon the little bank on which he had before rested; while Malatchie, without further opposition, — for the renunciation of his own son, by one so highly esteemed as Sanutee, was conclusive against the youth, — advanced to execute the terrible judgment upon his victim.

"O father, chief, Sanutee the Well-beloved!" was the cry that now, for the first time, burst convulsively from the lips of the prisoner: "hear me, father, — Occonestoga will go on the war-path with thee and with the Yemassee against the Edisto, against the Spaniard; hear, Sanutee, — he will go with thee against the English." But the old man bent not, yielded not, and the crowd gathered nigher in the intensity of their interest.

"Wilt thou have no ear, Sanutee? It is Occonestoga, it is the son of Matiwan, that speaks to thee." Sanutee's head sank as the reference was made to Matiwan, but he showed no other sign of emotion. He moved not, he spoke not; and bitterly and hopelessly the youth exclaimed: —

"Oh! thou art colder than the stone house of the adder, and deafer than his ears. Father, Sanutee, wherefore wilt thou lose me, even as the tree its leaf, when the storm smites it in summer? Save me, my father."

And his head sank in despair as he beheld the unchanging look of stern resolve with which the unbending sire regarded

him. For a moment he was unmanned; until a loud shout of derision from the crowd, as they beheld the show of his weakness, came to the support of his pride. The Indian shrinks from humiliation, where he would not shrink from death; and as the shout reached his ears, he shouted back his defiance, raised his head loftily in air, and with the most perfect composure commenced singing his song of death,—the song of many victories.

"Wherefore sings he his death-song?" was the cry from many voices: "he is not to die!"

"Thou art the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," cried Malatchie to the captive; "thou shalt sing no lie of thy victories in the ear of Yemassee. The slave of Opitchi-Manneyto has no triumph;" and the words of the song were effectually drowned, if not silenced, in the tremendous clamor which they raised about him.

It was then that Malatchie claimed his victim. The doom had been already given, but the ceremony of expatriation and outlawry was yet to follow; and under the direction of the prophet, the various castes and classes of the nation prepared to take a final leave of one who could no longer be known among them. First of all came a band of young marriageable women, who, wheeling in a circle three times about him, sang together a wild apostrophe containing a bitter farewell, which nothing in our language could perfectly embody:—

"Go: thou hast no wife in Yemassee—thou hast given no lodge to the daughter of Yemassee—thou hast slain no meat for thy children. Thou hast no name—the women of Yemassee know thee no more. They know thee no more."

And the final sentence was reverberated from the entire assembly:—

"They know thee no more—they know thee no more."

Then came a number of the ancient men, the patriarchs of the nation, who surrounded him in circular mazes three several times, singing as they did so a hymn of like import:—

"Go: thou sittest not in the council of Yemassee—thou shalt not speak wisdom to the boy that comes. Thou hast no name in Yemassee—the fathers of Yemassee, they know thee no more."

And again the whole assembly cried out, as with one voice:—

"They know thee no more—they know thee no more."

These were followed by the young warriors, his old associates, who now in a solemn band approached him to go through a like

performance. His eyes were shut as they came, his blood was chilled in his heart, and the articulated farewell of their wild chant failed seemingly to reach his ear. Nothing but the last sentence he heard: —

> "Thou that wast a brother,
> Thou art nothing now —
> The young warriors of Yemassee,
> They know thee no more."

And the crowd cried with them: —

"They know thee no more."

"Is no hatchet sharp for Occonestoga?" moaned forth the suffering savage.

But his trials were only then begun. Enoree-Mattee now approached him with the words with which, as the representative of the good Manneyto, he renounced him — with which he denied him access to the Indian heaven, and left him a slave and an outcast, a miserable wanderer amid the shadows and the swamps, and liable to all the dooms and terrors which come with the service of Opitchi-Manneyto.

> "Thou wast a child of Manneyto — "

sung the high priest in a solemn chant, and with a deep-toned voice that thrilled strangely amid the silence of the scene

> "Thou wast a child of Manneyto —
> He gave thee arrows and an eye;
> Thou wast the strong son of Manneyto —
> He gave thee feathers and a wing;
> Thou wast a young brave of Manneyto —
> He gave thee scalps and a war-song:
> But he knows thee no more — he knows thee no more."

And the clustering multitude again gave back the last line in wild chorus. The prophet continued his chant: —

> "That Opitchi-Manneyto!
> He commands thee for his slave —
> And the Yemassee must hear him,
> Hear, and give thee for his slave:
> They will take from thee the arrow,
> The broad arrow of thy people;
> Thou shalt see no blessed valley,

Where the plum-groves always bloom;
Thou shalt hear no song of valor
From the ancient Yemassee;
Father, mother, name, and people,
Thou shalt lose with that broad arrow.
Thou art lost to the Manneyto—
He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more."

The despair of hell was in the face of the victim, and he howled forth in a cry of agony — that for a moment silenced the wild chorus of the crowd around — the terrible consciousness in his mind of that privation which the doom entailed upon him. Every feature was convulsed with emotion; and the terrors of Opitchi-Manneyto's dominion seemed already in strong exercise upon the muscles of his heart, when Sanutee, the father, silently approached him, and with a pause of a few moments, stood gazing upon the son from whom he was to be separated eternally — whom not even the uniting, the restoring, hand of death could possibly restore to him. And he, his once noble son,— the pride of his heart, the gleam of his hope, the triumphant warrior, who was even to increase his own glory, and transmit the endearing title of Well-beloved, which the Yemassee had given him, to a succeeding generation — he was to be lost forever! These promises were all blasted; and the father was now present to yield him up eternally — to deny him — to forfeit him, in fearful penalty, to the nation whose genius he had wronged, and whose rights he had violated. The old man stood for a moment,— rather, we may suppose, for the recovery of his resolution, than with any desire for the contemplation of the pitiable form before him. The pride of the youth came back to him — the pride of the strong mind in its desolation — as his eye caught the inflexible gaze of his unswerving father; and he exclaimed bitterly and loud:—

"Wherefore art thou come? Thou hast been my foe, not my father! Away — I would not behold thee!" and he closed his eyes after the speech, as if to relieve himself from a disgusting presence.

"Thou hast said well, Occonestoga: Sanutee is thy foe; he is not thy father. To say this in thy ears has he come. Look on him, Occonestoga — look up and hear thy doom. The young and the old of the Yemassee, the warrior and the chief — they have

all denied thee — all given thee up to Opitchi-Manneyto! Occonestoga is no name for the Yemassee. The Yemassee gives it to his dog. The prophet of Manneyto has forgotten thee; thou art unknown to those who were thy people. And I, thy father — with this speech, I yield thee to Opitchi-Manneyto. Sanutee is no longer thy father — thy father knows thee no more."

And once more came to the ears of the victim that melancholy chorus of the multitude: — "He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more."

Sanutee turned quickly away as he had spoken; and as if he suffered more than he was willing to show, the old man rapidly hastened to the little mound where he had been previously sitting, his eyes averted from the further spectacle. Occonestoga, goaded to madness by these several incidents, shrieked forth the bitterest execrations, until Enoree-Mattee, preceding Malatchie, again approached. Having given some directions in an undertone to the latter, he retired, leaving the executioner alone with his victim. Malatchie then, while all was silence in the crowd, — a thick silence, in which even respiration seemed to be suspended, — proceeded to his duty: and lifting the feet of Occonestoga carefully from the ground, he placed a log under them; then addressing him, as he again bared his knife, which he stuck in the tree above his head, he sung: —

"I take from thee the earth of Yemassee —
I take from thee the water of Yemassee —
I take from thee the arrow of Yemassee —
Thou art no longer a Yemassee —
The Yemassee knows thee no more."

"The Yemassee knows thee no more," cried the multitude; and their universal shout was deafening upon the ear. Occonestoga said no word now; he could offer no resistance to the unnerving hands of Malatchie, who now bared the arm more completely of its covering. But his limbs were convulsed with the spasms of that dreadful terror of the future which was racking and raging in every pulse of his heart. He had full faith in the superstitions of his people. His terrors acknowledged the full horrors of their doom. A despairing agony, which no language could describe, had possession of his soul. Meanwhile the silence of all indicated the general anxiety; and Malatchie prepared to seize the knife and perform the operation, when a

confused murmur arose from the crowd around: the mass gave way and parted; and rushing wildly into the area came Matiwan, his mother — the long black hair streaming — the features, an astonishing likeness to his own, convulsed like his; and her action that of one reckless of all things in the way of the forward progress she was making to the person of her child. She cried aloud as she came, with a voice that rang like a sudden death-bell through the ring: —

"Would you keep the mother from her boy, and he to be lost to her for ever? Shall she have no parting with the young brave she bore in her bosom? Away, keep me not back — I will look upon, I will love him. He shall have the blessing of Matiwan, though the Yemassee and the Manneyto curse."

The victim heard; and a momentary renovation of mental life, perhaps a renovation of hope, spoke out in the simple exclamation which fell from his lips: —

"O Matiwan — O mother!"

She rushed towards the spot where she heard his appeal; and thrusting the executioner aside, threw her arms desperately about his neck.

"Touch him not, Matiwan," was the general cry from the crowd. "Touch him not, Matiwan: Manneyto knows him no more."

"But Matiwan knows him; the mother knows her child, though the Manneyto denies him. O boy — O boy, boy, boy!" And she sobbed like an infant on his neck.

"Thou art come, Matiwan, thou art come; but wherefore? To curse like the father — to curse like the Manneyto?" mournfully said the captive.

"No, no, no! Not to curse — not to curse! When did mother curse the child she bore? Not to curse but to bless thee. To bless thee and forgive."

"Tear her away," cried the prophet; "let Opitchi-Manneyto have his slave."

"Tear her away, Malatchie," cried the crowd, now impatient for the execution. Malatchie approached.

"Not yet — not yet," appealed the woman. "Shall not the mother say farewell to the child she shall see no more?" and she waved Malatchie back, and in the next instant drew hastily from the drapery of her dress a small hatchet, which she had there carefully concealed.

"What wouldst thou do, Matiwan?" asked Occonestoga, as his eye caught the glare of the weapon.

"Save thee, my boy — save thee for thy mother, Occonestoga — save thee for the happy valley."

"Wouldst thou slay me, mother? wouldst strike the heart of thy son?" he asked, with a something of reluctance to receive death from the hands of a parent.

"I strike thee but to save thee, my son; since they cannot take the totem from thee after the life is gone. Turn away from me thy head; let me not look upon thine eyes as I strike, lest my hands grow weak and tremble. Turn thine eyes away — I will not lose thee."

His eyes closed; and the fatal instrument, lifted above her head, was now visible in the sight of all. The executioner rushed forward to interpose, but he came too late. The tomahawk was driven deep into the skull, and but a single sentence from his lips preceded the final insensibility of the victim.

"It is good, Matiwan, it is good: thou hast saved me — the death is in my heart." And back he sank as he spoke; while a shriek of mingled joy and horror from the lips of the mother announced the success of her effort to defeat the doom, the most dreadful in the imagination of the Yemassee.

"He is not lost — he is not lost! They may not take the child from his mother. They may not keep him from the valley of Manneyto. He is free — he is free!" And she fell back in a deep swoon into the arms of Sanutee, who by this time had approached. She had defrauded Opitchi-Manneyto of his victim, for they may not remove the badge of the nation from any but the living victim.

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT

THE burden of the Desert,
The Desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirlwinds
Comes rushing up the steep; —
I see the spoiler spoiling,
I hear the strife of blows:
Up, watchman, to thy heights, and say
How the dread conflict goes!

What hear'st thou from the desert?—
"A sound as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
And to an ocean hurled;
The roaring as of waters,
The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
That all the desert fills."

What seest thou on the desert?
"A chariot comes," he cried,
"With camels and with horsemen,
That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
As fearing still to see!"

What, watchman, of the horsemen?—
"They come, and as they ride,
Their horses crouch and tremble,
Nor toss their manes in pride;
The camels wander scattered,
The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed as if they dreaded still
The foe with whom they fought."

What foe is this, thou watchman?—
"Hark! hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
As if they feared a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
Their very shouts a groan:
'Babylon,' they cry, 'has fallen,
And all her gods are gone!'"

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

(B. C. 556–468)

BY WALTER MILLER

FROM the steps of "Tritonia's airy shrine," adorning with its glistering columns the summit of "Sunium's marbled steep," there opens over mountains and waters a wide prospect, which for natural beauty and richness of suggestion is scarcely surpassed in all the Hellenic world. Separated from Sunium only by a narrow strait of that wine-dark sea, the nearest of the "isles that crown the Ægean deep" is the first of the Cyclades,—the island of Ceos,—Ionian and yet almost Attic. As it is impossible to think of Stratford-on-Avon without a suggestion of Shakespeare, so Ceos has but little meaning for us apart from her great bard, Simonides.

There, in the village of Iulis, he was born (556 B. C.), the son of Leoprepes, himself a chorus-leader and a poet's son; and so, by right of inheritance and education, something of the gift of song was his. In the national festival celebrated near his home each year in honor of Carthæan Apollo, the young Simonides found occasion and exercise for his native gifts. There also the greatest poets of Greece competed for the choral prize; and yet before he was thirty, that prize was his again and again. His fame soon spread far beyond his native isle; so that the Muse-loving Hipparchus, when he came to gather round his court at Athens the first artists and poets of his time, at once sent for young Simonides to come from Ceos.

Upon the assassination of Hipparchus (514), Simonides was called to Thessaly to be poet-laureate to the sons of Scopas at Crannon and Pharsalus, and afterward at the court of Larissa. His sound common-sense, and the consummate diplomacy with which he treated rulers and handled difficult problems of statecraft, gave him an influence with kings and statesmen never enjoyed by any other poet. We find him in his later years in the same position of honor with Hiero of Syracuse. His nephew Bacchylides and Pindar were there too, as were also Æschylus and Epicharmus; but it was Simonides whose influence told in affairs of State. Hiero had quarreled violently with his kinsman Theron, tyrant of Agrigentum; war had been declared; the opposing armies stood face to face ready for battle: the wisdom and tact of Simonides won a bloodless victory; the warring tyrants were reconciled, and the armies marched back to their homes in peace.

But it is at republican Athens that we find him at his best. Though associated there with Miltiades, Themistocles, Cimon, King Pausanias of Lacedæmon, Æschylus, Polygnotus, and the other giants of those days of spiritual uplifting that followed the Persian wars, his glory pales not in comparison. Those martial heroes beat back the Mede at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa; he glorified the victories in his songs. In competition with the great warrior-poet Æschylus himself, he won the State prize with his ode on Marathon.

Simonides died in Sicily in his eighty-ninth year (468), and was buried before the gates of Syracuse.

As to his personal character: reared in accordance with the strict moral code for which Ceos was justly famed, he had added to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance (σωφροσύνη). Indeed, Simonides's «temperance»—mastery of self, Hellenic «sanity»—had in antiquity become proverbial. Love and wine find no place in his verse. A striking feature of his writings is his tendency to moral apothegms and maxims. The wisdom of the Seven Sages and the piety of an Æschylus were his.

The world of critics, ancient and modern, has often reproached him with being the first poet (though not the last!) to sell his verse for pay. Exalted Pindar did the same. And the calling of the poet was reduced to a purely business basis. He knew what his work was worth in gold, and he obtained his price. Witness Anaxilas of Rhegium, who offered our poet—for a song of victory in honor of his mules victorious in the race—a recompense too modest by half. Simonides declined, so the story runs, explaining that he could not sing the praises of asses' progeny. Anaxilas doubled his offer, and Simonides in response wrote a famous ode beginning—

«Hail, daughters of the storm-swift steeds!»

But his literary contracts, according to the following anecdote, were not always financially so successful. His Thessalian patron, Scopas, once engaged him for a certain specified sum to write an ode in his honor: when the ode was finished and sung, Scopas would pay only half the stipulated honorarium, bidding Simonides collect the other half from the Dioscuri whose praises had filled as large a portion of the ode as his own. The grateful return was paid in full by the sons of Zeus: Scopas, his sons, and all his court were banqueting; the palace roof fell with a crash upon them, and Simonides alone was saved. The gods are «better pay» than «tyrants»!

Simonides was the most productive of the Greek lyrists, as his Muse was the most versatile. In no less than fifty-six public contests, so he tells us, at fifty-six public festivals, his lyrical compositions gained the first prize; and there may have been more after that was written,—phenomenal success, when we remember that

Euripides, the favorite of the Hellenic world, received first prize but five times. His successes moreover were commensurate with his years. We have another epigram in which he rejoices to have won at Athens, in his eighty-first year (476), the first prize with a composition of his own produced by a chorus of fifty voices, with Aristides the Just as choragos. And his public victories must, in comparison with his odes written for private individuals and his spontaneous bursts of song, have been only the smallest part of his life's work.

His productions cover almost every field of lyrical composition. No sort of choral song seems to have been wanting from his repertoire. We have fragments of Pæans, Hymns, Dithyrambs, Hyporchemes, Epinicia, Elegies, Dirges, and more, besides the Epigrams.

It is upon the epigrams that his greatest fame must rest, as they alone of the extant remains do not consist of mere fragments. The epigram was originally what the name implies,—the inscription upon a tomb or upon a votive offering to explain its significance. By a natural transfer of meaning, an epigram easily came to be a couple of verses containing in pointed, polished form, a thought which might very well serve as an inscription to the object that suggested it. The unexpected—the ingenious turning of the point at the end—was no essential feature of the classical epigram; but within the compass of the few verses allotted to it, the story it had to tell must be complete. And no one possessed in like degree the gift Simonides had, of crowding a bookful of meaning into two faultless lines. Upon the tomb of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ he wrote:—

> Go thou, stranger, and bear to Lacedæmon this message:—
> Tell them that here we lie, faithful to Sparta's commands.

How long a poem he might with such a theme have made! But in two lines, without a trace of artificiality or forced rhetoric, he has sketched the Spartan character, and told the whole story of that loyal devotion to country that meant so much to every Greek. Description there is none: that would have been superfluous. No word of praise is there: the deeds were their own encomium.

> Diophon, Philo's son, at the Isthmus and Pytho a victor;
> Broad jump, foot-race, disk, spear-throw, and wrestle he won.

In one line he gives his hero's name, his lineage, and his victory at two great festivals; into the five words of the pentameter line with consummate skill he puts in the exact order of their succession in the stadium the five events of the Greek pentathlon, in which Philo's son was victor.

The finest and most famous of all his epigrams are those inspired by the Persian wars. The glory of those days permeated his verse; the life of the victorious living and the death of the noble slain are both glorified. These verses may be wanting in splendor and magnificence: the man who could have furnished those qualities had «stood on the wrong side in his country's life struggle; and Greece turned to Simonides, not to Pindar, to make the record of her heroic dead.» (Murray.) A few even of these are no more than plain, prosaic statements of fact. Compare —

> When, as leader of Greece, he routed the Median army,
> King Pausanias gave Phœbus this off'ring of thanks,—

with the simple lines on the men of Tegea who fell at Platææ:—

> Thanks to the valor of these men! that smoke never blackened the heavens,
> Rising from Median flames blazing in Tegean homes.
> Theirs was to leave to their children a city of glory and freedom,
> Theirs to lay down their lives, slain in defense of their own,—

and the general epitaph of the heroes of Platææ:—

> Glory immortal they left a bequest to the land of their fathers—
> Fame for the land they loved; death's sable shroud for themselves.
> Still, though dead, are they not dead; for here their virtue abiding
> Brings them from Hades again, gives them a glorious life.

A difficulty which taxed the epigrammatist's utmost skill to surmount was the graceful weaving in of unmetrical names, of dates, and of other naturally prosaic necessities. How well Simonides could handle even these is illustrated by the two following autobiographical notices:—

> Chief of the Archons in Athens that year they named Adimantus,
> When the fair tripod of bronze fell to Antiochis's tribe.
> That year Xenophilus's son, Aristides the Just, was choragos,
> Leader of fifty men singing the praise of the god.
> Glory was won for their trainer, Simonides,—poet victorious,—
> Ceian Leoprepes's son, then in his eightieth year.

> Fifty-and-six great bulls, Simonides, fell to thee, prizes,
> Tripods fifty-and-six, won ere this tablet was set.
> So many times having trained the gladsome chorus of singers,
> Victory's splendid car glorious didst thou ascend.

The following is brevity «gone to seed»:—

«Tell me then who thou art. Whose son? Of what country? What victory?»
«Casmyl. Euagoras's son. From Rhodes. Boxing at Pytho.»

In the epigrams the dialect is Attic; in the choral odes the conventional Doric has been retained.

The "epinician," the choral song in honor of a victor in the great national games of Greece, may almost be called Simonides's own creation. Down to the times of Simonides a few verses had sufficed; but with him came the full artistic structure of the magnificent epinician ode as we find it perfected in Pindar. With the glorification of the victor, the praises of a god or a mythical hero connected with the victor — his fortunes, his family, or his country — are appropriately interwoven. Passing on by easy transitions from the human to the divine, and from the divine again to the human, the poet dwells upon the lessons of truth and wisdom suggested by his hero's life, and the god whom he has glorified. "To be perfectly good is a hard matter: only God may be perfect; and man is good only as God dwells in him."

In the epinicia, Simonides may fall short of the grandeur of Pindar, and yield supremacy to him alone. But in the field of Elegy and of the Dirge, as in the Epigram, he stands without a peer in the world's literature. Pindar's pathos may be sublime, Æschylus's awful; but Simonides knows how to touch the heart. Pindar philosophizes on the glory awaiting the dead whose life has been well spent: Simonides gives expression to the sorrow of the hearts that mourn, and awakens our sympathies; he knows the healing power of tears, and the power that the story of another's sorrow has to make them flow, when one's own grief seems to have dried their fountain. He dwells upon the frailty of human fortunes, the inevitability of fate, and the goodness and justice of God, — the consolation of sympathy, not of hope. What *threnos* could be more exquisitely delicate and touching than Danaë's mother-heart yearning over her sleeping babe, — unconscious of any danger, — as together in the chest they are helplessly tossed by the storm upon the waves; and the tearful appeal at the end to Zeus, the father of her child! And as she prays, the storm in her own bosom is stilled.

No less fine, in exquisite pathos and exalted patriotic sentiment, are the few verses left to us of the elegy on the heroes of Thermopylæ. It is quoted in full below.

Simonides's position among the melic poets may be suggested by the influence he exercised on the development of lyric poetry, especially in choral song. (1) The dithyramb he removed from the narrow sphere of Bacchus-worship and adapted it to the service of any god. (2) With him the *threnos* was elevated from a simple monody to a great choral. (3) It was Simonides who introduced the myth into the epinician and gave it the form which Pindar perfected. (4) And the epigram as a recognized division of poetry is his own creation.

The best editions of the fragments are — Bergk, 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci,' 4th ed., Vol. iii.; Schneidewin, 'Simonidis Cei Carminum Reliquiæ'; Hartung, 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci,' with a German translation, Vol. vi. A few translations are given in Appleton, 'Greek Poetry in English Verse,' and Tomlinson, 'Selections from the Greek Anthology.'

Walter Miller

DANAË'S LAMENT

And while she lay within the carven chest,
Rocked by the soughing winds and troubled waves,
Fear crept into her not untearstained cheeks,
And clasping Perseus closelier round she spake:—

"O child, what woes are mine! Yet thou sleep'st sound.
In infant heedlessness thou slumberest
Within the bronze-nailed chest,
While lampless night and darkness swathe thee round.
Nor though the washing brine bedew thy hair,
Takest thou care,
Nor though the wind lift up its voice aloud,—
Face to my face, wrapped in thy purple shroud.
Not fearful unto thee the name of Fear!
Else wouldst thou to my words lend readier ear.

"Yet sleep, my babe, I bid thee sleep, my child,
And sleep, ye waters wild;
Sleep, mine insatiate woe!
And grant, O father Zeus, some respite come
Out of thy mercy. Nay, too bold I know
This boon I ask, past justice to bestow:
I pray thee, pardon me, my lips are dumb."

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Alphonse G. Newcomer

[The following versions are all taken from a careful study of Simonides by John Sterling. The essay appeared in the Westminster Review for 1838.]

FROM THE 'EPINICIAN ODE FOR SCOPAS'

A MAN can hardly good in truth become,
With hands, feet, mind, all square, without a flaw.
. . . . . .
Nor suits my thought the word of Pittacus,
Though he was sage, that to be virtuous
Is hard. This fits a god alone.
A man must needs to evil fall,
When by hopeless chance o'erthrown.
Whoso does well, him good we call,
And bad if bad his lot be known;
Those by the gods beloved are best of all.
Enough for me in sooth
Is one not wholly wrong,
Nor all perverse, but skilled in useful truth,—
A healthy soul and strong:
He has no blame from me,
Who love not blame;
For countless those who foolish be,
And fair are all things free from shame.
That therefore which can ne'er be found
I seek not, nor desire with empty thought,—
A man all blameless, on this wide-spread ground,
'Mid all who cull its fruitage vainly sought.
If found, ye too this prize of mine
Shall know: meanwhile all those I love
And praise, who do no wrong by will malign;
For to necessity must yield the gods above.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR DEDICATED TO ARTEMIS

THE sons of Athens here at sea subdued
In fight all Asia's many-voicèd brood;
And when the Medes had fallen, they built up this—
Their trophy due to maiden Artemis.

EPITAPH FOR THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ

Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot:
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre, nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

FRAGMENT OF A SCOLION

Like a reinless courser's bound
Or an Amyclean hound,
Chase thou with wheeling footstep
the song's meandering sound.

TIME IS FLEETING

To one dread gulf all things in common tend:
There loftiest virtues, amplest riches, end.

Long are we dying; reckoned up from birth,
Few years, and evil those, are ours on earth.

Of men the strength is small, the hopes are vain,
And pain in life's brief space is heaped on pain;
And death inevitable hangs in air,
Of which alike the good and evil share.

'Mid mortal beings naught for ever stays:
And thus with beauteous love the Chian says,
«The race of man departs like forest leaves;»
Though seldom he who hears the truth receives.

For hope, not far from each, in every heart—
Of men full-grown, or those unripe—will start:
And still while blooms the lovely flower of youth.
The empty mind delights to dream untruth;
Expects nor age nor death, and bold and strong
Thinks not that sickness e'er can work it wrong.

Ah fools! deluded thus, untaught to scan
How swiftly pass the life and youth of man:
This knowing, thou, while still thou hast the power
Indulge thy soul, and taste the blissful hour.

VIRTUE COY AND HARD TO WIN

And 'tis said
That Virtue, dwelling high on pathless rocks,
A holy goddess, loves the holy place;
And never there is seen by eyes of those
Whom painful labor has not tried within,
And borne them up to manhood's citadel.

EPITAPHS

A poor man, not a Crœsus, here lies dead,
And small the sepulchre befitting me:
Gorgippus I, who knew no marriage-bed
Before I wedded pale Persephone.

Thou liest, O Clisthenes, in foreign earth,
Whom wandering o'er the Euxine destiny found:
Thou couldst not reach thy happy place of birth,
Nor seest the waves that gird thy Chios round.

Young Gorgo dying to her mother said,
While clinging on her bosom wept the maid,
"Beside my father stay thou here, and bear
A happier daughter for thine age to care."

Ah! sore disease, to men why enviest thou
Their prime of years before they join the dead?—
His life from fair Timarchus snatching now,
Before the youth his maiden bride could wed.

JEAN CHARLES SIMONDE DE SISMONDI

(1773–1842)

BY HUMPHREY J. DESMOND

WHEN the Edict of Nantes was revoked, the Simonde family, who were of the Huguenot faith, migrated from Dauphiné in France to Geneva, where they became citizens of the higher class. Here Jean Charles Leonard Simonde was born, May 9th, 1773. Noticing at the beginning of his literary career the similarity of his family arms with those of the noble Tuscan house of Sismondi, he adopted the name of Sismondi, — reverting, as he believed, to the original family name. Sismondi's intellectual tastes came from his mother, a woman of superior mind and energy. Though the family were in good circumstances, his father served for a time as the village pastor of Bossex. The family mansion was at Châtelaine near Geneva; and here and in the schools of the republican city the future historian received his education.

SISMONDI

The period of his young manhood fell in troublous times. His father, trusting in the financial skill of Necker, had lost all his investments with the collapse of the Swiss banker. Young Sismondi cheerfully accepted the irksome duties of clerk in a Lyons counting-house. Then the French Revolution drove him back to Geneva; and revolutionary ideas invading Switzerland, the family fled to England in 1793. But Sismondi's mother pined for the home and the society of happier days; and in the face of revolutionary dangers they returned to Geneva. Here a tragedy at Châtelaine, the family mansion,— the killing by Jacobin soldiers of a friend to whom they had given shelter,— led them to seek securer refuge in Italy; and they sold Châtelaine and settled down on a small estate at Pescia, near Lucca. For two years Sismondi lived, labored, and studied on his pleasant Italian farm. Though a man of moderate views and a lover of liberty, he could not escape the turmoil of the times. On four occasions he was imprisoned as a suspect:

now by the French, who thought him an aristocrat, and now by the Italians, who thought him a Frenchman. In 1800 he returned to Geneva, which thereafter was his permanent home. Here he became the intimate friend of Madame de Staël, by whom he was greatly influenced; and he found himself at home in the circle of distinguished people surrounding this brilliant woman. With her he visited Italy in 1805, on the famous journey out of which she gave the world 'Corinne.' At Geneva he became Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for the department of Leman; and always taking a keen interest in the political affairs of his native city, he served for many years in its Legislative Council. One of the episodes of his life was an interview with Napoleon after the latter's return from Elba in 1815. Sismondi espoused the cause of the Emperor, and published a series of articles in the Moniteur in support of the counter-revolution.

After Waterloo he visited his mother on the Tuscan farm which she had continued to occupy. Here he met Miss Allen, an English lady, sister-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh. Subsequently, in April 1819, he married her; and this union, though made late in life (he was then forty-six), and not blessed with children, appears to have been a happy one. He made his home at Chênes, a country-house near Geneva. His mother, who had exercised a great influence over him through all his manhood years, died in 1821. He found solace now in the assiduous historical labors he had undertaken, and which absorbed him almost up to the day of his death, June 25th, 1842.

The collected writings of Sismondi comprise sixty volumes, and touch upon a wide variety of subjects. His earliest work, on the 'Agriculture of Tuscany' (Geneva, 1801), was the result of his experiences on his Pescia farm.

During his sojourn in England he acquired the English language; and the influence of his acquaintance with the writings of Adam Smith is apparent in a work on 'Commercial Wealth' which he published at Geneva in 1803. Later on he completely changed his economic opinions, as was evident in an article on 'Political Economy' which he contributed in 1817 to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. Subsequently, in 1819, his 'New Views of Political Economy' was published in three volumes; and in 1836 he published his 'Studies in Social Science,' two volumes of which are entirely devoted to political economy.

It is however as a historian that Sismondi made his first and lasting impression in literature. His 'History of the Italian Republics,' in sixteen volumes, appeared between the years 1803 and 1819; and that work being finished, he then turned to his still bulkier task, the 'History of the French,' which occupied his time from 1818 to the year of his death in 1842, and of which twenty-nine volumes were

published. The amount of labor which he gave to these works was prodigious. Speaking of his 'History of the Italian Republics,' he says: "It was a work which continued for at least eight hours a day during twenty years. I was obliged constantly to read and converse in Italian and Latin, and occasionally in French, German, Portuguese, and Provençal." It required untiring research. "I have nine times," he says, "traversed Italy in different directions, and have visited nearly all places which were the theatres of any great event. I have labored in almost all the great libraries, I have searched the archives in many cities and many monasteries." Dealing as he did with an infinity of details, it is not to be wondered at that as he went more and more into the Middle Age chronicles of petty Italian wars and conspiracies, his ardor cooled. The work was not, in its reception, a flattering success. However, the author was encouraged to persevere. His 'History of the French' extends from the reign of Clovis to the accession of Louis XVI., covering a period of nearly thirteen centuries.

As a historian, Sismondi, though laborious and painstaking, suffers by comparison with the better work done by later writers, who have covered the same ground with a better perspective and a truer historical grasp, with more literary genius, and with the advantage of access to archives and original documents denied the Genevan. "More recent investigations," says President Adams in his 'Manual of Historical Literature,' "have thrown new light on Italian affairs of the Middle Ages, and consequently Sismondi's work cannot be regarded as possessing all its former value." His 'History of the French' was soon entirely superseded by the greater work of Henri Martin. Sainte-Beuve, in one of his 'Lundis' devoted to Sismondi, rather sarcastically refers to him as "the Rollin of French history."

The general spirit of his historical writings is made apparent in the following extract from the close of his 'History of the French':

"I am a republican; but while preserving that ardent love of liberty transmitted to me by my ancestors, whose fate was united with that of two republics, and a hatred of every kind of tyranny, I hope I have never shown a want of respect for those time-honored and lofty recollections which tend to foster virtue in noble blood, or for that sublime devotion in the chiefs of nations which has often reflected lustre on the annals of a whole people."

He seems, however, in later years, to have become somewhat reactionary in his views; and this brought him into unpleasant relations with his neighbors. When France demanded the expulsion from Switzerland of Prince Louis Napoleon, the citizens of Geneva were particularly opposed to so inhospitable a measure. Sismondi believed the demand should be granted. Threats were made against his life, and his native city became for him a dangerous place of residence.

Then, the overturning of the ancient constitution of Geneva by the democratic revolution of November 1841, was a bitter grief to him.

Outside of his historical work, Sismondi was engaged in the year 1810 to furnish the publishers of the 'Biografia Universale' with the lives of distinguished Italians; for which, we are informed, he was paid six francs per article. At the conclusion of this task he prepared a course of lectures on the 'Literature of the South of Europe,' which he delivered at Geneva in 1811. This in the year 1814 was the basis of a work in four volumes,—written, as Hallam tells us, "in that flowing and graceful style which distinguishes the author; and succeeding in all that it seeks to give,—a pleasing and popular, yet not superficial or unsatisfactory, account of the best authors in the Southern languages." In 1822 he published a historical novel in three volumes, called 'Julia Severa,' purporting to show the condition of France under Clovis; and in 1832 he condensed his 'History of the Italian Republics' into one volume. M. Mignet, in his eulogy read in 1845 before the Royal Academy of Sciences, says of Sismondi: "For half a century he has thought nothing that is not honorable, written nothing that is not moral, wished nothing that is not useful. Thus has he left a glorious memory, which will be forever respected."

BOCCACCIO'S 'DECAMERON'

From 'Literature of the South of Europe'

One cannot but pause in astonishment at the choice of so gloomy an introduction to effusions of so gay a nature. We are amazed at such an intoxicated enjoyment of life under the threatened approach of death; at such irrepressible desire in the bosom of man to divert the mind from sorrow; at the torrent of mirth which inundates the heart, in the midst of horrors which should seem to wither it up. As long as we feel delight in nourishing feelings that are in unison with a melancholy temperament, we have not yet felt the overwhelming weight of real sorrow. When experience has at length taught us the substantial griefs of life, we then first learn the necessity of resisting them; and calling the imagination to our aid to turn aside the shafts of calamity, we struggle with our sorrow, and treat it as an invalid from whom we withdraw every object which may remind him of the cause of his malady. With regard to the stories themselves, it would be difficult to convey an idea of them

by extracts, and impossible to preserve in a translation the merits of their style. The praise of Boccaccio consists in the perfect purity of his language, in his eloquence, his grace,—and above all, in that naïveté which is the chief merit of narration, and the peculiar charm of the Italian tongue. Unfortunately, Boccaccio did not prescribe to himself the same purity in his images as in his phraseology. The character of his work is light and sportive. He has inserted in it a great number of tales of gallantry; he has exhausted his powers of ridicule on the duped husband, on the depraved and depraving monks, and on subjects in morals and religious worship which he himself regarded as sacred; and his reputation is thus little in harmony with the real tenor of his conduct.

THE TROUBADOUR

From 'Literature of the South of Europe'

On the most solemn occasions, in the disputes for glory, in the games called Tensons, when the Troubadours combated in verse before illustrious princes, or before the Courts of Love, they were called upon to discuss questions of the most scrupulous delicacy and the most disinterested gallantry. We find them inquiring, successively, by what qualities a lover may render himself most worthy of his mistress; how a knight may excel all his rivals; and whether it be a greater grief to lose a lover by death or by infidelity. It is in these Tensons that bravery becomes disinterested, and that love is exhibited pure, delicate, and tender; that homage to woman becomes a species of worship, and that a respect for truth is an article in the creed of honor. These elevated maxims and these delicate sentiments were mingled, it is true, with a great spirit of refining. If an example was wanted, the most extravagant comparisons were employed. Antitheses, and plays upon words, supplied the place of proofs. Not unfrequently,—as must be the case with those who aim at constructing a system of morals by the aid of talent alone, and who do not found it on experience,—the most pernicious sentiments, and principles entirely incompatible with the good order of society and the observation of other duties, were ranked amongst the laws of gallantry. It is, however, very creditable to the Provençal poetry, that it displays a veneration for the

beauties of chivalry; and that it has preserved, amidst all the vices of the age, a respect for honor and a love of high feeling.

This delicacy of sentiment among the Troubadours, and this mysticism of love, have a more intimate connection with the poetry of the Arabians and the manners of the East than we should suspect when we remember the ferocious jealousy of the Mussulmans, and the cruel consequences of their system of polygamy. Amongst the Mussulmans, woman is a divinity as well as a slave, and the seraglio is at the same time a temple and a prison. The passion of love displays itself amongst the people of the South with a more lively ardor and a greater impetuosity than in the nations of Europe. The Mussulman does not suffer any of the cares or the pains or the sufferings of life to approach his wife. He bears these alone His harem is consecrated to luxury, to art, and to pleasure. Flowers and incense, music and dancing, perpetually surround his idol, who is debarred from every laborious employment. The songs in which he celebrates his love breathe the same spirit of adoration and of worship which we find in the poets of chivalry; and the most beautiful of the Persian ghazeles, and the Arabian cassides, seem to be translations of the verses or songs of the Provençals.

We must not judge of the manners of the Mussulmans by those of the Turks of our day. Of all the people who have followed the law of the Koran, the latter are the most gloomy and jealous. The Arabians, while they passionately loved their mistresses, suffered them to enjoy more liberty; and of all the countries under the Arabian yoke, Spain was that in which their manners partook most largely of the gallantry and chivalry of the Europeans. It was this country also which produced the most powerful effects on the cultivation of the intellect, in the south of Christian Europe.

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

From 'A History of the Italian Republics'

While the power of the kings of Naples, of the emperors, and of the popes, was as it were suspended in Italy, innumerable small States, which had risen to almost absolute independence, experienced frequent revolutions, for the most part

proceeding from internal and independent causes. We can at most only indicate shortly those of the republics which were the most distinguished and the most influential in Italy; but before thus entering within the walls of the principal cities, it is right to give a sketch of the general aspect of the country,—particularly as the violent commotions which it experienced might give a false idea of its real state. This aspect was one of a prodigious prosperity, which contrasted so much the more with the rest of Europe, that nothing but poverty and barbarism were to be found elsewhere. The open country (designated by the name of *contado*) appertaining to each city was cultivated by an active and industrious race of peasants, enriched by their labor, and not fearing to display their wealth in their dress, their cattle, and their instruments of husbandry. The proprietors, inhabitants of towns, advanced them capital, shared the harvests, and alone paid the land-tax; they undertook the immense labor which has given so much fertility to the Italian soil,—that of making dikes to preserve the plains from the inundation of the rivers, and of deriving from those rivers innumerable canals of irrigation. The *naviglio grande* of Milan, which spreads the clear waters of the Ticino over the finest part of Lombardy, was begun in 1179, resumed in 1257, and terminated a few years afterwards. Men who meditated, and who applied to the arts the fruits of their study, practiced already that scientific agriculture of Lombardy and Tuscany which became a model to other nations; and at this day, after five centuries, the districts formerly free, and always cultivated with intelligence, are easily distinguished from those half-wild districts which had remained subject to the feudal lords.

The cities, surrounded with thick walls, terraced, and guarded by towers, were for the most part paved with broad flagstones; while the inhabitants of Paris could not stir out of their houses without plunging into the mud. Stone bridges of an elegant and bold architecture were thrown over rivers; aqueducts carried pure water to the fountains. The palace of the podestas and *signorie* united strength with majesty. The most admirable of those of Florence, the Palazzo-Vecchio, was built in 1298. The Loggia in the same city, the church of Santa Croce, and that of Santa Mariadel Fiore with its dome so admired by Michael Angelo, were begun by the architect Arnolfo, scholar of Nicolas di Pisa, between the years 1284 and 1300. The prodigies of this first-born

of the fine arts multiplied in Italy: a pure taste, boldness, and grandeur struck the eye in all the public monuments, and finally reached even private dwellings; while the princes of France, England, and Germany, in building their castles, seemed to think only of shelter and defense. Sculpture in marble and bronze soon followed the progress of architecture: in 1300, Andrea di Pisa, son of the architect Nicolas, cast the admirable bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence; about the same time, Cimabue and Giotto revived the art of painting, Casella that of music, and Dante gave to Italy his divine poem unequaled in succeeding generations. History was written honestly, with scrupulous research and with a graceful simplicity, by Giovanni Villani and his school; the study of morals and philosophy began; and Italy, ennobled by freedom, enlightened nations till then sunk in darkness.

The arts of necessity and of luxury had been cultivated with not less success than the fine arts: in every street, warehouses and shops displayed the wealth that Italy and Flanders only knew how to produce. It excited the astonishment and cupidity of the French or German adventurer who came to find employment in Italy, and who had no other exchange to make than his blood against the rich stuffs and brilliant arms which he coveted. The Tuscan and Lombard merchants, however, trafficked in the barbarous regions of the west, to carry there the produce of their industry. Attracted by the franchises of the fairs of Champagne and of Lyons, they went thither as well to barter their goods as to lend their capital at interest to the nobles, habitually loaded with debt; though at the risk of finding themselves suddenly arrested, their wealth confiscated by order of the King of France, and their lives too sometimes endangered by sanctioned robbers, under the pretext of repressing usury. Industry, the employment of a superabundant capital, the application of mechanism and science to the production of wealth, secured the Italians a sort of monopoly through Europe; they alone offered for sale what all the rich desired to buy: and notwithstanding the various oppressions of the barbarian kings, notwithstanding the losses occasioned by their own oft-repeated revolutions, their wealth was rapidly renewed. The wages of workmen, the interest of capital, and the profit of trade rose simultaneously, while every one gained much and spent little; manners were still simple, luxury was unknown, and the future was not forestalled by accumulated debt.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SOLDIER: FRANCESCO CARMAGNOLA

From 'A History of the Italian Republics'

An illustrious fugitive, Francesco Carmagnola, who arrived about this time [1425–26] at Venice, accomplished what Florence had nearly failed in, by discovering to the Venetians the project of the Duke of Milan to subjugate them. Francesco Carmagnola had, by the victories he had gained, the glory he had acquired, and the influence he obtained over the soldiers, excited the jealousy, instead of the gratitude, of Filippo Maria; who disgraced him and deprived him of his employment, without assigning any reason. Carmagnola returned to court, but could not even obtain an interview with his master. He retired to his native country, Piedmont; his wife and children were arrested, and his goods confiscated. He arrived at last, by way of Germany, at Venice; soon afterward some emissaries of the Duke of Milan were arrested for an attempt to poison him. The doge, Francesco Foscari, wishing to give lustre to his reign by conquest, persuaded the Senate of Venice to oppose the increasing ambition of the Duke of Milan. A league formed between Florence and Venice was successively joined by the Marquis of Ferrara, the lord of Mantua, the Siennese, Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, and King Alphonso of Naples, who jointly declared war against Filippo Maria Visconti on the 27th of January, 1426. Carmagnola was charged to raise an army of 16,000 cuirassiers and 8,000 infantry in the States of Mantua.

The good fortune of Carmagnola in war still attended him in the campaign of 1426. He was as successful against the Duke of Milan as he had been for him: he took from him the city and the whole province of Brescia. The duke ceded this conquest to the Venetians by treaty on the 30th of December; but he employed the winter in assembling his forces, and in the beginning of spring renewed the war. He equipped a considerable fleet on the Po, in order to take possession of the States of Mantua and Ferrara, the allies of the two republics. This fleet was attacked by the Venetians, and after an obstinate battle, burnt near Cremona on the 21st of May, 1427. The Duke of Milan had given the command of his army to Nicolo Piccinino, the pupil of Braccio, who had brought with him the flower of the Bracceschi army. Nicolo attacked Carmagnola on the 12th of July, at Casalsecco; but the heat was so intense, and the dust rose in such

clouds from under the horses' feet, that the two armies, enveloped in nearly the darkness of night, could no longer distinguish each other, or discern the signals: they separated without claiming advantage on either side. A third battle took place on the 11th of October, 1427, in a marsh near Macalo; Carmagnola here completely defeated the Milanese army, commanded by Carlo Malatesta, and comprising Francesco Sforza, Nicolo Piccinino, and all the most illustrious captains of Italy. By an imprudent generosity, Carmagnola released these important prisoners; and thus provoked the resentment of the procurators of St. Mark, who accompanied him. A new peace, signed on the 18th of April, 1428, again suspended hostilities without reconciling the parties, or inspiring the belligerents with any mutual confidence. The Florentines took advantage of this interval of repose to attack Paulo Guinigi, lord of Lucca, whose alliance with the Duke of Milan had irritated them, although he had afterwards been abandoned by Filippo Maria. The Lucchese, profiting by this last circumstance, revolted against their lord in September, deposed him, and sent him prisoner to Milan. The Florentines were afterwards driven out of the States of Lucca by Nicolo Piccinino, who defeated them on the borders of the Serchio on the 2d of December, 1430; and the general war recommenced.

In this last campaign, fortune abandoned Carmagnola. On the 17th of May, 1431, he suffered himself to be surprised at Soncino, which he had reached with his advanced guard, by Francesco Sforza, who took prisoners 1600 of his cavalry; he, however, escaped and rejoined his still brilliant army. On the 23d of May he approached the Po, to second the Venetian fleet in an attack on Cremona; but the fleet, pushed by that of the Milanese on the opposite shore, was destroyed in his presence, without the possibility of his rendering it any aid. However great his desire to repair these checks, he could not meet the enemy again during the remainder of the summer. A deadly distemper broke out among the horses throughout Italy; his troops were dismounted: and as the fate of battle depended almost entirely on the cavalry, this calamity reduced him to complete inaction.

The Senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms,—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers,—further observed that of governing with extreme rigor those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the

virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them; they supposed them ever disposed to treachery: and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the armies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The Senate joined to this rigor the perfidy and mystery which characterize an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence; he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April, 1432, to fix with the signoria the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conduct him in pomp to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the Senate, was placed in the chair of honor; he was pressed to speak; his discourse was applauded. The day began to close; lights were not yet called for, but the general could no longer distinguish the faces of those who surrounded him: when suddenly the *sbirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture,—rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and his answers to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian Senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May, 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out, —his mouth gagged to prevent any protestation of innocence,— and placed between the two columns on the square of St. Mark: he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the Senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror.

THE RUIN OF FLORENCE AND ITS REPUBLIC: 1530

From 'A History of the Italian Republics'

A PERIOD of three centuries of weakness, humiliation, and suffering in Italy began in the year 1530: from that time she was always oppressed by foreigners, and enervated and corrupted by her masters. These last reproached her with the vices of which they were themselves the authors. After having

reduced her to the impossibility of resisting, they accused her of cowardice when she submitted, and of rebellion when she made efforts to vindicate herself. The Italians, during this long period of slavery, were agitated with the desire of becoming once more a nation: as, however, they had lost the direction of their own affairs, they ceased to have any history which could be called theirs; their misfortunes have become but episodes in the histories of other nations We should not, however, look upon the task we have imposed on ourselves as concluded, if we did not distinguish amidst this general subjugation, the particular calamities which closed the existence of the republics which still remained independent after the coronation of Charles V.

The Florentines, who from 1512 had been victims of all the faults of Leo X. and Clement VII.,—who had been drawn into all the oscillations of their policy, and called upon to make prodigious sacrifices of money for projects with which they had not even been made acquainted,—were taught under these popes to detest the yoke of the Medici. When the Constable of Bourbon approached their walls in his march to Rome, on the 26th of April, 1527, they were on the point of recovering their liberty: the Cardinal de Cortona, who commanded for the Pope at Florence, had distributed arms among the citizens for their defense, and they determined to employ them for their liberation; but the terror which this army of brigands inspired did the cardinal the service of repressing insurrection. When, however, they heard soon after of the taking of Rome, and of the captivity of the Pope, all the most notable citizens presented themselves in their civic dress to the Cardinal de Cortona; declared firmly, but with calmness, that they were henceforth free; and compelled him, with the two bastard Medici whom he brought up, to quit the city. It was on the 17th of May, 1527, that the lieutenant of Clement obéyed; and the constitution, such as it existed in 1512, with its grand council, was restored without change, except that the office of gonfalonier was declared annual. The first person invested with this charge was Nicolo Capponi, a man enthusiastic in religion and moderate in politics: he was the son of Pietro Capponi, who had braved Charles VIII. In 1529 he was succeeded by Baldassare Carducci, whose character was more energetic and opinions more democratic. Carducci was succeeded in 1530 by Raffaele Girolami, who witnessed the end of the republic.

Florence, during the whole period of its glory and power, had neglected the arts of war: it reckoned for its defense on the adventurers whom its wealth could summon from all parts to its service; and set but little value on a courage which men without any other virtue were so eager to sell to the highest bidder. Since the transalpine nations had begun to subdue Italy to their tyranny, these hireling arms sufficed no longer for the public safety. Statesmen began to see the necessity of giving the republic a protection within itself. Machiavelli, who died on the 22d of June, 1527, six weeks after the restoration of the popular government, had been long engaged in persuading his fellow-citizens of the necessity of awakening a military spirit in the people: it was he who caused the country militia, named *l'ordinanza*, to be formed into regiments. A body of mercenaries, organized by Giovanni de' Medici, a distant kinsman of the Pope's, served at the time as a military school for the Tuscans, among whom alone the corps had been raised: it acquired a high reputation under the name of *bande nere*. No infantry equaled it in courage and intelligence. Five thousand of these warriors served under Lautrec in the kingdom of Naples, where they almost all perished. When, towards the end of the year 1528, the Florentines perceived that their situation became more and more critical, they formed among those who enjoyed the greatest privileges in their country two bodies of militia, which displayed the utmost valor for its defense. The first, consisting of three hundred young men of noble families, undertook the guard of the palace, and the support of the constitution; the second, of four thousand soldiers drawn only from among families having a right to sit in the council-general, were called the civic militia: both soon found opportunities of proving that generosity and patriotism suffice to create, in a very short period, the best soldiers. The illustrious Michael Angelo was charged to superintend the fortifications of Florence: they were completed in the month of April 1529. Lastly, the ten commissioners of war chose for the command of the city Malatesta Baglioni of Perugia, who was recommended to them as much for his hatred of the Medici, who had unjustly put his father to death, as for his reputation for valor and military talent.

Clement VII. sent against Forence, his native country, that very Prince of Orange, the successor of Bourbon, who had made him prisoner at Rome; and with him that very army of robbers

which had overwhelmed the Holy See and its subjects with misery and every outrage. This army entered Tuscany in the month of September 1529, and took possession of Cortona, Arezzo, and all the upper Val d'Arno. On the 14th of October the Prince of Orange encamped in the plain of Ripoli, at the foot of the walls of Florence; and towards the end of December, Ferdinand de Gonzaga led on the right bank of the Arno another imperial army, composed of 20,000 Spaniards and Germans, which occupied without resistance Pistoia and Prato. Notwithstanding the immense superiority of their forces, the imperialists did not attempt to make a breach in the walls of Florence: they resolved to make themselves masters of the city by blockade. The Florentines, on the contrary, animated by preachers who inherited the zeal of Savonarola, and who united liberty with religion as an object of their worship, were eager for battle: they made frequent attacks on the whole line of their enemies, led in turns by Malatesta Baglioni and Stefano Colonna. They made nightly sallies, covered with white shirts to distinguish each other in the dark, and successively surprised the posts of the imperialists; but the slight advantages thus obtained could not disguise the growing danger of the republic. France had abandoned them to their enemies; there remained not one ally either in Italy or the rest of Europe; while the army of the Pope and Emperor comprehended all the survivors of those soldiers who had so long been the terror of Italy by their courage and ferocity, and whose warlike ardor was now redoubled by the hope of the approaching pillage of the richest city in the West.

The Florentines had one solitary chance of deliverance. Francesco Ferrucci, one of their citizens, who had learned the art of war in the *bande nere*, and joined to a mind full of resources an unconquerable intrepidity and an ardent patriotism, was not shut up within the walls of Florence: he had been named commissary general, with unlimited power over all that remained without the capital. Ferrucci was at first engaged in conveying provisions from Empoli to Florence; he afterwards took Volterra from the imperialists: and having formed a small army, proposed to the signoria to seduce all the adventurers and brigands from the imperial army, by promising them another pillage of the pontifical court; and succeeding in that, to march at their head on Rome, frighten Clement, and force him to grant peace to their country. The signoria rejected this plan as too daring. Ferrucci then

formed a second, which was little less bold. He departed from Volterra; made the tour of Tuscany, which the imperial troops traversed in every direction; collected at Leghorn, Pisa, the Val di Nievole, and in the mountains of Pistoia, every soldier, every man of courage, still devoted to the republic; and after having thus increased his army, he intended to fall on the imperial camp before Florence, and force the Prince of Orange, who began to feel the want of money, to raise the siege. Ferrucci, with an intrepidity equal to his skill, led his little troop from the 14th of July to the 2d of August, 1530, through numerous bodies of imperialists, who preceded, followed, and surrounded him on all sides, as far as Gavinana, four miles from San Marcello, in the mountains of Pistoia. He entered that village about midday on the 2d of August, with 3,000 infantry and 500 cavalry. The Prince of Orange at the same time entered by another gate, with a part of the army which besieged Florence. The different corps which had on every side harassed Ferrucci in his march poured in upon him from all quarters: the battle instantly began, and was fought with relentless fury within the walls of Gavinana. Philibert de Challon, Prince of Orange, in whom that house became extinct, was killed by a double shot, and his corps put to flight; but other bands of imperialists successively arrived, and continually renewed the attack on a small force exhausted with fatigue: 2,000 Florentines were already stretched on the field of battle, when Ferrucci, pierced with several mortal wounds, was borne bleeding to the presence of his personal enemy, Fabrizio Maramaldi, a Calabrese, who commanded the light cavalry of the Emperor. The Calabrese stabbed him several times in his rage, while Ferrucci calmly said, «Thou wouldst kill a dead man!» The republic perished with him.

When news of the disaster at Gavinana reached Florence, the consternation was extreme. Baglioni, who for some days had been in treaty with the Prince of Orange, and who was accused of having given him notice of the project of Ferrucci, declared that a longer resistance was impossible; and that he was determined to save an imprudent city, which seemed bent upon its own ruin. On the 8th of August he opened the bastion, in which he was stationed, to an imperial captain, and planted his artillery so as to command the town. The citizens, in consternation, abandoned the defense of the walls, to employ themselves in concealing their valuable effects in the churches; and the

signoria acquainted Ferdinand de Gonzaga, who had succeeded the Prince of Orange in the command of the army, that they were ready to capitulate. The terms granted (on the 12th of August, 1530) were less rigorous than the Florentines might have apprehended. They were to pay a gratuity of 80,000 florins to the army which besieged them, and to recall the Medici. In return, a complete amnesty was to be granted to all who had acted against that family, the Pope, or the Emperor. But Clement had no intention of observing any of the engagements contracted in his name. On the 20th of August he caused the parliament, in the name of the sovereign people, to create a *balia*, which was to execute the vengeance of which he would not himself take the responsibility: he subjected to the torture, and afterwards punished with exile or death, by means of this *balia*, all the patriots who had signalized themselves by their zeal for liberty. In the first month one hundred and fifty illustrious citizens were banished; before the end of the year there were more than one thousand sufferers: every Florentine family, even among those most devoted to the Medici, had some one member among the proscribed.

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

(1838–)

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON — who was born in Stonington, Connecticut, of the Trumbull family learned in politics, war, science, and bibliography, and who married in 1867 Edward Slosson of New York — made friends with the public in a charming little book entitled 'The China-Hunter's Club,' published in New York in 1878, and still dear to the pottery-loving heart.

In 1888 'Fishin' Jimmy' appeared in the New Princeton Review. He was at once recognized in this country, preached about, quoted, and "conveyed" to transatlantic admirers, who held him up as a model, perfect in his way, as he is. Other of her stories, written on the same lines, have been published in that and other magazines since, not very numerously; and in 1891 seven of them were gathered into a volume called 'The Seven Dreamers.' A longer one, 'Aunt Liefy,' was published in book form.

Mrs. Slosson was fortunate in selecting the short story as her mode of expression, and in her choice of subjects and place; for she is the apostle — the defender, rather — of the eccentric mystic; and were her characters and her scenes placed in any other part of the white world than New England, it is doubtful whether, even with her skill in creating illusion, she would be able to convince the readers that these strange dreams are true.

But he who has solved the mystery of its stern ice-bound winters, its sweet chill springs, its prodigal summers: and has learned to know its rural people, whose daily food is work, to whom responsibility comes early and stays late; whose manners are as country manners must be, and whose speech is plain; whose conscience is a scourge; whose hearts are often as tender and as pure as their own arbutus blooming under snow, — to such a reader, nothing she has to say of this strange, bitter-sweet country is impossible.

He who has gotten at the secret of New England can believe that Mrs. Slosson has seized upon a perfectly recognizable element of its life when she draws its men and women as shrewd, witty, wise, and "off" on some point. Her characters for the most part tell their own story: or they tell them to the writer, who instinctively shows herself to be of a different mold, perhaps a different creed, but whose intercourse with her homely friends has no superciliousness in it, or the hardness of the mere exploiter of literary "copy"; she treats them rather with a fine reverence and tender charity, which at the

same time recognizes the sharp passages in the drama of life. This dramatic power is perhaps a hint that she would be a weaver of pure romance; but the subtle instinct of the artist tells her that to make such characters as hers other than they are, she must throw them upon a perfectly naturalistic background.

Therefore she paints a scene, minute in detail, recognizable by every visitor to the chosen regions where her story is laid. It may be the old "Indian burying-ground," so called, in the pine forest along the banks of Gale River; or the margin of Pond Brook in Franconia, the peaceful little village among the northern hills; or in a street in quiet Sudbury. Or Hartford is the chosen spot; and Hartford names, and faces as stable as New England principles, are introduced to give an air of reality to such a whimsical conception as 'Butterneggs.'

Mrs. Slosson is a trained botanist and entomologist, and to the skill of the literary artist is added a store of experience gleaned from the meadows and the woods. All the lovely wild flowers of the northern spring and summer are gathered in heaps of soft greenness and bits of bright color in her backgrounds; and all the songs of the thicket, the swamp, and the wood, make music there. But there are lonely farm-houses, where solitary souls have thought and pondered in the long winter nights, till they have mused too long; and to recompense them for the companionship, the beauty, the poetry, which they have missed, like Peter Ibbetson in Du Maurier's lovely story they have "learned how to dream." Cap'n Burdick's dream is of the millennium. Uncle Enoch Stark's is of his sister Lucilla, who died before he was born, but to him lives vaguely somewhere in the dim West. Aunt Randy dreams that Jacob, a worm, "favors" her dead boy; and when he becomes a butterfly, she is convinced of the resurrection. Wrestlin' Billy earned his name because he shared with the patriarch the honor of a struggle with an angel. "Faith Came and Went" in the vision of a plain, shy Sudbury woman. A Speakin' Ghost comforted and illumined a Kittery exile imprisoned as caretaker in a New York city house.

"They have different names for sech folks," continues Aunt Charry. "They say they're 'cracked,' they've 'got a screw loose,' they're 'a little off,' they 'ain't all there,' and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well to my mind as to say they're all jest dreamin'. . . . And what's more, I believe when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' idees o' theirn, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world,—I believe, I say, that they're glad too."

All this is impossible? Who shall say that these dreams are but the expansion of idiosyncrasies? For, science to the contrary, they are chapters in the history of the soul.

From too tense a strain on the emotions Mrs. Slosson is delivered by a whimsical and acute sense of humor,—a distinctly feminine humor,—which happily comes to relieve the overcharged heart. Without it the reader would be unduly oppressed; but who can resist a Speakin' Ghost who is not dim nor fair nor cold, but "about fourteen or fifteen, I should think, and noway pretty to look at: real freckled, but that warn't no great drawback to me, an' he had a kind of light reddish-yaller hair, not very slick, but mussy and rough-like. I knowed he was from the country as soon's I seed him. Any one could tell that. His hands were red an' rough an' scratched, an' he had warts."

And who could help comforting with promises of "what she would be let to do in heaven," poor Colossy the little paralytic, who dreamed about cooking, and made a pudding with "a teacupful of anise and cumin," cooked in a "yaller" baking-dish, in "a pint of milk and honey"?

The humor of 'Butterneggs' is pure fun. Loretty Knapp, Coscob Knapp, a spinster of seventy, brisk, keen, and controversial, is possessed with the truth of heredity; and to trace its effects, dreams of a sister, who inherited all the family traits. For Coretty Knapp, born at sea, and lost for thirty years, when she appeared in Hartford "wrapped in furry an' skinny garm'nts," was a Knapp all over. The ministers' meeting called to find out the original religion, politics, and social instincts of this modern Caspar Hauser failed indeed in its object, but firmly settled the theory of inheritance. 'Butterneggs' is the most "knowing," bewildering story,—the fun almost bubbling over, but never quite.

Mrs. Slosson's lovely spirit teaches her to preserve the dignity of New England life through all the whimsicalities of her characters. Her religion is the kindly one of a belief in the final reward of good living; and that "up yonder," as Mrs. Peevy in 'Dumb Foxglove' put it, "they make allowances fast enough." Her most eccentric and highly intensified characters are never repulsive, but claim the sympathy with which she would surround all those who in a kindlier tongue than ours are called God's Fools.

Among Mrs. Slosson's later books are ‹White Christopher› (1901); ‹Aunt Abby's Neighbors› (1902); ‹A Dissatisfied Soul› (1908); ‹A Little Shepherd of Bethlehem› (1913), and ‹Puzzled Souls› (1915).

[From 'Seven Dreamers.' Copyright 1890, by Harper & Brothers.]

BUTTERNEGGS

«I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.»
—'TWELFTH NIGHT.'

SHE was a woman of nearly seventy, I should think; tall, thin, and angular, with strongly marked features and eyes of very pale blue. Her hair, still dark, though streaked with gray, was drawn back from her temples and twisted into a little hard knot behind, and she wore no cap. We had scarcely exchanged greetings before her eyes fell upon my modest bouquet.

«Butterneggs, I declare for 't!» she exclaimed with lively interest; «fust I've seed this season; mine don't show a speck o' blowth yet, an' mine's gen'lly fust. Where 'd it grow, ma'am, 'f I may ask?»

I told her of the spot near Buttermilk Falls where we had found it; but did not think it necessary to inform her that we had gone there in search of the plant at Jane's suggestion, that the sight of it might prompt the old woman to tell a certain tale. I begged her at once to accept the flowers, which she did with evident pleasure, placing the homely little nosegay carefully in water. For a vase she used a curious old wineglass, tall and quaint; far more desirable in my eyes than a garden full of the common yellow flowers it held, and I bent forward eagerly to examine it. Aunt Loretty seemed to regard my interest as wholly botanical in its nature, and centred upon her beloved Linaria vulgaris; and I at once rose in her estimation.

«It's a sightly posy, ain't it, ma'am?» she said; «jest about the likeliest there is, I guess. But then it's heredit'ry in our fam'ly, so o' course I like it.»

«Hereditary!» I exclaimed, forgetting for a moment my promise to take things quietly, showing no surprise or incredulity. «Butter-and-eggs hereditary in your family!»

«Yes, ma'am, 'tis; leastways the settin' by 't is. All the Knappses set everything by butterneggs. Ye can't be a Knapp—course I mean our branch o' the fam'ly—ye can't be one o' our Knappses an' not have that plant, with its yeller blooms an' little narrer whity-green leaves, for yer fav'rite. The Knappses allers

held it so, an' they allers will hold it so, or they won't be Knappses. Didn't I never tell ye," she asked, turning to my companion, "'bout my sister, an' losin' her, an' the way I come to find her?"

I do not remember just how Jane evaded this direct question; but her reply served the desired purpose, and Aunt Loretty was soon started upon her wonderful story.

"My father was Cap'n Zenas Knapp, born right here in Coscob. He follered the sea; an 's there warn't much sea 'round here to foller, he moved down Stonin'ton way, an' took ter whalin'. An' bimeby he married a gal down there, S'liny Ann Beebe, an' he lost sight an' run o' Coscob an' the Knappses for a long spell. But pa was a Knapp clear through 'f there ever was one; the very Knappiest Knapp, sot'speak, o' the hull tribe, an' that's puttin' it strong 'nough. All their ways, all their doin's, their likin's an' dislikin's, their take-tos an' their don't-take-tos, their goods an' their bads — he had 'em all hard. An' they *had* ways, the Knappses had, an' they've got 'em still, what's left o' the fam'ly — the waysiest ways! Some folks ain't that kind, ye know: they're jest like other folks. If ye met 'em 'way from hum ye wouldn't know where they come from or whose relations they was: they might be Peckses o' Horseneck, or Noyeses o' West'ly, or Simsb'ry Phelpses, or agin they might be Smithses o' ary place, for all the fam'ly ways they'd got. But our folks, the hull tribe on 'em, was tarred with the same stick, 's ye might say; ye'd 'a knowed 'em for Knappses wherever they was — in Coscob, Stonin'ton, or Chiny. F'rinstance, for one thing, they was all Congr'ation'l in religion; they allers had ben from the creation o' the airth. Some folks might say to that, that there wa'n't no Congr'ation'l meetin's 's fur back 's that. Well, I won't be too sot, — mebbe there wa'n't: but 'f that's so, then there wa'n't no Knappses; there *couldn't* be Knappses an' no Congr'ation'lists. An' they all b'lieved in foreord'nation an' 'lection. They was made so. Ye didn't have ter larn it to 'em: they got it jest 's they got teeth when 'twas time; they took it jest 's they took hoopin'-cough an' mumps when they was 'round. They didn't, ary one on 'em, need the cat'chism to larn 'em 'bout 'Whereby for 's own glory he hath foreordained whats'ever comes to pass,' nor to tell 'em 't 'He out o' his mere good pleasure from all etarnity 'lected some to everlastin' life'; they knowed it their-selves, the Knappses did. An' they stuck to their b'liefs, an'

would 'a' stood up on the Saybrook platform an' ben burnt up for 'em, like John Rogers in the cat'chism, sayin', —

> 'What though this carcass smart a while,
> What though this life decay.'

"An' they was all Whigs in pol'tics. There wa'n't never a Knapp — our branch — who voted the Dem'cratic ticket. They took that too: no need for their pa's to tell 'em; jest 's soon 's a boy got to be twenty-one, an' 'lection day come round, up he went an' voted the Whig ticket, sayin' nothin' to nobody. An' so 'twas in everything. They had ways o' their own. It come in even down to readin' the Scriptur's; for every Knapp 't ever I see p'ferred the Book o' Rev'lations to ary other part o' the Bible. They liked it all, o' course, for they was a pious breed, an' knowed 't all Scriptur 's give by insp'ration, an' 's prof't'ble, an' so forth; but for stiddy, every-day readin' give 'em Rev'lations. An' there was lots o' other little ways they had, too; sech as strong opp'sition to Baptists, an' dreffle dislikin' to furr'ners, an' the greatest app'tite for old-fashioned, hum-made, white-oak cheese.

"Then they was all 'posed to swearin', an' didn't never use perfane language, none o' the Knappses; but there was jest one sayin' they had when 'xcited or s'prised or anything, an' that was, 'C'rinthians!' They would say that, all on 'em, 'fore they died, one time or 'nother. An' when a Knapp said it, it did sound like the awf'lest kind o' perfan'ty; but o' course it wa'n't. An' 'fore an' over all, every born soul on 'em took ter flowers an' gardens. They would have 'em wherever they was. An' everything they touched growed an' thriv: drouth didn't dry 'em, wet didn't mold 'em, bugs didn't eat 'em; they come up an' leafed out an' budded an' blowed for the poorest, needin'est Knapp 't lived, with only the teentiest bit of a back yard for 'em to grow in, or broken teapots an' cracked pitchers to hold 'em. But they might have all the finest posies in the land, roses an' heelyertropes an' verbeny an' horseshoe g'raniums, an' they'd swop 'em all off, ary Knapp would,— our branch,— for one single plant o' that blessed flower ye fetched me to-day, butterneggs. How 't come about 's more 'n I can say, or how long it's ben goin' on, — from the very fust start o' things, fortino; but tennerate, every single Knapp I ever see or heerd on held butterneggs to be the beautif'lest posy God ever made.

"I can't go myself in my rec'lection back o' my great-gran'-mother; but I r'member her, though I was a speck of a gal when she died. She was a Bissell o' Nor'field, this State, but she married a Knapp, an' seemed to grow right inter Knapp ways; an' she an' gran'f'ther — great-gran'f'ther I mean, Shearjashub Knapp — they used to have a big bed o' butterneggs in front o' the side door, an' it made the hull yard look sunshiny even when the day was dark an' drizzly. There ain't nothin' shinin'er an' goldier than them flowers with the different kinds o' yeller in 'em; they'll most freckle ye, they're so much like the sun shinin'. Then the next gen'ration come Gran'pa Knapp,— his given name was Ezry,— an' he was bed-rid for more 'n six year. An' he had butterneggs planted in boxes an' stood all 'round his bed, an' he did take sech comf't in 'em. The hull room was yeller with 'em, an' they give him a sort o' biliousy, jandersy look; but he did set so by 'em; an' the very last growin' thing the good old man ever set eyes on here b'low, afore he see the green fields beyond the swellin' flood, was them bright an' shinin' butterneggs. An' his sister Hopey, she 't married Enoch Ambler o' Green's Farms, I never shall forgit her butterneggs border 't run all 'round her garden; the pea-green leaves an' yeller an' saffrony blooms looked for all the world like biled sparrergrass with chopped-egg sarce.

"Well, you'll wonder what on airth I'm at with all this rig-majig 'bout the Knappses an' their ways; but you'll see bimeby that it's all got suthin' to do with the story I begun on 'bout my sister, an' the way I come to lose her an' find her ag'in. There's jest one thing more I must put in, an' that's how the Knappses gen'lly died. 'Twas e'enamost allers o' dumb ager. That's what they called it them days: I s'pose 'twould be malairy now,— but that wa'n't invented then, an' we had to git along 's well 's we could without sech lux'ries. The Knappses was long-lived,— called threescore 'n ten bein' cut off in the midst o' your days; but when they did come ter die 'twas most gen'lly of dumb ager. But even 'bout that they had their own ways; an' when a Knapp — our branch I would say — got dumb ager, why, 'twas dumber an' agerer 'n other folkses dumb ager, an' so 't got the name o' the Knapp shakes. An' they all seemed to use the same rem'dies an' physics for the c'mplaint. They wa'n't much for doctors, but they all b'lieved in yarbs an' hum-made steeps an' teas. An' 'thout any 'dvice or doctor's receipts or anything, 's soon 's they felt the creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' that

meant dumb ager, with their heads het up an' their feet 'most froze, they'd jest put some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' sew a strip o' red flann'l round their neck, an' put a peppergrass poultice to the soles o' their feet, an' go to bed; an' there they'd lay, drinkin' their cam'mile an' hardhack, strong an' hot, an' allers with their head on a hard thin piller, till all was over, an' they was in a land where there's no dumb ager nor any kind o' sickness 't all. Gran'f'ther died o' dumb ager; great-gran'f'ther died on it — had it six year; Aunt Hopey Ambler, great-aunt Cynthy, an' second cousin Shadrach, all went off that way. An' pa — well, he didn't die so; but that's part o' my sister's story.

« Ma, she was a Beebe, 's I said afore; but she might 'a' ben 'most anything else, for there wa'n't any strong Beebe ways to her. Her mother was a Palmer, — 'most everybody's mother is, down Stonin'ton way, ye know, — an' ma was 's much Palmer 's Beebe, an' she was more Thayer than ary one on 'em (her gran'-mother was a Thayer). So 't stands to reason that when we child'n come 'long we was more Knapp than Beebe. There was two on us, twins an' gals, me an' my sister; an' they named us arter pa's twin sisters 't died years afore, Coretty an' Loretty, — an' I'm Loretty.

« Well, by the time we was four year old pa he'd riz to be cap'n. He was honest an' stiddy, 's all the Knappses be, an' that's the sort they want for whalin'. So when the Tiger was to be fitted up for a three-year v'y'ge, why, there was nothin' for 't but pa he must go cap'n. But ma she took on so 'bout it, — for he hadn't ben off much sence she married him, — that jest for peace, if nothin' else, he fin'lly consented to take her an' the twins along too; an' so we went. Well, I can't tell ye much about that v'y'ge, o' course. I was only a baby, an' all I know about it 's what ma told me long a'terward. But the v'y'ge 'a'n't got much to do with my story. They done pretty fair: took a good many sperm whales, got one big lump o' ambergrease, an' pa he was in great sperrits; when all on a suddent there come a dreffle storm, an' they lost their reck'nin', an' they got on some rocks, an' the poor old Tiger went all to pieces. I never can rightly remember how any soul on us was saved; but we was, some way or other, ma an' me an' some o' the crew, — but poor pa an' Coretty was lost. As nigh 's I can rec'lect the story, we was tied to suthin' ' nuther that 'd float, ma an' me, an' a ship picked us up an' fetched us home. Tennerate we got here, — to

Stonin'ton I mean; but poor ma was a heart-broken widder, an' I was half an orph'n an' only half a pair o' twins. For my good pa an' that dear little Coretty was both left far behind in the dreadful seas. An' that's why pa didn't die o' the Knapp shakes.

"I won't take up your time tellin' all that come arter that, for it's another part you want to hear. So I'll skip over to the time when I was a woman growed, ma dead an' gone, an' me livin' all by myself — a single woman, goin' on thirty-seven year old, or p'r'aps suthin' older — in Har'ford, this State. I'd had my ups an' my downs, more downs than ups; I'd worked hard an' lived poor: but I was a Knapp, an' never gin up, an' so at last there I was in a little bit of a house, all my own, on Morg'n Street, Har'ford. An' there I lived, quite well-to-do, an' no disgrace to any Knapp 't ever lived, be she who she be. I had plenty to do, though I hadn't any reg'lar trade. I wa'n't a tail'r-ess exactly, but I could make over their pas' pant'loons for boys, an' cut out jackets by a pattern for 'em; an' I wa'n't a real mill'ner, but I could trim up a bunnet kind o' tasty, an' bleach over a Leghorn or a fancy braid as well as a perfession'l; I never larnt the dressmakin' trade, but I knew how to cut little gals' frocks an' make their black-silk ap'ons; an' I'd rip up an' press an' clean ladies' dresses, an' do over their crape an' love veils, an' steam up their velvet ribb'ns over the tea-kettle to raise the pile. An' I sewed over carpets, an' stitched wristban's, an' — I don't know what I didn't do them days: for I had what ary Knapp I ever see — I mean our branch — had all their born days; an' that was, 's I 'spose you know, o' course — fac'lty.

"An' the best fam'lies in Har'ford employed me, an' set by me; an' knowin' what I was an' what my an'stors had ben, they treated me 's if I was one of their own sort. An' ag'in an' ag'in I've set to the same table with sech folks 's the Wadsworthses an' Ellsworthses an' Terrys an' Wellses an' Huntin'tons. An' I made a good deal outer my gard'nin'. I had all the Knapp hank'rin' for that; an' from the time I was a mite of a gal I was allers diggin' an' scratchin' in the dirt like a hen, stickin' in seeds an' slips, an' pullin' up weeds, snippin' an' prunin' an' trainin' an' wat'rin'. An' I had the beautif'lest gard'n in Har'ford, an' made a pretty penny outer it too. I sold slips an' cuttin's, an' saved seeds o' my best posies, puttin' 'em up in little paper cases pasted over at the edges; an' there was plenty o' cust'mers for 'em, I can tell ye. For my sunflowers was 's big

as pie plates, my hollyhawks jest dazzlin' to look at, my cant'-b'ry-bells big an' blue, my dailyers 's quilly 's quills — all colors; I had four kinds o' pinks; I had bach'lor's-buttons, feather-fews, noneserpretties, sweet-williams, chiny-asters, flowerdelooses, tulups, daffies, larkspurs, prince's-feathers, cock's-combs, red-balm, mournin'-bride, merrygools — Oh, I'm all outer breath, an' I 'a'n't told ye half the blooms I had in that Har'ford garden. But I could tell ye! If 'twas all drawed out there on that floor an' painted to life, I couldn't see it any plainer 'n I see 't this minnit, eyes shet or op'n. An' how I did set by them beds! Dr. Hawes — I went to the Centre to meetin' — Dr. Hawes he says, one time when he come to make a past'ral call, says he in his way, — he was kinder ongraceful, ye know, — p'intin' his long finger at me an' shakin' it up an' down, he says: 'Loretty, Loretty,' very loud an' solemn, ye know, 'don't you set your 'fections on them fadin' flowers o' earth an' forgit the never-with'rin' flowers o' heaven,' he says. Ye see he'd ben prayin' with me, an' right in the midst an' 'mongst o' his prayer he ketched sight o' me reachin' out to pull up a weed in the box o' young balsams I was startin' in the house. So 'tain't no wonder he was riled; for he was dreffle good, an' was one of them folks who, 's the hymn says, —

> 'Knows the wuth o' prayer,
> An' wishes often to be there.'

"Well, 'twas 'bout that time, 's I was sayin', an' I was a single woman o' thirty-seven, or p'r'aps a leetle more, — not wuth countin' on a single woman's age, — when there come upon me the biggest, awf'lest, scariest s'prise 't ever come upon any one afore, let 'lone a Knapp — our branch. A letter come to me one day from Cap'n Akus Chadwick, form'ly o' Stonin'ton, an' a friend o' pa's, but now an old man in New Lon'on, an' this 's what he says: Seems 't a ship 'd come into New Bedford, a whalin' ship, with a r'mark'ble story. They'd had rough weather an' big gales, an' got outer their course, an' they'd sighted land, an' when they come to 't — I don't know how or why they did come to 't, whether they meant ter or had ter — they see on the shore a woman, an' when they landed there wa'n't ary other folks on the hull island: nothin' but four-footed critters — wild ones — an' birds an' monkeys, an' all kinder outlandish bein's; not a blessed man or woman, not even a heath'n or a idle, 's fur 's

they could tell, in the hull deestrick, but only jest this one poor woman. An' she couldn't talk no more 'n Juley Brace to the 'sylum; an she was queer-lookin', an' her clo'es was all outer fash'n, kinder furry an' skinny garm'nts, an' she had a lonesome, scaret kinder look, 's if she hadn't ben much in comp'ny. An' yit with 't all there was a sorter r'spectable 'pearance, an'— O ladies, I'm all stuffed up, an' can't swaller good. I'm livin' over 'n my mind the fust time I read them words, an' was struck all 'n a heap by 'em. Jest hand me them posies a minute, an' I'll be all right in a jiffy.—There, now I can go on. With it all, he says, there was a strong Knapp look about this unfort'nate isl'nder; in fac', she favored 'em so strong 't the fust mate, a Mystic man, who'd often heerd the story o' pa's shipwreck an' Coretty's drownin', thought he'd orter 'nquire inter the matter. The cap'n o' the ship was a Scotchman, an' the sailors was mostly Portergeese, an' Sandwidgers, an' Kannakers; an' she wouldn't take no notice o' ary on 'em, an' tried to run away. But when 'Lias Mall'ry, the mate, went up to her, she stopped an' looked 't him, an' kinder gabbled a leetle bit, in a jibbery sorter way, an' when he ast her to come aboard she follered like a lamb. An' they fetched her along, an' the more they see on her—I mean 'Lias, who was the only one 't knowed the Knappses, our branch—the more 't seemed sure an' sartin 't this was reely an' truly, strange as 't might be, Coretty Knapp, who'd ben lost more'n thirty year afore. There's no use my tryin' to tell you how I felt, or what I done jest at fust: when I read that letter I couldn't seem to sense it one mite; an' yit in half an hour 't seemed 's if I'd a-knowed it a year, an' I never misdoubted that 'twas true 's gospil, an' that my poor dear little twin sister Coretty 'd ben found an' was comin' home to me.

"I gin up pa t' wunst; he'd 'a' ben too old now, even for a Knapp, an' I see plain enough 't he must be deader 'n dead: but oh, what 'twas to realize 't I had a reel flesh-an'-blood sister, queer an' oncivilized 's she must be a'ter livin' in the backwoods so long! The letter went on to say that 'Lias Mall'ry was on his way to Har'ford this very minute, 'bringin' Miss Knapp to her only livin' relation'—that was me. An' 't said they was goin' to bring her jest 's she was when they ketched her, so 's I could see her in her nat'ral state: an' who had a better right? 'But land's sake!' I says to myself 's I lay that letter down, 'how she'll look a-comin' through Har'ford streets all skinny an' furry an'

jabbery 's they d'scribe her! I do hope she'll take a carr'ge.' Well, I couldn't stand all this alone, an' I put on my bunnit an' shawl an' went up to Dr. Hawes's an' to Deacon Colton's an' over to Sister Pitkin's, an' I told 'em all this amazin' hist'ry, wonderf'ler than 'Rob'nson Crusoe' or 'Riley's Narr'tive.' An' sech a stir 's it made in quiet old Har'ford you'd never bleeve. Afore I'd fairly got hum an' took off my things, folks begun to call. Ev'ry one wanted to know 'f 'twas reely an' truly so, an' 'f I had a reel live heath'n sister comin' home from them far-away countries where ev'ry prospeck pleases an' only man is vile. But this part on't I wouldn't hear to for a minute. 'Whatever she is,' I says, 'she ain't a heath'n. She's a Knapp, born 'f not bred, an' there never was a heath'n 'mong the Knappses sence Knappses was fust made. Mebbe she ain't a perfesser,' I says,—'prob'ly ain't, for she 'a'n't had no settled min'ster or sech priv'leges; but she don't have nothin' to do with idles an' sech foolishness,' I says. But I could see 't they was countin' on suthin' outer this for monthly concert, an' that stirred me up a leetle; but I jest waited. An' bimeby—what do you think o' this?—there was a *c'mittee* waited on me. An' sech a time!

"There was P'fessor Phelps o' the Congr'ational Sem'nary, an' P'fessor Spencer o' Wash'n't'n College, an' Elder Day the Baptist min'ster; an' there was one o' the Dem'cratic ed'tors o' the Har'ford Times, an' some one from the Connet'cut Cour'nt; an' Dr. Barnes o' Weth'sfield, a infiddle, who'd writ a sorter Tom-Painey book that was put inter the stove by every Christian 't got hold on it. An' there was Mr. Gallagher from the deaf-an'-dumb 'sylum, an' Dr. Cook from the crazy 'sylum, an' Mr. Williams the 'Piscople min'ster, an' Priest O'Conner the Cath'lic, an' Parson Loomis the Meth'dist. That's 'bout all, I b'lieve, but there may 'a' ben some I disremember arter all these years. An' what do you think—what *do* you think they wanted? 'Twas some time afore I could see through their talk myself; for they was all big scholars, an' you know them's the hardest sort to compr'end. But bimeby I made out 't they was all dreffle 'xcited about this story o' my sister; for it gin 'em a chance they'd never 'xpected to git, of a bran'-new human bein' growed up without 'precept or 'xample,' 's they say, or ary idee o' religion or pol'tics or church gov'ment, or doctrines o' any sort. An' they'd all got together an' 'greed, 'f I was willin', they'd jest 'xper'ment on Coretty Knapp. Well, 't fust I didn't take t' the

idee one speck. It seemed kinder onnat'ral an' onhuman to go to work pullin' to pieces an' patchin' up an' fittin' in scraps to this poor, onfort'nate, empty sorter soul, 't had strayed 'way off from its hum in a Christian land o' deestrick schools an' meetin's, an' all sech priv'leges, instead o' takin' her right inter our hearts an' 'fections, an' larnin' her all 't she orter know. 'T seemed 's if we orter let 'xper'ments alone, an' go to coddlin' an' coss'tin' up this poor lost sheep, which was wuth far more 'n ninety an' nine which goes not astray.

"But howsomepro — as Elder Cheeseman used to say — they was all, 's I said afore, larned men, an' most on 'em good men too; an' 's they was all 'greed, an' I was only one, and a woman too, I gin up. An' afore they left, 'twas all settled 't they all should have a try at poor sister Coretty, an' all persent their own views on religion, pol'tics, an' so forth. An' me nor nobody was to make nor meddle aforehand, or try to prej'dice her one way or t'other; an' so they 'xpected to find out what the nat'ral mind would take ter, or whether there was anything 't all in heredit'ry ways. I could 'a' telled 'em that last afore they b'gun, but I thought I'd let 'em find 't out their own way.

"You might think, mebbe, I'd ben scaret 'bout the r'sult. For what a dreffle thing 'f poor Coretty 'd ben talked over by Elder Day,—a dreffle glib talker, 's all Baptists be, an' a reel good man, 's most on 'em is, though I say 't 's shouldn't, bein' a Knapp myself, with all the Knappses' dislike to their doctrines, — what 'f she'd ben talked over to 'mersion an' close c'mmunion views, an' ben dipped 'stead o' sprinkled? Or ag'in, 'f she'd b'lieved all the Cath'lic priest let on, an' swallered his can'les an' beads an' fish an' sech popish things. Or wuss still, s'pose she'd backslid hully, an' put her trust in Dr. Barnes's talk,— becomin' an infiddle, like unter the fool that said in his heart. But some way or 'nother I wa'n't a mite 'fraid. I fell right back on my faith in a overrulin' Prov'dence, an' p'r'aps more on Knapp ways, an' felt all the time Coretty 'd come out right at the eend.

"But you see she hadn't come yit; an' the thing was ter know whether you could make her un'erstan' anything till she'd larnt to talk. 'F she could only gabble, how was any on us to know whether she gabbled Baptistry or 'Piscopality or what-all; an' we'd got to wait an' see. An' Mr. Gallagher o' the 'sylum, he wanted to try her on signs fust, an' see 'f he couldn't c'mmunicate with

her right off by snappin' his fingers an' screwin' up his featur's an' p'intin' at her in that dumb way they do up t' the 'sylum. He said 'twas more nat'ral to do that way than to talk; but then he didn't know much about the Knappses an' their powers o' speech. An' Dr. Cook, the crazy doctor, he said he was int-'rested in the brains part o' the subjick, an' he'd jest like ter get at 'em; he wanted to see what 'fect on her head an' 'djacent parts this queer sorter retired life 'd had. An' so they went on till they went off.

"Well, might' 's well come to the p'int o' my story, an' the blessed minute I fust see my twin sister,—my t'other half, you might say; for 'twas reely her, a-comin' in at the gate. 'Twa'n't so bad 's I 'xpected. I'd kinder got my head sot on picters o' the Eskimoses in my jography, with buff'lo robes tied round 'em; an' I was r'lieved when I see her get outer the carr'ge with 'Lias Mall'ry, lookin' quite respect'ble an' Knappy. To be sure she had skins on; but she'd gone an' made 'em inter a reel fair likeness o' my plainest every-day dresses, cut gorin' an' sorter fittin' in at the waist, an' with the skirt pretty long, 'bout to the tops o' her gaiters. An' she had quite a nice-lookin' bunnit on, braided o' some kinder furrin grass or straw; hum-made o' course, an' not jest in the latest fash'n,—but that wa'n't to be 'xpected when she'd made it 'fore ever seein' one. An' she was dreffle tanned an' freckled an' weather-beat like, but oh, my! my! wa'n't she a Knapp all over, from head to foot! Every featur' favored some o' the fam'ly. There was Uncle Zadock's long nose, an' gran'mer's square chin, an' Aunt Hopey's thick eyebrows, an' dear pa's pacin' walk, an' over an' above all there was *me* all over her, 's if I was a-lookin' 't myself in a lookin'-glass. I d' know what I done for a minute. I cried an' I choked an' I blowed my nose, an' I couldn't say one blessed word till I swallered hard an' set my teeth, an' then I bust out, 'O, Coretty Knapp, I'm glad to see ye! how's your health?' I'd forgot for a minute 'bout her not talkin'; but I own I was beat when she jest says, 's good 's I could say it myself, says she, 'Thank ye, sister Loretty: how's yourn?' An' we shook hands an' kissed each other;—I'd been so 'fraid she'd rub noses or hit her forrid on the ground,—s'lammin', 's the books o' travels says;—an' then she took one cheer an' I took another, an' we both took a good look 't each other, for you know we hadn't met anywheres for the longest spell. An' I forgot all about 'Lias Mall'ry till he says,

'You see, Miss Knapp, she speaks pretty good, don't she? Them Scotch an' Portergeese an' so on couldn't get a word out on her; but 's soon 's she heerd good Connet'cut spoke, she picked 't right up 's slick 's anything.' 'O' course I did, Mr. Mall'ry,' says Coretty. 'I never could abide them furr'ners. United States talk 's good enough for me,' says she. 'Knapp all over,' says I;—'an' now do take off your things an' jest make yourself to hum, an' le's have a good old-fashioned talk, for I 'a'n't seen none o' my folks for so long.'

"But when she took off her bunnit an' I see how the poor thing 'd ben an' gone an' twisted up her hair behind in the same tight, knobby, Knappy way all the Knappses—the female part o' our branch, I mean—had fixed theirn for gen'rations, furzino, I 'most cried ag'in. 'Course she hadn't no hairpins nor shoestring to fasten 't with; but she'd tied it tight 's tight with some kind o' barky stuff, an' stuck a big thorn in to keep it there.

"Well, you won't care 'bout our talk: it was all folksy an' Knappy an' 'bout fam'ly matters, for we had lots to talk about. She'd lost all run o' the fam'ly an' neighbors, never hearin' a word for more 'n thirty year. In fac', she'd forgot all about pa an' ma an' me, 's was nat'ral, with not a livin' soul to talk to; for she owned right up she'd never seed a human bein', or heerd a word o' speech, or seen a paper, sence I see her last in that dreffle spell o' weather out to sea. So I'll jest jump over to where the 'xperiment was tried an' how it come out. I'd kep' my prommus an' never said one word about religion, or pol'tics, or church gov'ment, or anything o' that kind, though I did ache to know her views.

"An' they all come in, the evenin' arter she arriv,—the c'mittee, I mean,—to have it out with her. Coretty did'nt s'mise 'twas an 'xperiment,—she thought 'twas a sorter visitin' time; an' she was dreffle fond o' comp'ny, an' never 'd had much chance for 't. So there she set a-knittin' (she took to that right off, an' 'fore I'd done castin' on for her she ketched it outer my hands an' says, ''Twill be stronger with double thread, Loretty,' an' she raveled it out an' done it over double). She set there knittin', 's I said afore, an' I set close by her; an' the c'mittee they set round, an' they'd 'greed 'mong theirselves how they'd do it, an' who'd have the fust chance; an' arter a few p'lite r'marks about the weather an' her health, an' sech, Mr. Williams, the 'Piscople min'ster, begun, an' he says:—'Miss Knapp, I s'pose

there wa'n't no Church in your place o' res'dence, seein' 't there was so few 'nhabitants. But even 'f there'd a-ben more 'f a parish,' says he, 'there couldn't 'a ben no reel Church' (he spoke it with a cap'tle C, 's all 'Piscoples does), ''s there wa'n't no prop'ly fixed-up priest, nor no bishop to put his hands on one,' he says. (Mebbe I don't give jest the very words, but I git the meanin' straight.) 'No, sir,' says sister, 'there wa'n't a meetin'-house on the hull island, nor any means o' grace o' that kind; for there wa'n't no folks but me, an' you can't have a prosp'rous religious s'ciety without folks. But 'f there had ben,' she says, ribbin' away at her stockin' top, two an' one, two an' one, says she, 'we'd 'a' listened to a few can'dates, an' s'lected a suit'ble party, had a s'ciety meetin', an' called him. For myself,' says she, 'I don't set much by this applestollic succesh'n.'

"Well, I was beat agin, spite o' knowin' the strong feelin' o' the fam'ly on that very p'int; for how on airth 'd she picked up sech sound an' good idees 'way off in that rural deestrick? I tell ye, ye can't 'xplain it on ary other ground than *ways;* 'twas Knapp ways. Mr. Williams he looked a mite riled, but he was a dreffle pleasant man, an' he kep' on, though the others they sorter smiled. I can't rec'lect all he said, but 'twas 'bout the orders in the Church, the deacons an' presbyter'ans an' bishops; an' he talked 'bout the creed an' other art'cles an' collicks an' lit'nies, an' all them litigical things. He did talk beautiful, I own it myself, an' my mouth was all in my heart for a spell, for Coretty kep' so still, an' seemed 's if she was a-listenin' an med'tatin'. But in a minute I see she was jest countin' her stitches to set her seam, an' I was r'lieved. An' when he got through talkin he handed her a prayer-book — jest a common one, he called it — an' a little cat'chism. Coretty took 'em, perlite 's ye please, an' she looked 't the covers, an' she says very p'lite, 'Much obleeged to ye, sir; but they don't seem ter int'rest me, someway. I can make up prayers for myself, 'f it's all the same to you,' she says, still dreffle p'lite; 'an' this cat'chism don't seem to go t' the right spot, 's fur as I'm consarned,' says she, not openin' it 't all: 'but I'm jest 's much obleeged to ye;' — an' she went on knittin'.

"Then Elder Day he opened the subjeck o' Baptistry. Fust, sister Coretty listened p'litely 's she had afore: but he hadn't hardly got to his sec'ndly afore she pricked up her ears an' jumped 's if suthin' 'd hit her, an' she lay down her stockin' an' stiffened up, an' she looked him right in the eye; an' 'fore he

was half-way to the thirdly she broke out, an' she says: 'Elder Day, I don't want to be imp'lite to comp'ny in my sister's house, an' me jest arriv; but there's suthin' in me that reely can't stand them doctrines o' yourn another minute, they rile me so. No, I *won't* stand it!' she says, with her face all red, an' her eyes snappin'; an' she b'gun to gether up her things, an' git up outer her cheer for a run. But I went up ter her, an' whispered to her, an' sorter smoothed her down; for I see what 'twas, an' 't the old Knapp feelin' 'gainst Baptists that'd ben growin' up an' 'ncreasin' for cent'ries was all comin' inside on her t' wunst an' tearin' her up: but Elder Day he jest said, 's pleasant 's pie-crust, he says, 'Let her 'lone, Miss Knapp, an' I'll read her a soothin' varse or two,' an' he up with a little leather-covered book, an' he read out:—

> "'A few drops o' water dropped from a man's han',—
> They call it baptissum, an' think it will stan'
> On the head of a child that is under the cuss;
> But that has no warrant in Scriptur' for us.'

"He was goin' on; but Coretty she jest jumped up, makin' her cheer fall over with a bang, an' she slat her work down an' run outer the room, her knittin' bobbin' a'ter her,—for the ball o' yarn was in her pocket. I went a'ter her to coax her back, but she kep' a-sayin', 'O Loretty, what's the matter o' me! I'm jest bilin' an' bubblin' an' swellin' up inside, an' I feel 's if nothin' could help me but burnin' up a few Baptists,' she says. An' I says, 'Keep 's quiet 's you can, sister: it's dreffle tryin', I know, an' it's all come on you t' wunst,—the strong Knapp feelin' ag'in 'em,—but come back to the keepin'-room an' we'll change the subjeck.' An' she come. An' then Priest O'Conner, the Cath'lic, he begun at her; an' he was jest 's smooth 's silk, an' he talked reel fluent 'bout the saints, an' purg't'ry, an' Fridays, an' the bach'lor state for min'sters, an' penances, an' I d' know what-all. An' Coretty she was hard at work at her knittin'; an' when he stopped to take breath, an' pull out some beads an' medals an' jingly trinkets o' that sort, she kinder started 's if she'd jest waked up, an' she says, ''Xcuse me, Mr. O'Conner, I lost the thread o' what you was sayin' for a minute, but I won't trouble ye to go over 't ag'in: I don't seem ter take to Cath'lics, an' I never wear beads.' An' she went on knittin'.

"An' so 'twas with 'em all,—'Piscople, Baptist, Meth'dist: every livin' soul on 'em, they done their best, an' never p'duced any impression 't all. But bimeby P'fessor Phelps o' the Congr'ation'l Sem'nary, he got his turn an' b'gun. Oh, how she did jest drink it in! She dropped her knittin' an' set up an' leaned forrud, an' she smiled, an' nodded her head, an' beat her hands up an' down, an' tapped her foot, 's if she was hearin' the takin'est music; she 'most purred, she seemed so comf't'ble an' sat'sfied. Wunst in a while she'd up an' say suthin' herself 'fore he could say it. F'rinstance, when he come to foreord'nation an' says, 'My good woman, I hope soon ter 'xplain to you 'bout the won'ful decrees o' God, an' how they are his etarnal purpose, an'' — 'Don't put yourself out to do that, p'fessor,' she says. 'O' course I know 't accordin' to the couns'l of his own will he 'th foreordained whats'ever cometh to pass; but I'd jest like to hear you preach on that subjeck.' An' when he alluded to some havin' ben 'lected to everlastin' life, she says, kinder low, to herself like, 'Out of his mere good pleasure from all etarnity, I s'pose.' The very words o' the cat'chism, ye see; an' she never goin' to weekly cat'chism or monthly r'view! An' when he stopped a minute she says, all 'xcited like, 'Now I call *that* talk, an' it's the very fust I've heerd to-night.' Then he took a book out of his pocket. 'Twas a copy of the old New England Primer, with whity-blue covers outside an' the cat'chism inside, an' he says, 'Miss Knapp, p'raps you ain't f'miliar with this little book, but — ' She ketched it right outer his hand, an' the tears they come right up inter her eyes, an' she says in a shaky voice, 'I don't think I ever see 't afore, p'fessor, but it 'pears to be the Westminster Shorter.' Then she jest give way an' cried all over it till 'twas soppin'. An' she did jest hang on ter his words when he come to the prob'ble futur' o' most folks, an' how the cat'chism says they're 'under His wrath an' cuss, an' so made li'ble to all the mis'ries o' this life, to death itself, an' the pains o' hell f'rever.' She jest kep' time to them words with her head an' her hands an' her feet, 's if 'twas an old toon she'd knowed all her born days.

"An' so 'twas, right straight through: they tried her on everything, an' 'twas allus the same come-out; she picked an' kep' all the Knappses had allus stood to, an' throwed away what the Knappses 'd disliked. She 'most pitched her knittin', ball an' all, at the Dem'cratic newspaper man; an' when the Connet'cut

Cour'nt ed'tor laid down the Whig platform, she called out loud: 'I'm on that; that's my pol'cy. Who's our can'date?' Poor Mr. Gallagher, he didn't make out to c'mmunicate with her 's he 'xpected. He tried her on a Bible story in signs, but a'ter look-in' at him a minute she turned away an' says: 'Poor creatur', can't he talk any? He must 'a' ben cast away some time, I guess, an' 'tis sorter dumb'in' to the speech, as I orter know. But he'll pick it up agin.' An' the doctor from the crazies, an' the p'fessor from Wash'n't'n College, they tried all kinds o' brainy tricks on her; but her head was 's sound as their own, and made on the good old Knapp patt'n. An'—oh, I wish you could 'a' seen how foolish Dr. Barnes looked when she says to him, a'ter he'd opened out his infiddle b'liefs or unb'liefs, says she: 'Now you jest hush up. I sh'd think you'd be ashamed, a'ter livin' here in a Christian land 'mong Congr'ation'lists all your days, an' not know who made you, an' what your chief eend is, an' what the Scriptur's princ'p'ly teach. Even I knowed that,' she says, 'an' me in a heath'n land o' graven im'ges.'

"I'm spinnin' out my story in reel Knappy way,—they're a long-winded lot,—but I'll try to bind off now. But fust I must tell ye 'bout the time I showed Coretty my garden. She'd ben anxious to see 't; said she lotted on flowers, an' had dreffle pretty ones on th' island, kinder tropicky an' queer, but she wanted ter see some hum ones. So I took her out an' showed her my beds. 'Twas July, an' my garden was like a rainbow or a patchwork comf'ter,—all colors. She walked round an' looked at the roses an' pinks an' all, and smelt at 'em, an' seemed pleased.

"'But somehow I'm kinder dis'p'inted too,' she says: 'I d' know why, but there's suthin' lackin'.' I jest kep' still, an' kinder led her 'long down the walk to the corner 'hind the row o' box, an' fust she knowed she was standin' by the bed o' butterneggs. She stood stock-still a minute; then she held up both hands an' cried out, 'Oh, C'rinthians!'

"'Twas the fust time she'd ever used the 'xpression; there never 'd ben any 'casion for 't, for she'd had sech a quiet sorter life. A'ter that she was allus hangin' round that bed like a cat round a valerium patch, 'tendin' them posies, weedin' 'em, wat'r-in', tyin' 'em up, pickin' 'em, wearin' 'em, an' keepin' 'em in her room. 'Twas a dreffle comfort to have her with me; but 'twa'n't to last; I see that 'most 's soon 's she got settled down with me. She b'gun to droop an' wilt down, an' to look pindlin' an'

lean-like, an' bleached out. I tried not to see it, an' talked 's if 'twas change o' air, an' givin' up her r'tired life, an' 's if she'd soon pick up an' grow to a good old Knapp age. But when she b'gun to c'mplain o' feelin' creepy an' goose-fleshy an' shiv'ry, to say her head was het up an' her feet 'most froze, I couldn't shet my eyes to 't no longer; I knowed the sympt'ms too well: it was the old Knapp enemy, dumb ager. She was awful young for that; not forty yit, an' the Knappses mostly lived to eighty or ninety. But I'll tell you how I reasoned 't out to myself. The fam'ly — the rest on 'em — was all their lives takin' in gradjal-like — stronger an' stronger 's they could bear 'em — the Knapp b'liefs. One a'ter t'other they got 'em, like teeth, an' so they could stand it. But jest think on 't a minnit: that poor dear gal took in all them b'liefs — an' strong ones they was, too, the strongest goin' — in jest a few days' time. Foreord'nation, 'lection, etarnal punishment, the Whig platform, Congr'ation'l s'ciety gov'ment, United States language, white-oak cheese, butter-neggs, — in short, the hull set o' Knapp ways, she took 'em all, 's you might say, 't one big swaller. No wonder they disagreed with her, an' left her nothin' for 't but to take the only one left 't she hadn't took a'ready, — the Knapp shakes!

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout it to her; I never spoke o' the fam'ly trouble 't all, an' I knowed she'd never heerd on 't in her life. She kep' up an' 'bout for a spell; but one day she come to see me, an' she says, very quiet an' carm, 'Loretty, 'f ye'll give me the sarcepan I'll jest set some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' put a strip o' red flannel round my neck an' go to bed.' My heart sunk 'way down 's I heerd her; but I see 't she'd left out some o' the receipt, so I hoped 'twa'n't so bad 's I feared. But jest 's she was goin' inter her bedroom she turned round an' says, 'An' mebbe a peppergrass poult'ce on the bottoms o' my feet would be a good an' drawin' thing,' she says. There was a lump in my throat, but I thinks to myself, 'Never mind, 'f she don't 'lude to the piller.' An' I was pickin' the peppergrass an' wond'rin' if 'twas the smell o' that 't made my eyes so wet an' smarty, when she calls me softly, an' she says, 'Sister, I'm dreffle sorry to trouble ye, but 'f you could give me another piller, — a hard, thin one, — I'd be 'bleeged.' Then I knowed 'twas all over, an' I never had a grain o' hope agin.

"You'll 'xcuse me, ladies, from talkin' much more 'bout that time. I think on 't 'nough, dear knows; I dream on 't, an' wake

with my piller all wet: but 'tain't good for me to say too much 'bout it. She wa'n't sick long: her dumb ager wa'n't very chronic, 's the doctors says, but sharp an' quick. An' jest three weeks from the day she come home to me she'd added one more to the long list o' things she'd had to larn in such a lim'ted per'od, poor gal, an' took in the Knapp way o' dyin'.

"An' 'twas a quiet way; peace'ble, still-like, not makin' no great fuss 'bout it, but ready an' willin'. She didn't want much waitin' on, only fresh posies — butterneggs o' course — in the wineglass on the stand by her bed; an' ye may be sure she allus had 'em there. An' I picked all I had, an' stuck 'em in pitchers an' mugs an' bowls, an' stood 'em on the mantel-shelf, an' on the chest o' drawers, an' any place 't would hold 'em, an' the room was all lit up with 'em — an' with her hope an' faith an' patient ways too; an' so she seemed to pass right through a shinin' yeller path, till we lost sight on her where it ended, I 'a'n't the leastest doubt, in the golden streets o' heaven.

"But I 'xpect to see her agin 'fore very long. There's more o' the fam'ly t'other side than there is here now, an' when I think o' all the tribe o' Knappses in that land 'cross the river, why, I think I'd be kinder glad to go there myself: 'twould be 'most like goin' to Thanksgivin' 't the old homestid. An' I was sayin' to Marthy Hustid yist'day — she looks a'ter me now, ye know — 't I had a kinder creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' sometimes, 't my head was all het up an' my feet 'most froze, an' I guessed she better be lookin' at the yarb bags up garr't, an' layin' in a little red flann'l, in case o' any sickness in the fam'ly. 'An' Marthy,' I says, 'I s'pose there's a harder piller in the house 'n the one I'm usin', — a thin one, you know.' An' I *am* glad the butterneggs is comin' in season."

As we came away from the little brown house and drove along towards Greenwich, we were silent for a little. Then I exclaimed: "Jane Benedict, how much truth is there in that wild tale? Was her sister shipwrecked, and did she appear after many days? For pity's sake enlighten me, for my head is 'all het up,' as Aunt Loretty would say!"

"She was an only child," answered Jane calmly, as she touched Billy lightly with the whip. "I believe her father was a sailor, and was lost at sea. She herself lived as housekeeper for many years with Dr. Lounsbury of Stamford, who wrote that queer book on heredity, — 'Heirship,' I think he called it. Perhaps she imbibed some of his ideas."

JULIUS SLOWACKI

(1809–1849)

THE poetic genius of Poland put forth its fairest flower in the trefoil of Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Slowacki. Strongly contrasted in individuality, the three were united by their love of country; in their lives as in their works the controlling motive is an ardent patriotism. All were exiles from the land they loved; and their works, which constitute the glory of Polish literature, were written on an alien soil. They all strove to keep alive the pride of their countrymen in Poland's ancient greatness; but in Slowacki a certain temperamental pessimism, in sharp contrast to the national optimism of his brother poets, held his patriotic hopes restrained. An intense love of freedom, and a hatred of the régime of the Czar, glow in his impassioned verse. He was a patriot of the people. Krasinski, allied with the highest families, and Mickiewicz, the favorite of the great, were patriots of a more aristocratic mold. Upon them all fell the mighty shadow of Byron; and in none was the Byronic spirit more perfectly reincarnated than in Slowacki. He surpassed his master; and although he outgrew this influence, and drew loftier inspiration from Shakespeare and Calderon, he retained to the end the traces of "Satanic" pessimism. In a rough classification of the members of this brilliant triad, Mickiewicz, the master of the epic and lyric, may be called the poet of the present; Krasinski, the prophet and seer, the poet through whom the future spoke; while Slowacki, the dramatist, was the panegyrist of the past.

JULIUS SLOWACKI

Julius Slowacki was born at Krzemieniec on August 23d, 1809. His father was a professor of some note at the University of Vilna, where the lad received his education. His mother idolized and spoiled him, sowing the seeds of that supreme self-love which became in him a moral malady. From the first he had the conscious resolve to become a great poet. Upon leaving the university in 1828 he entered the uncongenial service of the State. Two years later he

abandoned his post; and left Poland to be thenceforth a homeless wanderer. During the period of his official bondage in Warsaw he produced his early Byronic tales in verse: 'Hugo,' a romance of the Crusades, 'Mnich' (The Monk), 'Jan Bielecki,' 'The Arab,' etc. They are distinguished by boldness of fancy and great beauty of diction; but their gloomy pessimistic tone ran counter to the prevailing taste of that still hopeful time, and the day of their popularity was deferred until renewed misfortunes had chastened the public heart. Two dramas belong to the same period,—'Mindowe' and 'Mary Stuart.' The scene of the former is laid in the ancient days before Christianity had been established in Lithuania; the latter challenges comparison with Schiller's play, and surpasses it in dramatic vigor. It is still a favorite in the repertoire of the Polish theatres.

Slowacki delighted in powerful overmastering natures: it was the demonic in man that most appealed to him; and that element in his own nature during the turbulent days of 1830 and 1831 burst forth into revolutionary song. His fine 'Ode to Freedom,' the fervid 'Hymn to the Mother of God,' and the ringing martial spirit of his 'Song of the Lithuanian Legion,' stirred all hearts, and raised Slowacki at once to the front rank among the poetic exponents of the Polish national idea.

When in 1832 Slowacki settled in Geneva, a new period in his literary career began: he emerged from the shadow of Byron, and his treatment of life became more robust and earnest. Unconsciously his Kordjan came to resemble Conrad in the third part of Mickiewicz's 'Dziady' (In Honor of our Ancestors). The first two acts of this powerful drama are still somewhat in the Byronic manner, but the last three acts are among the finest in the whole range of Polish dramatic literature. The theme is patriotic: the hero plunges into a conspiracy at Warsaw to overthrow the Czar; but at the critical moment the man is found wanting, and because he puts forth no adequate effort he miserably fails. This dramatically impressive but morally impotent conclusion reveals the ineradicable pessimism of the poet's mind. Kordjan is of that irresolute Slavic type which Sienkiewicz has so mercilessly analyzed in 'Without Dogma.' To this same period of Slowacki's greatest productivity belong the two splendid tragedies 'Mazepa' and 'Balladyna.' In 'Mazepa' is all the fresh vigor of the wind-swept plains; it has a dramatic quality that reminds of Calderon, and maintains itself with unabated popularity upon the Polish stage. 'Balladyna' is the most original of all the poet's creations. Shakespeare superseded Byron; but the master now inspired and no longer dominated. 'Lilla Weneda,' of later date, was the second part of an unfinished trilogy, of which 'Balladyna' was the first: the design of the whole was to recreate the

mythical traditions of Poland. On this ancient background is portrayed the conflict of two peoples; and it is characteristic of the poet that he allows the nobler race to succumb to the ruder.

It was during Slowacki's Swiss sojourn also that he wrote one of the finest lyric gems of Polish poetry, 'In Switzerland.' In it he immortalized the Polish maiden who for too short a time ruled his wayward nature in a brief but beautiful dream of love. In Rome in 1836 he met Krasinski, to whose lofty inspiration his own soul responded. During a trip in the Orient he wrote his deeply pathetic poem 'Ojciec Zadzumionych' (The Father of the Plague-Stricken). Upon this doomed man, as upon Job, is heaped misfortune on misfortune until human capacity for suffering is exhausted, and the man becomes a stony monument of misery. There is an overwhelming directness of presentation in this poem that suggests the agony of the marble Laocoön. It surpasses Byron at his best.

In 1837 Slowacki rejoined Krasinski in Florence, and under his influence wrote in Biblical style the allegory of 'Anhelli.' It is a song of sorrow for the sufferings of Poland and her exiled patriots; but it loses itself at last in the marsh of mystic Messianism into which the masterful but vulgar Towianski lured many of the nobler spirits of Poland, including Mickiewicz. Krasinski resisted, and the two friends were separated. Slowacki and his greater rival were stranded on the shoal of Towianism. The works which he had written in Switzerland he began to publish in Paris in 1838; but 'Beniowski' was the only work of art that he wrote after that time. This is a lyric-epic of self-criticism. His works thenceforth were water-logged with mysticism, and do not belong to the domain of art. In 'Król Duch' (King Mind) this madness reaches its height. Embittered and out of touch with the world, he died in Paris on April 3d, 1849.

Slowacki surpassed all his contemporaries in the magnificent flights of his imagination, and in the glowing richness of his language and imagery. His dramas are among the chief ornaments of Polish literature; and his beautiful letters to his mother should be mentioned as perfect gems of epistolary style. His contempt for details of form and composition seems sometimes like a conscious defiance of the recognized requirements of art; but the splendid exuberance of his thought and fancy ranks him among the great poets of the nineteenth century. He was keenly alive to the faults and failings of his countrymen, as is shown in his 'Incorrigibles'; but in the temple of Polish fame his place is secure at the left of Mickiewicz, at whose right stands Krasinski with the 'Psalm of Sorrow' in his hand.

FROM 'MINDOWE'

In 'Poets and Poetry of Poland.' Copyright 1881, by Paul Soboleski

[Mindowe, king of Litwania, having embraced the Christian religion, his blind mother Ronelva and his nephew Troinace conspire to effect his death. Mindowe has banished Lawski, the prince of Nalzhaski, and essayed to win the affections of his wife. Lawski, not having been heard of for some time, is supposed to be dead. The scene opens just after the baptismal rites of the monarch.]

Scene: The royal presence chamber. Enter Casimir *and* Basil, *from different sides*

BASIL — Saw you the rites to-day, my Casimir?
Casimir — I saw what may I never see again,—
The altars of our ancient faith torn down,
Our king a base apostate, groveling
Beneath a —
Basil [*interrupting him*] — Hold! knowest thou not
The ancient saw that "Palace walls have ears"?
The priests throng round us like intruding flies,
And latitude of speech is fatal.
Casimir — True —
I should speak cautiously. But hast seen
The prince?
Basil — Who? Troinace?
Casimir — The same.
Ha! here he comes, and with the queen-mother;
It is not safe to parley in their presence. Hence
Along with me: I've secrets for thine ear.
[*Exit Casimir and Basil.*

Ronelva *enters, leaning upon the arm of* Troinace, *and engaged with him in conversation.*

Troinace — Thou hast a son, Ronelva, crowned a king!
Ronelva — Is he alive? with sight my memory fails.
Once I beheld the world, but now 'tis dark —
My soul is locked in sleep — O God! O God!
My son! hast seen my royal son — the King,
Thy uncle, Troinace? How is he arrayed?
Troinace — In regal robes, and with a jeweled cross
Sparkling upon his breast.
Ronelva — A cross! — what cross?
'Tis not a symbol of his sovereignty —

Troinace — It is a gift made by his new ally,
The Pope.
Ronelva — The Pope! — The Pope! I know none such!
Who is this Pope! — Is 't he who sends new gods
To old Litwania? Yes — I've heard of him.

A pause. Then enter Mindowe, *crowned, and arrayed in purple, with a diamond cross upon his breast, and accompanied by* Heidenric, *the Pope's legate.* Herman *precedes them bearing a golden cross.* Lawski, *disguised as a Teutonic Knight, with a rose upon his helmet, and his visor down, bearing a casket.* Lutuver *attending the King.* Lawski *stands apart.*

Ronelva — I feel that kindred blood is near, Mindowe!
Thy mother speaks! approach! [*He approaches.*
Hast thou returned
From some new expedition. Is thy brow
Covered with laurels, and thy stores
Replete with plunder? Do I hear the shouts,
Th' applause of the Litwanians, hailing thee
As conqueror? Returnest thou from Zmudie,
From Dwina's shores triumphant? Has the Russian Bear
Trembled before thy sword? Does Halicz fear
Thy angry frown? Speak! with a mother's tears
I'll hail the conqueror.
Mindowe — My mother! why
These tones and words sarcastic? Knowest thou not
That victory perches on another's helm?
I am at peace, and am — à Christian king.
Ronelva — Foul shame on thee, blasphemer! Hast thou fallen
As low as this? Where is thy bold ambition?
To what base use hast placed thy ancient fame?
Is 't cast aside like to some foolish toy
No longer worth the hoarding? Shame upon
Thy craven spirit! Canst thou live without
That glorious food, which e'en a peasant craves,
Holding it worthless as thy mother's love,
And thy brave father's faith?
Mindowe — Nay, mother, nay!
Dismiss these foolish fancies from thy brain.
Behold! my jeweled brow is bent before thee.
Oh, bless thy son!
Ronelva — Thou vile apostate! Thou
Dare ask for approbation? Thou! — I curse thee!

Sorrow and hate pursue thy faltering steps.
Still may thy foes prove victors; subjects false;
Thy drink be venom, and thy joy be woe.
Thy mind filled with remorse, still mayst thou live,
Seeking for death, but wooing it in vain,—
A foul, detested, blasted renegade.
I have bestowed to earth a viper; but
From thee shall vipers spring, who like their sire
Shall traitors be unto their native land,
And eager plunge them into ruin's stream!
Depart! and bear thy mother's curse!

Mindowe— Mother,
My mother—

Ronelva— Call me not mother, viper!
I do disclaim thee;—thee—and all thy seed!
[*Exit Ronelva, leaning on Troinace.*

Mindowe [*speaking as though awe-stricken*]—
Heard ye that curse?

Heidenric— What are the frantic words
Of a revengeful woman? Empty air—

Mindowe— A mother's curse! It carries pestilence,
Blight, misery, and sorrow in its train.
No matter! It is, as the legate says,
But "empty air."
[*To Heidenric*]— What message do you bear?

Heidenric— Thus to the great Litwanian king, Pope Innocent
(Fourth of the name who've worn the papal crown)
Sends greeting: Thou whose power extends
From farthest Baltic to the shores of Crim,
Go on and prosper. Though unto thy creed
He thinks thy heart is true, still would he prove—

[*Mindowe starts, and exclaims "Ha!"*]

Send thou to him as neighboring monarchs do
An annual tribute. So he'll bless thy arms
That ere another year elapses Russ' shall yield,
And Halicz fall before thy conquering sword.

Mindowe— Thanks to the Pope. I'll profit by his leave;
I'll throw my troops in Muscovy, and scourge
The hordes of Halicz, move in every place
Like an avenging brand, and say—The Pope
Hath given me power. But, hark ye! legate,
What needs so great a priest as he of Rome

With my red gold to buy him corn and oil?
Explain! I do not understand the riddle.

Heidenric— He merely asks it as a pledge of friendship,
But nothing more. The proudest kings of Europe
Yield him such tribute.

Mindowe— Tribute!—base priest!
Whene'er thy master asks for tribute, this—

[*Striking his sword.*]

Is my reply. What hast thou there?

Heidenric— A gift—
A precious relic of most potent virtue.
Thou'st heard of St. Sebastian? holy man!
He died a martyr. This which brought him death
Is sent unto thee by his Holiness—

[*Presents a rusty spear-head.*]

Mindowe— Fie on such relics! I could give thy Pope
A thousand such! This dagger by my side
Had hung from childhood. It has drunk the blood
Of many a foe that vexed my wrath; and oft
Among them there were men, and holy men,
As holy, sir, as e'er was St. Sebastian.

Heidenric— Peace, thou blasphemer!

Mindowe [*angrily*]— How! dost thou wish thy head
To stand in safety on thy shoulders?
What means this insolence, sir legate?
Think'st thou that I shall kneel, and bow, and fawn,
And put thy master's iron yoke upon me?
They act not freely whom the fetters bind,
And none shall forge such galling chains for me!
There's not one more Mindowe in the world,
Nor is your Pope a crowned Litwanian king.

Heidenric— I speak but as the representative
Of power supreme o'er earthly monarchs.

Mindowe— Thou doest well to shelter thus thyself
Under the shield of thy legation. Hast
Aught more to utter of thy master's words,
Aught more to give?

Heidenric— I have a gift to make
Unto thy queen.

Mindowe— The queen hath lain, sir prince,
In cold corruption for a twelvemonth back.
What means this mockery?

Heidenric — Pardon, my lord!
It was not known unto his Holiness.
The forests of Litwania are so dark
They shut her doings from her neighbor's ken.
If then the queen be dead, who shall receive
This goodly gift?

Mindowe — My mother —

Heidenric — If I may judge
By what I heard e'en now, she'd not accept
Our offering.

Mindowe — Then give the gorgeous gaw
To Lawski's widow — she who soon will be
My crownèd queen. Summon her hither, page.
[*Exit Page.*
Attendants, take from hence these costly gifts,
And give them in the royal treasurer's care. —
[*Exit Attendants.*

Enter Aldona

Here comes my spotless pearl, the fair Aldona,
The choicest flower of the Litwanian vales.
Address thy speech to her.

Heidenric — Beauteous maid,
Accept these golden flowers from Tiber's banks,
Where they have grown, nursed by the beams of faith.
Nor deem them less in value that they are
By the brighter lustre of thine eyes eclipsed.

Aldona — These costly jewels and the glare of gold,
Albeit they suit not my mourning weeds,
May serve as dying ornaments. As such
I will accept them.

Heidenric [*aside*] — Ay! I warrant me.
Like to most women, she accepts the gift,
Nor farther questions. Gold is always — *gold.*

[*Motions to Lawski to approach Aldona. He does so, tremblingly.*]

Mindowe [*to Lawski*] —
Thou tremblest, Teuton!

[*Lawski raises his visor as he approaches Aldona. She recognizes his features. shrieks, and falls. Exit Lawski.*]

Mindowe — Help there — she swoons!
Without there!

Enter Attendants

Mindowe— Bear her hence. Pursue that knight.
[*Exit Attendants with Aldona.*
[*To Heidenric*]—What means this mystery?
Heidenric— I know not, sire.
He said that he had vowed whilst in our train
For certain time to keep his visor down.
He's taciturn. This with his saddened air,
Together with the rose upon his helm,
The emblem of the factious house of York,
Bespeaks him English—to my thought, at least.
Mindowe—Think ye such poor devices can deceive?
He is a spy—a base, deceitful spy.
Begone! for by my father's sepulchre
I see a dagger in my path. Begone!
[*Exit Heidenric and Herman.*
Approach, Lutuver. Didst thou see that knight
Who left so suddenly?
Lutuver— I did so, sire,
But 'f all the group I least suspected *him*
Of treasonable practices. He's silent,
For no one understands his language here;
He keeps aloof from men, because he's sad;
He's sad, because he's poor: so ends that knight.
Mindowe [*not heeding him*]—
I tell thee that my very soul's pulse throbbed,
And my heart cast with quicker flow my blood,
When that young knight approached Aldona. [*Muses.*]
Now, by the gods, I do believe 'tis he—
The banished Lawski—here to dog my steps:
What thinkest thou, Lutuver?
Lutuver— Slay him, sire!
If it be he, he's taken from my path;
If not—to slay a Teuton is no crime.
Mindowe—Thou counselest zealously. But still, thy words
Fall not upon an ear which thinks them good.
I tell thee that this Lawski is my bane,
A living poison rankling 'fore mine eyes.
Men prate about the virtues of the man:
And if a timorous leaning to the right,
From fear to follow where the wrong directs,
Be virtue, then is he a paragon.
No wonder we are deadly foes. To me

The brightness which is shed o'er all his deeds,
When placed in contact with my smothered hate,
Seems as the splendor of the noonday sun
Glancing upon some idol's horrid form,
Making its rude appearance ruder still.
One word of mine, Lutuver, might destroy
This abject snail, who crawling near my hope
Hath scared it off. But I would have him live,
And when he meets his adorable wife,—
When in th' excess of 'raptured happiness
Each fibre fills with plenitude of joy,
And naught of bliss is left to hope for,—then
At fair Aldona's feet shall he expire,
And the full heart just beating 'gainst her own
Shall yield its living current for revenge.
And she—his wife—to whom I knelt in vain,
Who oft has said she courted my dislike,
And wished I'd hate her,—she shall *have* her wish.
[*Exeunt Mindowe and Lutuver, as the curtain falls.*

I AM SO SAD, O GOD!

From 'Poets and Poetry of Poland.' Copyright 1881, by Paul Soboleski

I AM so sad, O God! Thou hast before me
Spread a bright rainbow in the western skies,
But thou hast quenched in darkness cold and stormy
The brighter stars that rise;
Clear grows the heaven 'neath thy transforming rod:
Still I am sad, O God!

Like empty ears of grain, with heads erected,
Have I delighted stood amid the crowd,
My face the while to stranger eyes reflected
The calm of summer's cloud;
But thou dost know the ways that I have trod,
And why I grieve, O God!

I am like to a weary infant fretting
Whene'er its mother leaves it for a while:
And grieving watch the sun, whose light in setting
Throws back a parting smile;
Though it will bathe anew the morning sod,
Still I am sad, O God!

To-day o'er the wide waste of ocean sweeping,
Hundreds of miles away from shore or rock,
I saw the cranes fly on, together keeping
In one unbroken flock;
Their feet with soil from Poland's hills were shod,
And I was sad, O God!

Often by strangers' tombs I've lingered weary,
Since, grown a stranger to my native ways,
I walk a pilgrim through a desert dreary,
Lit but by lightning's blaze,
Knowing not where shall fall the burial clod
Upon my bier, O God!

Some time hereafter will my bones lie whitened,
Somewhere on strangers' soil, I know not where:
I envy those whose dying hours are lightened,
Fanned by their native air;
But flowers of some strange land will spring and nod
Above my grave, O God!

When, but a guileless child at home, they bade me
To pray each day for home restored, I found
My bark was steering—how the thought dismayed me—
The whole wide world around!
Those prayers unanswered, wearily I plod
Through rugged ways, O God!

Upon the rainbow, whose resplendent rafter
Thy angels rear above us in the sky,
Others will look a hundred years hereafter,
And pass away as I;
Exiled and hopeless 'neath thy chastening rod,
And sad as I, O God!

ADAM SMITH

(1723–1790)

BY RICHARD T. ELY

To speak of Adam Smith as the author of 'The Wealth of Nations' brings before us at once his chief claim to a place among the immortals in literature. The significance of this work is so overwhelming that it casts into a dark shadow all that he wrote in addition to this masterpiece. His other writings are chiefly valued in so far as they may throw additional light upon the doctrines of this one book. Few books in the world's history have exerted a greater influence on the course of human affairs; and on account of this one work, Adam Smith's name is familiar to all well-educated persons in every civilized land.

Adam Smith

Rarely does a man occupy so prominent a position in human thought, whose personality is so vague and elusive. He is generally so described that the impression is produced of a dull and uninteresting man. Quite the opposite must have been the case, however; for even the few incidents recorded of his life are sufficient to show us, when we think about it, that he must have been a delightful friend and companion. Adam Smith is generally associated in the popular mind with weighty disquisitions on free trade, on labor, on value, and other economic topics; but his life was by no means devoid of romantic touches.

Adam Smith was born of respectable parents — his father being a well-connected lawyer — at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, on June 5th, 1723. His father had died three months before his birth; but he was brought up and well educated by his mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached. It is said, indeed, that he never recovered from his mother's death, which took place when he was sixty years of age. After attending a school in his native town, he was sent to the University of Glasgow at the age of fourteen; and three years later, obtaining an "exhibition," — or, as we say in the United States, a scholarship, — he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he remained

for more than six years. In 1748 he moved to Edinburgh, and delivered public lectures on rhetoric and *belles-lettres*. Three years later he was appointed professor of logic in Glasgow University, and four years later he exchanged his professorship for that of moral philosophy. In 1763 he resigned his professorship, and traveled for three years on the Continent of Europe as tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch. From 1766 to 1776 he lived in retirement, engaged in the preparation of his great work, 'The Wealth of Nations,' which appeared in the latter year and very soon made him famous. During the years 1776 to 1778 he lived in London, mingling with the best literary society of the time. The year last named witnessed his return to his native Scotland, where he chose Edinburgh as his home for the rest of his life. Three years before his death, which occurred in 1790, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and was highly gratified by the honor conferred upon him.

Adam Smith was a bachelor; but we are told by Dugald Stewart, his biographer, that he had once been warmly attached to a beautiful and accomplished young lady. It is not known why it was that their union was never consummated: neither one ever married. Dugald Stewart saw the lady after the death of Adam Smith, when she was upwards of eighty; and he stated that she "still retained evident traces of her former beauty. The power of her understanding and the gayety of her temper seemed to have suffered nothing from the hand of time."

Adam Smith was not a voluminous writer, and some of the MSS. which he did compose were destroyed by his order. His works, however, show a wide range of thought and study. One brief treatise of some note is entitled 'A Dissertation on the Origin of Languages.' Three essays deal with the 'Principles which Lead and Direct Philosophical Inquiries as Illustrated'—first, by the 'History of Ancient Astronomy'; second, by the 'History of Ancient Physics'; third, by 'Ancient Logic and Metaphysics.' Other essays are on 'The Imitative Arts'; 'Music,' 'Dancing,' 'Poetry'; 'The External Senses'; 'English and Italian Verses.'

A few words must be devoted to the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments' before hastening on to the 'Wealth of Nations.' The former is an ambitious work, and one which in itself has considerable merit. Moreover, it is significant because it is part of a large treatise on moral philosophy which Smith planned. This treatise was to have embraced four parts: first, 'Natural Theology'; second, 'Ethics'; third, 'Jurisprudence'; fourth, 'Police, Revenue, and Arms.' The second part is 'The Moral Sentiments'; and in the 'Wealth of Nations' he presented the fourth part, as he himself tells us. Unfortunately, he has not given the world the first and third parts, which however

were embraced in his lectures to his students while he was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

The 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' it has been maintained, would have achieved renown for its author, and a place for him in literature, had it been presented to the world simply as a collection of essays on the topics with which it deals; viz., the 'Propriety and Impropriety of Actions,' their 'Merit and Demerit,' 'Virtue,' 'Justice,' 'Duty,' etc. The essays are finely written, full of subtle analysis and truthful illustration. The book is least significant, however, as philosophy; because it lacks any profound examination of the foundation upon which the author's views rest.

The guiding principle of the 'Moral Sentiments' is sympathy, or fellow feeling; not merely pity or compassion, but feeling with our fellows in their joys as well as sorrows. This sympathy is distinguished from self-love, and it is described as something given to man by nature. This idea is brought out by the opening words, which are these: "How selfish soever man may be supposed, there is evidently some principle in his nature which interests him in the fortune of others, and renders their happiness necessary to him; though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it."

The full title of Adam Smith's great work, ordinarily given as simply the 'Wealth of Nations,' is 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.' The date of the appearance of this book — viz., 1776 — is a significant one, for it recalls the Declaration of Independence. Both of them were the outcome of the same political and social philosophy; both of them were protests against ancient wrongs and abuses.

The 'Wealth of Nations' appeared when the industrial revolution was fairly under way; inventions and discoveries had begun their transformation of industrial society. Old forms and methods were no longer sufficient for the growing, expanding life of this "springtime of the nations"; these springtimes of the nations recur at intervals, and a great deal of rubbish has to be cleared away to make room for new life. Adam Smith's work was largely negative. One biographer of him, Mr. R. B. Haldane, speaks of him as "one of the greatest vanquishers of error on record." He regarded himself as the advocate of a system of natural liberty: "nature" and "liberty" are two perpetually recurring words; they must be associated, to understand the economic philosophy of the 'Wealth of Nations.' One of the assumptions underlying this book is that of a beneficent order of nature lying back of all human institutions. The cry of the age was "back to nature." Rousseau gave loud utterance to this watchword, and it was echoed and re-echoed by the writers and thinkers of the eighteenth century, both great and small. Nature, it was held,

has done all things well; everything proceeding from the hands of nature is good: what is evil in the world is man's artificial product; before man interfered with nature there was the "golden age," and to this "golden age" we must somehow get back. We must break away from human contrivances, and seek for the order prescribed by nature. Consequently we have perpetually recurring demand for natural rights, natural liberty, natural law.

Nature has implanted in man self-interest, and the operation of self-interest in the individual man is socially beneficent. Nature has so ordered things that each man in seeking his own welfare will best promote the welfare of his fellows. We must simply leave nature alone, and give fair play to natural forces to bring about the largest production of wealth. The causes of the wealth of nations must be sought in the manifold actions of self-interest of individuals. The 'Wealth of Nations,' then, is a protest against restraints and restrictions; it is directed against what was held to be the over-government, but what subsequent history has shown to be rather the unwise and unjust government, of that period. Careful examination of modern nations, especially as revealed in their financial expenditures, shows that as modern nations have progressed, the activities of government have undergone immense expansion, but have changed their direction and have altered their methods; their spirit and purpose are different.

The abuses against which Adam Smith chiefly protested were restrictions upon the freedom of trade, and the exclusive privileges of ancient guilds and corporations, and laws directed against labor. He was in principle a free-trader. His anti-monopoly views, however, are equally pronounced.

It is important to notice one thing in connection with Adam Smith's protest against labor laws; and that is, that he had in mind laws aimed to control labor in the interest of the employer, and not laws like our modern labor laws, the purpose of which is to protect and advance the interests of labor. He said, indeed, in one place, that if any labor law should chance to be in the interest of labor, it was sure to be a just law. This ought not to be forgotten in comparing his spirit with that of modern writers who protest against labor legislation. He was warmly humanitarian, and his ruling passion was to benefit mankind. On his death-bed he expressed regret that he had been able to do so little.

Adam Smith was far from being a mere doctrinaire. He had the practical disposition of the Scotchman, and was a close observer of life. Common-sense, then, was one of his chief characteristics; and he never hesitated to make exceptions to general principles when this was required by concrete conditions. Free trade, for example, was

a good thing; but he at once recognized that changes in tariff policies must be made with due regard to existing interests which had grown up under a different policy. Private action in the sphere of education was in accord with his philosophy; yet he could say that under certain circumstances it might be wise for the government to foster education, especially in a country with democratic institutions.

Even in so brief a sketch as this, a word must be said about Adam Smith's position with respect to labor. He opens the 'Wealth of Nations' with the statement that "The annual labor of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life which it annually consumes." One school of writers, the Mercantilists, had held that the main thing in the advancement of the wealth of nations was foreign trade. A later school, valued highly by Smith,—viz., the Physiocrats,—had maintained that in the rent of land must be sought the causes of the increase of wealth. It is doubtless as a protest against both these schools that Adam Smith states that the original fund of wealth is labor. He wants to make labor central and pivotal. Rodbertus, the German socialist, has claimed that his socialism consists simply in an elaboration of Adam Smith's doctrine of labor; but this is undoubtedly going too far.

All the economists before the time of Adam Smith must be regarded as his predecessors; all the economists who have lived since Adam Smith have carried on his work: and his position in economics is therefore somewhat like that of Darwin in natural science. There are many schools among modern economists, but their work all stands in some relation to that large work of this "old master."

The centenary of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' was celebrated in 1876; and it was at that time stated that no other work had enjoyed the honor of a centennial commemoration. Statesmen in all nations have been influenced by it. Buckle, with his customary exaggeration, makes this statement: "Well may it be said of Adam Smith, and that too without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more to the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has presented an authentic account." Even the more careful Bagehot used these words: "The life of nearly every one in England—perhaps of every one—is different and better in consequence of it. No other form of political philosophy has ever had one thousandth part of the influence on us."

Richard T. Ely

THE PRUDENT MAN

From the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments'

THE prudent man always studies seriously and earnestly to understand whatever he professes to understand, and not merely to persuade other people that he understands it; and though his talents may not always be very brilliant, they are always perfectly genuine. He neither endeavors to impose upon you by the cunning devices of an artful impostor, nor by the arrogant airs of an assuming pedant, nor by the confident assertions of a superficial and impudent pretender: he is not ostentatious even of the abilities which he really possesses. His conversation is simple and modest; and he is averse to all the quackish arts by which other people so frequently thrust themselves into public notice and reputation. For reputation in his profession he is naturally disposed to rely a good deal upon the solidity of his knowledge and abilities: and he does not always think of cultivating the favor of those little clubs and cabals, who, in the superior arts and sciences, so often erect themselves into the supreme judges of merit; and who make it their business to celebrate the talents and virtues of one another, and to decry whatever can come into competition with them. If he ever connects himself with any society of this kind, it is merely in self-defense; not with a view to impose upon the public, but to hinder the public from being imposed upon, to his disadvantage, by the clamors, the whispers, or the intrigues, either of that particular society or of some other of the same kind.

The prudent man is always sincere; and feels horror at the very thought of exposing himself to the disgrace which attends upon the detection of falsehood. But though always sincere, he is not always frank and open; and though he never tells anything but the truth, he does not always think himself bound, when not properly called upon, to tell the whole truth. As he is cautious in his actions, so he is reserved in his speech; and never rashly or unnecessarily obtrudes his opinion concerning either things or persons.

The prudent man, though not always distinguished by the most exquisite sensibility, is always very capable of friendship. But his friendship is not that ardent and passionate but too often transitory affection, which appears so delicious to the generosity of youth and inexperience. It is a sedate but steady and faithful attachment to a few well-tried and well-chosen companions;

in the choice of whom he is guided not by the giddy admiration of shining accomplishments, but by the sober esteem of modesty, discretion, and good conduct. But though capable of friendship, he is not always much disposed to general sociality. He rarely frequents, and more rarely figures in, those convivial societies which are distinguished for the jollity and gayety of their conversation. Their way of life might too often interfere with the regularity of his temperance, might interrupt the steadiness of his industry, or break in upon the strictness of his frugality.

But though his conversation may not always be very sprightly or diverting, it is always perfectly inoffensive. He hates the thought of being guilty of any petulance or rudeness; he never assumes impertinently over anybody, and upon all common occasions is willing to place himself rather below than above his equals. Both in his conduct and conversation he is an exact observer of decency; and respects, with an almost religious scrupulosity, all the established decorums and ceremonials of society. And in this respect he sets a much better example than has frequently been done by men of much more splendid talents and virtues, who in all ages — from that of Socrates and Aristippus down to that of Dr. Swift and Voltaire, and from that of Philip and Alexander the Great down to that of the great Czar Peter of Moscovy — have too often distinguished themselves by the most improper and even insolent contempt of all the ordinary decorums of life and conversation, and who have thereby set the most pernicious example to those who wish to resemble them, and who too often content themselves with imitating their follies without even attempting to attain their perfections.

In the steadiness of his industry and frugality, in his steadily sacrificing the ease and enjoyment of the present moment for the probable expectation of the still greater ease and enjoyment of a more distant but more lasting period of time, the prudent man is always both supported and rewarded by the entire approbation of the impartial spectator, and of the representative of the impartial spectator, — the man within the breast. The impartial spectator does not feel himself worn out by the present labor of those whose conduct he surveys; nor does he feel himself solicited by the importunate calls of their present appetites. To him their present, and what is likely to be their future, situation are very nearly the same; he sees them nearly at the same distance, and is affected by them very nearly in the same manner: he knows, however, that to the persons principally concerned

they are very far from being the same, and that they naturally affect *them* in a very different manner. He cannot therefore but approve, and even applaud, that proper exertion of self-command which enables them to act as if their present and their future situation affected them nearly in the same manner in which they affect him.

The man who lives within his income is naturally contented with his situation, which by continual though small accumulations is growing better and better every day. He is enabled gradually to relax, both in the rigor of his parsimony and in the severity of his application; and he feels with double satisfaction this gradual increase of ease and enjoyment, from having felt before the hardship which attended the want of them. He has no anxiety to change so comfortable a situation; and does not go in quest of new enterprises and adventures, which might endanger, but could not well increase, the secure tranquillity which he actually enjoys. If he enters into any new projects or enterprises, they are likely to be well concerted and well prepared. He can never be hurried or driven into them by any necessity, but has always time and leisure to deliberate soberly and coolly concerning what are likely to be their consequences.

The prudent man is not willing to subject himself to any responsibility which his duty does not impose upon him. He is not a bustler in business where he has no concern; is not a meddler in other people's affairs; is not a professed counselor or adviser, who obtrudes his advice where nobody is asking it; he confines himself, as much as his duty will permit, to his own affairs, and has no taste for that foolish importance which many people wish to derive from appearing to have some influence in the management of those of other people; he is averse to enter into any party disputes, hates faction, and is not always very forward to listen to the voice even of noble and great ambition. When distinctly called upon, he will not decline the service of his country; but he will not cabal in order to force himself into it, and would be much better pleased that the public business were well managed by some other person, than that he himself should have the trouble, and incur the responsibility, of managing it. In the bottom of his heart he would prefer the undisturbed enjoyment of secure tranquillity, not only to all the vain splendor of successful ambition, but to the real and solid glory of performing the greatest and most magnanimous actions.

OF THE WAGES OF LABOR

From the ‹Wealth of Nations›

THE produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor.

In that original state of things, which precedes both the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock, the whole produce of labor belongs to the laborer. He has neither landlord nor master to share with him.

Had this state continued, the wages of labor would have augmented with all those improvements in its productive powers, to which the division of labor gives occasion. All things would gradually have become cheaper. They would have been produced by a smaller quantity of labor; and as the commodities produced by equal quantities of labor would naturally in this state of things be exchanged for one another, they would have been purchased likewise with the produce of a smaller quantity.

But though all things would have become cheaper in reality, in appearance many things might have become dearer than before, or have been exchanged for a greater quantity of other goods. Let us suppose, for example, that in the greater part of employments the productive powers of labor had been improved to tenfold, or that a day's labor could produce ten times the quantity of work which it had done originally; but that in a particular employment they had been improved only to double, or that a day's labor could produce only twice the quantity of work which it had done before. In exchanging the produce of a day's labor in the greater part of employments, for that of a day's labor in this particular one, ten times the original quantity of work in them would purchase only twice the original quantity in it. Any particular quantity in it, therefore,—a pound weight for example, —would appear to be five times dearer than before. In reality, however, it would be twice as cheap. Though it required five times the quantity of other goods to produce it, it would require only half the quantity of labor either to purchase or to produce it. The acquisition, therefore, would be twice as easy as before.

But this original state of things, in which the laborer enjoyed the whole produce of his own labor, could not last beyond the first introduction of the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock. It was at an end, therefore, long before the most considerable improvements were made in the productive powers

of labor, and it would be to no purpose to trace further what might have been its effects upon the recompense or wages of labor.

As soon as land becomes private property, the landlord demands a share of almost all the produce which the laborer can either raise, or collect from it. His rent makes the first deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

It seldom happens that the person who tills the ground has wherewithal to maintain himself till he reaps the harvest. His maintenance is generally advanced to him from the stock of a master, the farmer who employs him, and who would have no interest to employ him unless he was to share in the produce of his labor, or unless his stock was to be replaced to him with a profit. This profit makes a second deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

The produce of almost all other labor is liable to the like deduction of profit. In all arts and manufactures the greater part of the workmen stand in need of a master to advance them the materials of their work, and their wages and maintenances till it be completed. He shares in the produce of their labor, or in the value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed; and in this consists his profit.

It sometimes happens, indeed, that a single independent workman has stock sufficient both to purchase the materials of his work, and to maintain himself till it be completed. He is both master and workman, and enjoys the whole produce of his own labor, or the whole value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed. It includes what are usually two distinct revenues belonging to two distinct persons,—the profits of stock, and the wages of labor.

Such cases, however, are not very frequent, and in every part of Europe, twenty workmen serve under a master for one that is independent; and the wages of labor are everywhere understood to be, what they usually are when the laborer is one person, and the owner of the stock which employs him another.

What are the common wages of labor, depends everywhere upon the contract usually made between those two parties, whose interests are by no means the same. The workmen desire to get as much, the masters to give as little, as possible. The former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter in order to lower, the wages of labor

It is not, however, difficult to foresee which of these two parties must, upon all ordinary occasions, have the advantage in the dispute, and force the other into a compliance with their terms. The masters, being fewer in number, can combine much more easily; and the law, besides, authorizes or at least does not prohibit their combinations, while it prohibits those of the workmen.* We have no acts of Parliament against combining to lower the price of work; but many against combining to raise it. In all such disputes the masters can hold out much longer. A landlord, a farmer, a master manufacturer or merchant, though they did not employ a single workman, could generally live a year or two upon the stocks which they have already acquired. Many workmen could not subsist a week, few could subsist a month, and scarce any a year, without employment. In the long run the workman may be as necessary to his master as his master is to him; but the necessity is not so immediate.

We rarely hear, it has been said, of the combinations of masters, though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines upon this account that masters rarely combine, is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform, combination not to raise the wages of labor above their actual rate. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbors and equals. We seldom indeed hear of this combination, because it is the usual, and one may say, the natural state of things, which nobody ever hears of. Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the wages of labor even below this rate. These are always conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy till the moment of execution; and when the workmen yield, as they sometimes do, without resistance, though severely felt by them they are never heard of by other people. Such combinations, however, are frequently resisted by a contrary defensive combination of the workmen; who sometimes, too, without any provocation of this kind, combine of their own accord to raise the price of their labor. Their usual pretenses are, sometimes the high price of provisions, sometimes the great profit which their masters make by their work. But whether their combinations be offensive or defensive, they are always abundantly heard of. In

* Repealed in 1824.

order to bring the point to a speedy decision, they have always recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage. They are desperate; and act with the folly and extravagance of desperate men, who must either starve or frighten their masters into an immediate compliance with their demands. The masters upon these occasions are just as clamorous upon the other side; and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrate, and the rigorous execution of those laws which have been enacted with so much severity against the combinations of servants, laborers, and journeymen. The workmen, accordingly, very seldom derive any advantage from the violence of those tumultuous combinations, which, partly from the interposition of the civil magistrate, partly from the superior steadiness of the masters, partly from the necessity which the greater part of the workmen are under of submitting, for the sake of present subsistence, generally end in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders.

HOME INDUSTRIES

Of Restraints upon the Importation from Foreign Countries of such Goods as can be Produced at Home

From the 'Wealth of Nations'

The general industry of the society can never exceed what the capital of the society can employ. As the number of workmen that can be kept in employment by any particular person must bear a certain proportion to his capital, so the number of those that can be continually employed by all the members of a great society must bear a certain proportion to the whole capital of that society, and can never exceed that proportion. No regulation of commerce can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain. It can only divert a part of it into a direction into which it might not otherwise have gone; and it is by no means certain that this artificial direction is likely to be more advantageous to the society than that into which it would have gone of its own accord.

Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of society,

which he has in view. But the study of his own advantage, naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society.

I. Every individual endeavors to employ his capital as near home as he can, and consequently as much as he can in the support of domestic industry; provided always that he can thereby obtain the ordinary, or not a great deal less than the ordinary, profits of stock.

Thus, upon equal or nearly equal profits, every wholesale merchant naturally prefers the home trade to the foreign trade of consumption, and the foreign trade of consumption to the carrying trade. In the home trade his capital is never so long out of his sight as it frequently is in the foreign trade of consumption. He can know better the character and situation of the person whom he trusts; and if he should happen to be deceived, he knows better the laws of the country from which he must seek redress. In the carrying trade, the capital of the merchant is, as it were, divided between two foreign countries; and no part of it is ever necessarily brought home, or placed under his own immediate view and command. .. . .

II. Every individual who employs his capital in the support of domestic industry, necessarily endeavors so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest possible value.

The produce of industry is what it adds to the subject or materials upon which it is employed. In proportion as the value of this produce is great or small, so will likewise be the profits of the employer. But it is only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry; and he will always, therefore, endeavor to employ it in the support of that industry of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, or to exchange for the greatest quantity either of money or of other goods.

But the annual revenue of every society is always precisely equal to the exchangeable value of the whole annual produce of its industry, or rather is precisely the same thing with that exchangeable value. As every individual, therefore, endeavors as much as he can both to employ his capital in the support of domestic industry, and so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest value, every individual necessarily labors to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest

nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preferring the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain; and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that it was no part of it. By pursuing his own interest, he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it. I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

What is the species of domestic industry which his capital can employ, and of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, every individual, it is evident, can, in this local situation, judge much better than any statesman or lawgiver can do for him. The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever; and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.

To give the monopoly of the home market to the produce of domestic industry, in any particular art or manufacture, is in some measure to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals; and must in almost all cases be either a useless or a hurtful regulation. If the produce of domestic can be brought there as cheap as that of foreign industry, the regulation is evidently useless. If it cannot, it must generally be hurtful. It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors; and to purchase with

a part of its produce — or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it — whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage. The general industry of the country, being always in proportion to the capital which employs it, will not thereby be diminished, no more than that of the above-mentioned artificers; but only left to find out the way in which it can be employed with the greatest advantage. It is certainly not employed to the greatest advantage when it is thus directed towards an object which it can buy cheaper than it can make. The value of its annual produce is certainly more or less diminished, when it is thus turned away from producing commodities evidently of more value than the commodity which it is directed to produce. According to the supposition, that commodity could be purchased from foreign countries cheaper than it can be made at home. It could therefore have been purchased with a part only of the commodities, or what is the same thing, with a part only of the price of the commodities, which the industry employed by an equal capital would have produced at home had it been left to follow its natural course. The industry of the country, therefore, is thus turned away from a more to a less advantageous employment; and the changeable value of its annual produce, instead of being increased according to the intention of the lawgiver, must necessarily be diminished, by every such regulation.

By means of such regulations, indeed, a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and after a certain time may be made at home as cheap or cheaper than in the foreign country. But though the industry of the society may be thus carried with advantage into a particular channel sooner than it could have been otherwise, it will by no means follow that the sum total, either of its industry or of its revenue, can ever be augmented by any such regulation. The industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue. But the immediate effect of every such regulation is to diminish its revenue; and what diminishes its revenue is certainly not very likely

to augment its capital faster than it would have augmented of its own accord, had both their capital and their industry been left to find out their natural employments.

Though for want of such regulations the society should never acquire the proposed manufacture, it would not upon that account necessarily be the poorer in any one period of its duration. In every period of its duration its whole capital and industry might still have been employed, though upon different objects, in the manner that was most advantageous at the time. In every period its revenue might have been the greatest which its capital could afford; and both capital and revenue might have been augmented with the greatest possible rapidity.

The natural advantages which one country has over another in producing particular commodities are sometimes so great that it is acknowledged by all the world to be in vain to struggle with them. By means of glasses, hot-beds, and hot-walls, very good grapes can be raised in Scotland, and very good wine too can be made of them, at about thirty times the expense for which at least equally good can be brought from foreign countries. Would it be a reasonable law to prohibit the importation of all foreign wines merely to encourage the making of claret and burgundy in Scotland? But if there would be a manifest absurdity in turning towards any employment thirty times more of the capital and industry of the country than would be necessary to purchase from foreign countries an equal quantity of the commodities wanted, there must be an absurdity, though not altogether so glaring, yet exactly of the same kind, in turning towards any such employment a thirtieth, or even a three-hundredth part more of either. Whether the advantages which one country has over another be natural or acquired is in this respect of no consequence. As long as the one country has those advantages and the other wants them, it will always be more advantageous for the latter rather to buy of the former than to make. It is an acquired advantage only which one artificer has over his neighbor who exercises another trade; and yet they both find it more advantageous to buy of one another than to make what does not belong to their particular trades.

OF MILITARY AND GENERAL EDUCATION

From the 'Wealth of Nations'

THAT in the progress of improvement the practice of military exercises, unless government takes proper pains to support it, goes gradually to decay,—and together with it, the martial spirit of the great body of the people,—the example of modern Europe sufficiently demonstrates. But the security of every society must always depend, more or less, upon the martial spirit of the great body of the people. In the present times, indeed, the martial spirit alone, and unsupported by a well-disciplined standing army, would not perhaps be sufficient for the defense and security of any society. But where every citizen had the spirit of a soldier, a smaller standing army would surely be requisite. That spirit, besides, would necessarily diminish very much the dangers to liberty, whether real or imaginary, which are commonly apprehended from a standing army. As it would very much facilitate the operations of that army against a foreign invader, so it would obstruct them as much if unfortunately they should ever be directed against the constitution of the State.

The ancient institutions of Greece and Rome seem to have been much more effectual for maintaining the martial spirit of the great body of the people, than the establishment of what are called the militias of modern times. They were much more simple. When they were once established, they executed themselves, and it required little or no attention from government to maintain them in the most perfect vigor. Whereas to maintain, even in tolerable execution, the complex regulations of any modern militia, requires the continual and painful attention of government, without which they are constantly falling into total neglect and disuse. The influence, besides, of the ancient institutions was much more universal. By means of them the whole body of the people was completely instructed in the use of arms. Whereas it is but a very small part of them who can ever be so instructed by the regulations of any modern militia, except perhaps that of Switzerland. But a coward—a man incapable of defending or of revenging himself—evidently wants one of the most essential parts of the character of a man. He is as much mutilated and deformed in his mind as another is in his body, who is either deprived of some of its most essential members or has lost the use of them. He is evidently the more wretched and miserable

of the two; because happiness and misery, which reside altogether in the mind, must necessarily depend more upon the healthful or unhealthful, the mutilated or entire state of the mind, than upon that of the body. Even though the martial spirit of the people were of no use towards the defense of the society, yet to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness, which cowardice necessarily involves in it, from spreading themselves through the great body of the people, would still deserve the most serious attention of government, in the same manner as it would deserve its most serious attention to prevent a leprosy, or any other loathsome and offensive disease though neither mortal nor dangerous, from spreading itself among them; though perhaps no other public good might result from such attention besides the prevention of so great a public evil.

The same thing may be said of the gross ignorance and stupidity which, in a civilized society, seem so frequently to benumb the understandings of all the inferior ranks of people. A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward; and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature. Though the State was to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of people, it would still deserve its attention that they should not be altogether uninstructed. The State, however, derives no inconsiderable advantage from their instruction. The more they are instructed, the less liable they are to the delusions of enthusiasm and superstition which, among ignorant nations, frequently occasion the most dreadful disorders. An instructed and intelligent people, besides, are always more decent and orderly than an ignorant and stupid one. They feel themselves, each individually, more respectable, and more likely to obtain the respect of their lawful superiors; and they are therefore more disposed to respect those superiors. They are more disposed to examine, and more capable of seeing through, the interested complaints of faction and sedition; and they are upon that account less apt to be misled into any wanton or unnecessary opposition to the measures of government. In free countries, where the safety of government depends very much upon the favorable judgment which the people may form of its conduct, it must surely be of the highest importance that they should not be disposed to judge rashly or capriciously concerning it.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

(1838–1915)

To most American readers, the name of F. Hopkinson Smith has for a long time suggested a writer of pleasing stories. To a large number also, he has been known as an artist, from his drawings in Mexico and his water-colors of Venetian scenes, as an art critic, and as successful lecturer and pleasing after-dinner speaker. To a smaller number he is known as the marine engineer who built the sea-wall around Governor's Island and the foundation for the Statue of Liberty in the harbor of New York. Thus his record of achievement is varied as well as solid.

His purely literary work falls into three divisions: sketches of travel, short stories, and novels.

In the first group are ‹Well-Worn Roads of Spain and Italy› (1886); ‹A White Umbrella in Mexico› (1889); ‹Gondola Days› (1899), and ‹Venice of To-day› (1897). The sub-title of ‹Well-Worn Roads› might serve to express the spirit of them all: «Traveled by a painter in search of the picturesque.» For he is always the observant traveler of literary and artistic interests giving us the picturesque scene and the piquant bits of human life. Political and social currents, national ideals, sociological movements are touched only lightly and incidentally. The reader is taken in pleasant company through lands that are full of scenes and people that catch the eye, divert the mind, and remind him of a romantic past.

His short stories are narrative sketches, not rigidly conforming to the technique of the short story as a type. He is a charming story-teller, a *raconteur*, relying for his effects upon interesting byplay of character, upon the social atmosphere of a group, upon the quality of the scenic setting, and but seldom upon violent action or the high lights of tragedy. Such are the collections in ‹The Wood Fire in Number 3› (1905) and ‹The Chair at the Inn› (1912). The latter is a collection of incidents happening and stories told among a collection of artists gathered, after the tourist season, at a charming old inn in Normandy. The host and servants, the guests, the notable and interesting neighbors in nearby châteaux, and particularly, the inn itself, — with its Norman architecture, its flowers, its customs and cuisine, — all combine to form an effect of artistic and social harmony. It is a glimpse into the cultivated Bohemia of the successful artists; a Bohemia without sordidness, want, ill-breeding, or envy; the Bohemia of the successful. This tone of easy prosperity without the chink of money, the intangible but quite

positive results of success that appear as good company, good talk, and good feeling, is indeed the common note in Smith's representations of life.

The short story would seem to be his favorite form. Allowing for the difficulty of distinguishing between his sketches and his short stories, there are some seventy or more that may fairly be called stories. There are seven collections of them: ‹A Day at Laguerre's› (1892); ‹The Other Fellow› (1899); ‹The Under Dog› (1903); ‹The Veiled Lady of Stamboul› (1907); ‹Forty Minutes Late› (1909), and the two volumes mentioned above.

The best known of his novels are ‹Colonel Carter of Cartersville› (1891); ‹A Gentleman Vagabond› (1895); ‹Tom Grogan› (1896); ‹The Fortunes of Oliver Horn› (1902); ‹The Tides of Barnegat› (1906); ‹Kennedy Square› (1911), and ‹Felix O'Day› (1915).

It was Colonel Carter that gave Smith his national reputation. The Colonel was a chivalrous, impractical, visionary old gentleman, trying vainly to adjust himself to a practical world while retaining the visions and the standards of the South of ante-bellum days. The creation seemed, whether rightly or not, to embody the traditional Southern gentleman. His famous scheme for a railroad, whose terminals and route would touch no other railroads and so have «the advantage of escaping competitors» tickled the fancy of readers with business instincts. His relations with his old slave and still faithful servant, Chad, who, as the Colonel said, «was bawn a gentleman and can't get over it,» gave the touch of traditional poetry that even the North had always conceded to the institution of slavery. Hopkinson Smith, born in Baltimore, had abundant opportunity to know these ante-bellum traditions, the character of the old Southern planters, and the characteristics of the old-fashioned Southern negro. His representation of the accent of the cultivated Virginian and of the negro dialect was realistic and convincing. The story was dramatized and had a long and successful run in Northern cities.

Like Morris, «the idle singer of an empty day,» Smith remained, during the vogue of the problem novel, its displacement by the pure romance, and its return in other forms, a teller of pleasing stories, serenely undeflected by the currents and cross-currents of contemporary fiction. Neither the problem novel, nor the novel of social criticism, nor the psychological novel, is his field. There is no subtle psychological analysis; no emphasis of the subjective beyond what is common in modern work, no exaggeration of any aspect of mental and moral life. Striking and morbid actions or characters do not interest him. His themes and people are wholesome, natural, and usual, so far as they may be, and yet hold the novel reader's interest. He does not, on the other hand, choose the commonplace ostentatiously; he is not a Wordsworthian. The minor variations from the norm, such peculiarities as

give individuality, he is quick to note, especially such whimsicalities of character or view as intellectual people see in their fellows. In general, his material and his point of view are such as might, in small amounts, appear in the table-talk of educated and cosmopolitan people.

His style is easy, graceful, and not too self-conscious. It is the language of the finished *raconteur*, and is a part of the general effect of cultivation and finish which his books create.

FROM ‹COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE›

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It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

«Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scuffiin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

«An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off, — an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-br'ilin' on de gridiron.

«Dat would go on a week or mo', and den up dey'll git an' away dey'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

«My old marsa,» — and his eyes glistened, — «my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin,' it was dat sweet.

« ‹Chad,› he use' ter say, — you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant, — ‹Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head›; an' den when I come he'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an'

whar his desk was, 'twa'n't no birds about his voice den, — mo' like de thunder.»

«Did he whip his negroes?»

«No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad — an' some niggers is dat way — den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He wouldn't hab' 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

«Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none.»

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

«My Marsa John,» he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, «never drank nuffin' but tea, even at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups — dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

«Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

«Mo' coffee, Major?» I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

«Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says: — ‹Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?›

« ‹Dat's a goose,› I says, ‹cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,› says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

« ‹Quality!› she says. ‹'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.› Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

«'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, ‹Gitting' late, Chad; bring in de dinner!› You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

«Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' over him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de

baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:

«‹I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?›

«‹I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,› I says. ‹I'll ask de cook.›

«Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':

«‹Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?›

«‹Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?›

«‹Is we got a goose?› said I.

«‹*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?›

«I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do' an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

«‹Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,› says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

«‹What'll you take for dinner, miss?› says I. ‹Baked ham?›

«‹No,› she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; ‹I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose› — jes so.

«Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, ‹Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.›

«‹What'll you take for dinner, sah?› says I. ‹Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?›

«‹No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,› he says.

«I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he warn't a-gwine to git it.

«But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for de udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like: — ‹Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?›

«‹It didn't hab none,› says I.

«‹You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation only got one leg?›

«‹Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.›

«‹Well,› said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, ‹I'll settle wid ye after dinner.›

«Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up;

an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, ‹Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwine ter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'›

«I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond» — here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter — «dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down — so — an' de udder tucked under de wing.»

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

«‹Dar, marsa,› says I, ‹don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de bery match ob de one we had to-day.›

«Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

«‹Stop, you black scoun'rel!› Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' hes handkerchief from his pocket. ‹Shoo!›

«Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses did'nt put down de udder leg!

«‹Now, you lyin' nigger,› he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, ‹I'll show you —› ‹Stop, Marsa John!› I hollered; ‹'taint fair, 'tain't fair.›

«‹Why ain't it fair?› says he.

«‹'Cause,› says I, ‹you did'nt say «Shoo!» to de goose what was on de table.› »

Chad laughed until he choked.

«And did he thrash you? »

«Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire: —

«‹Chad, where did dat leg go?› An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'cause I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin' thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:

«‹Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?›

«‹Yes, Marsa,› says I.

«Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' didn't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

«‹Chad,› he says, handin' me de reins, ‹I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.›»

GOLDWIN SMITH

(1823–1910)

THE liberal movement in the politics and religious thought of the nineteenth century was well represented by the intellectual career of Goldwin Smith. Throughout his long life he was ever in the van of what he considered the progressive forces of the time. His conception of progress, as primarily a moral process, pervades the entire body of his writings whether he is dealing with the Canadian question, with the question of Home Rule, with the condition of the colonies, or with the temper of the Establishment. So convinced was he that the workings of the moral order exceed in strength all other forms of power, that he measured the importance and duration of various social and political institutions by the degree of their conformance to this order. In consequence he saw disintegration where others saw permanence; and degeneration where others look for growth. The charge of being of a negative and destructive spirit has been frequently brought against him: he claims, however, by the tacit testimony of his books on politics and history, the privilege of a prophet, who can foresee reformation only through the intervening spaces of disorder and decay.

GOLDWIN SMITH

The fundamental principle underlying his judgments of contemporary affairs is contained in his early lectures on the 'Study of History.' He applies the principle of historical development—the progress of mankind through the efforts of individuals—to present-day matters. To understand his conception of history is to understand to a degree his position towards the events of his time.

«That the human race is in a real sense one; that its efforts are common and tend in some measure to a joint result; that its several members may stand in the eye of their Maker, not only as individual agents, but as contributors to this joint result,—is a doctrine which our reason perhaps finds something to support, and which our hearts readily accept. It unites us not only in sympathy, but in real interest, with the generations that are to come

after us as well as with those that are gone before us; it makes each generation, each man, a partaker in the wealth of all: it encourages us to sow a harvest which we shall reap, not with our own hands indeed, but by the hands of those that come after us; it at once represses selfish ambition, and stimulates the desire of earning the gratitude of our kind; it strengthens all social and regulates all personal desires; it limits—and by limiting sustains—effort, and calms the passionate craving to grasp political perfection or final truth; it fills up the fragment, gives fruitfulness to effort apparently wasted, and covers present failure with ultimate success; it turns the death of States, as of men, into incidents of one vast life; and quenches the melancholy which flows from the ruins of the past,—that past into which we too are sinking, just when great things seem about to come.»

It is this dispassionate spirit of world-citizenship, this ability to «look before and look after,» which ever caused Goldwin Smith to attach himself permanently to no party, to hold fast by no creed, political or religious. His manner of life ever fostered this cosmopolitanism of thought and feeling. He was by birth an Englishman. He was born at Reading, Berkshire, August 13th, 1823; was educated at Eton, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was graduated with high honors in 1845; subsequently he was chosen Fellow and tutor of University College. In 1847 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1850, and again in 1854, he served as secretary to the Royal Commission of University Reform. From 1858 to 1866 he was a member of the Education Commission, whose labors resulted in the Education Bill of 1870. At the same period he was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He had devoted himself early in his career to the study of contemporary politics. In 1861 he published 'Irish History and Irish Character,' in which he endeavored to explain the events of Ireland's history by the temperament of her sons. In the same year he published the 'Foundation of the American Colonies,' and two years later 'The Morality of the Emancipation Proclamation.' He had made a most careful investigation of the causes leading to the Civil War; he understood the situation better perhaps than any one else in England. His support of the North was strong and persistent; during the period of the War, his letters to the Daily News went far to hold a clear picture of the situation before English readers. As was usual with him, he understood the importance of the moral question underlying the political; he foresaw the triumph of the Union, because it was in the stream of the tendency towards righteousness. In 1865 appeared his 'England and America,' and in 1866 'The Civil War in America.' In 1866 he published also his 'Lectures on the Study of History.' These are of great value, not alone for their princely style: they exhibit a clearness of insight into social and political problems, and into the laws of historical development, not surpassed by any other modern historian. Goldwin Smith assumes that history cannot

be studied as a whole until the moral unity of the race is thoroughly felt. He disclaims the theory of the positive school, that history is governed by necessary laws, and can therefore come under the domain of physical science; disclaims it on the ground that the moral element in it renders it just beyond the calculations of science. It is made up of the actions of men, and must be read in the light of moral rather than material laws. It thus becomes the highest of all studies,—the study of man's struggles upward from the beast to the god. In another lecture on 'Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Progress,' he endeavors to show that Christianity as a moral power has been ever on the side of civilization and advancement: where it has conflicted with progress, its dogmatic, not its moral quality has been in the ascendency.

In 1868 Professor Smith accepted the chair of English History in Cornell University; in 1869 he published 'Relations between England and America,' and a 'Short History of England.' In 1871 he removed to Toronto, where he was made a member of the senate of Toronto University. From 1872 until 1874 he edited the Canadian Monthly; he was then for a time the editor of the Bystander, a political weekly. After the discontinuance of this paper, he edited the Week until 1881.

In 1879 he published 'Political Destiny of Canada,' and in 1891 'Canada and the Canadian Question.' He advocates the annexation of Canada to the United States. He bases his arguments for annexation upon what he believes is inevitable in the course of national development,—the union of the English-speaking races on the North-American continent. He is moreover a disbeliever in England's imperialism: he does not favor the colonial system, being of opinion that the greatness of a nation does not depend upon the extent of the territory controlled by it; he believes, moreover, that England must lose her colonies, as they grow in strength and in individuality.

In 1880 he published a 'Life of Cowper.' It is not equal to his 'Life of Jane Austen'; perhaps because he was more in sympathy with the novelist's common-sense and impersonal outlook upon life, than with the hypersensitive spirit of the gentle poet. In 1881 appeared 'Lectures and Essays'; in 1882 'Conduct of England to Ireland'; in 1883 'False Hopes, or Fallacies, Socialistic and Semi-Socialistic'; and in 1884 'A Trip to England.' In 1894 he published 'Essays on Questions of the Day,' and in 1899, 'The United Kingdom, a Political History,' in which his old skill in presentation and the strength of his convictions were once more exhibited. He was over seventy years of age, but his hand had not lost its cunning, nor was his natural force abated. 'In the Court of History, the South African War' (1902) and 'Commonwealth and Empire' (1902) deal with questions

then predominant. ‹My Memory of Gladstone› (1904) passed through another edition in 1909.

In his books ‹Guesses at the Riddle of Existence,› ‹The Founder of Christendom› (1903); ‹Lines of Religious Inquiry› (1904); ‹In Quest of Light› (1906), and ‹No Refuge but in Truth› (1908), he touches on some of the great religious problems of the day,— touches on them merely as one who cannot afford to linger long over what can after all, as he believes, be solved only in the domain of the moral nature, not of the intellectual life. His faith, like the faith of many of his contemporaries, would express itself in conduct rather than in the subtleties of creed. For that reason he is drawn to the contemplation of Christ as being in very truth the Light of the moral world.

Of Goldwin Smith's position in the domain of literature it is difficult to speak with justice. He was less a man of letters than a man of affairs; yet, as a writer of sinewy English prose he was not surpassed among his contemporaries. He handled words like delicate instruments which may assist to the birth or may deal death. For this reason, if for no other, he was a formidable adversary, a trustworthy champion. His English is the English of the scholar, whose taste and character have been formed by contact with the world as well as with Homer, Lucretius, and Virgil. His culture as a poet is shown in some admirable versions of Horace. Of the reasonableness of his opinions in religion and politics, future generations alone can judge with fairness. He was thoroughly representative at least of a transitional age in the political and religious development of the modern world. He died at Reading, England, on August 23, 1910.

JOHN PYM

From ‹Three English Statesmen›

PYM had been second only to Sir John Eliot as a leader of the patriot party in the reign of James. He was one of the twelve deputies of the Commons when James cried, with insight as well as spleen, "Set twal chairs: here be twal kings coming." He had stood among the foremost of those "evil-tempered spirits" who protested that the liberties of Parliament were not the favors of the Crown, but the birthright of Englishmen; and who for so doing were imprisoned without law. He had resolved, as he said, that he would rather suffer for speaking the truth, than the truth should suffer for want of his speaking. His greatness had increased in the struggle against Charles I.

He had been one of the chief managers of the impeachment of Buckingham; and for that service to public justice he had again suffered a glorious imprisonment. He had accused Manwaring; he had raised a voice of power against the Romanizing intrigues of Laud. In those days he and Strafford were dear friends, and fellow-soldiers in the same cause. But when the death of Buckingham left the place of First Minister vacant, Strafford sought an interview with Pym at Greenwich; and when they met, began to talk against dangerous courses, and to hint at advantageous overtures to be made by the court. Pym cut him short: "You need not use all this art to tell me that you have a mind to leave us. But remember what I tell you,—you are going to be undone. And remember also that though you leave us, I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders!" Such at least was the story current in the succeeding age, of the last interview between the Great Champion of Freedom and the Great Apostate.

Pym was a Somersetshire gentleman of good family; and it was from good families—such families at least as do not produce Jacobins—that most of the leaders of this revolution sprang. I note it, not to claim for principle the patronage of birth and wealth, but to show how strong that principle must have been which could thus move birth and wealth away from their natural bias. It is still true, not in the ascetic but in the moral sense, that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and when we see rich men entering into the kingdom of heaven, hazarding the enjoyment of wealth for the sake of principle, we may know that it is no common age. Oxford was the place of Pym's education; and there he was distinguished not only by solid acquirements, but by elegant accomplishments, so that an Oxford poet calls him the favorite of Apollo. High culture is now rather in disgrace in some quarters; and not without a color of reason, as unbracing the sinews of action, and destroying sympathy with the people. Nevertheless, the universities produced the great statesmen and the great warriors of the Commonwealth. If the Oxford of Pym, of Hampden, and of Blake, the Oxford of Wycliffe, the Oxford where in still earlier times those principles were nursed which gave us the Great Charter and the House of Commons—if this Oxford, I say, now seems by her political bearing to dishonor learning, and by an ignoble choice does a wrong to the nation which Lancashire is called upon to

redress,—believe me, it is not the university which thus offends, but a power alien to the university and alien to learning, to which the university is, and unless you rescue her, will continue to be, a slave.

It is another point of difference between the English and the French revolutions, that the leaders of the English Revolution were as a rule good husbands and fathers, in whom domestic affection was the root of public virtue. Pym, after being for some time in public life, married, and after his marriage lived six years in retirement; a part of training as necessary as action to the depth of character and the power of sustained thought which are the elements of greatness. At the end of the six years his wife died, and he took no other wife but his country.

There were many elements in the patriot party, united at first, afterward severed from each other by the fierce winnowing-fan of the struggle, and marking by their successive ascendency the changing phases of the Revolution: Constitutional Monarchists, aristocratic Republicans, Republicans thorough-going, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and in the abyss beneath them all the Anabaptists, the Fifth Monarchy men, and the Levelers. Pym was a friend of constitutional monarchy in politics, a Protestant Episcopalian in religion; against a despot, but for a king; against the tyranny and political power of the bishops, but satisfied with that form of church government. He was no fanatic and no ascetic. He was genial, social, even convivial. His enemies held him up to the hatred of the sectaries as a man of pleasure. As the statesman and orator of the less extreme party, and of the first period of the Revolution, he is the English counterpart of Mirabeau, so far as a Christian patriot can be the counterpart of a Voltairean debauchee.

Nor is he altogether unlike Mirabeau in the style of his eloquence; our better appreciation of which, as well as our better knowledge of Pym and of this the heroic age of our history in general, we owe to the patriotic and truly noble diligence of Mr. John Forster, from whose researches no small portion of my materials for this lecture is derived. Pym's speeches of course are seventeenth-century speeches: stately in diction, somewhat like homilies in their divisions, full of learning, full of Scripture (which then, be it remembered, was a fresh spring of new thought); full of philosophic passages which might have come from the pen of Hooker or of Bacon. But they sometimes strike

the great strokes for which Mirabeau was famous. Buckingham had pleaded, to the charge of enriching himself by the sale of honors and offices, that so far from having enriched himself he was £100,000 in debt. "If this be true," replied Pym, "how can we hope to satisfy his immense prodigality; if false, how can we hope to satisfy his covetousness?" In the debate on the Petition of Right, when Secretary Cooke desired in the name of the King to know whether they would take the King's word for the observance of their liberties or not, "there was silence for a good space": none liking to reject the King's word, all knowing what that word was worth. The silence was broken by Pym, who rose and said, "We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England: what need we then to take his word?" And the secretary desperately pressing his point, and asking what foreigners would think if the people of England refused to trust their King's word, Pym rejoined, "Truly, Mr. Secretary, I am of the same opinion that I was, that the King's oath is as powerful as his word." In the same debate the courtiers prayed the House to leave entire his Majesty's sovereign power: a Stuart phrase, meaning the power of the king, when he deemed it expedient, to break the law. "I am not able," was Pym's reply, "to speak to this question. I know not what it is. All our petition is for the laws of England; and this power seems to be another power distinct from the power of the law. I know how to add sovereign to the King's person, but not to his power. We cannot leave to him a sovereign power, for we never were possessed of it."

The English Revolution was a revolution of principle, but of principle couched in precedent. What the philosophic *salon* was to the French leaders of opinion, that the historical and antiquarian library of Sir Robert Cotton was to the English. And of the group of illustrious men who gathered in that library, none had been a deeper student of its treasures than Pym. His speeches and State papers are the proof.

When the Parliament had met, Pym was the first to rise. We know his appearance from his portrait: a portly form, which a court waiting-woman called that of an ox; a forehead so high that lampooners compared it to a shuttle; the dress of a gentleman of the time,—for not to the cavaliers alone belonged that picturesque costume and those pointed beards which furnish the real explanation of the fact that all women are Tories.

Into the expectant and wavering, though ardent, minds of the inexperienced assembly he poured, with the authority of a veteran chief, a speech which at once fixed their thoughts, and possessed them with their mission. It was a broad, complete, and earnest, though undeclamatory, statement of the abuses which they had come to reform. For reform, though for root-and-branch reform, not for revolution, the Short Parliament came; and Charles might even now have made his peace with his people. But Charles did not yet see the truth: the truth could never pierce through the divinity that hedged round the king. The Commons insisted that redress of grievances should go before supply. In a moment of madness, or what is the same thing, of compliance with the counsels of Laud, Charles dissolved the Parliament, imprisoned several of its members, and published his reasons in a proclamation full of despotic doctrine. The friends of the Crown were sad, its enemies very joyful. Now, to the eye of history, begins to rise that scaffold before Whitehall.

Once more Charles and Strafford tried their desperate arms against the Scotch; and once more their soldiers refused to fight. Pym and Hampden, meanwhile, sure of the issue, were preparing their party and the nation for the decisive struggle. Their headquarters were at Pym's house, in Gray's Inn Lane; but meetings were held also at the houses of leaders in the country, especially for correspondence with the Scotch, with whom these patriot traitors were undoubtedly in league. A private press was actively at work. Pym was not only the orator of his party, but its soul and centre; he knew how not only to propagate his opinions with words of power, but to organize the means of victory. And now Charles, in extremity, turned to the Middle Ages for one expedient more, and called a Great Council of Peers, according to Plantagenet precedents, at York. Pym flew at once to York, caused a petition for a Parliament to be signed by the peers of his party there, and backed it with petitions from the people, one of them signed by ten thousand citizens of London. This first great wielder of public opinion in England was the inventor of organized agitation by petition. The King surrendered, and called a Parliament. Pym and Hampden rode over the country, urging the constituencies to do their duty. The constituencies did their duty as perhaps they had never done it before and have never done it since. They sent up the noblest body of men that ever sat in the councils of a nation. The force of the agitation

triumphed for the moment, as it did again in 1832, over all those defects in the system of representation which prevail over the public interest and the public sentiment in ordinary times. The Long Parliament met, while round it the tide of national feeling swelled and surged, the long-pent-up voices of national resentment broke forth. It met not for reform, but for revolution. The King did not ride to it in state: he slunk to it in his private barge, like a vanquished and a doomed man.

Charles had called to him Strafford. The earl knew his danger; but the King had pledged to him the royal word that not a hair of his head should be touched. He came foiled, broken by disease, but still resolute; prepared to act on the aggressive, perhaps to arraign the leaders of the Commons for treasonable correspondence with the Scotch. But he had to deal, in his friend and coadjutor of former days, with no mere rhetorician, but with a man of action as sagacious and as intrepid as himself. Pym at once struck a blow which proved him a master of revolution. Announcing to the Commons that he had weighty matter to impart, he moved that the doors should be closed. When they were opened he carried up to the Lords the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. The earl came down to the House of Lords that day with his brow of imperial gloom, his impetuous step, his tones and gestures of command: but scarcely had he entered the House when he found that power had departed from him; and the terrible grand vizier of government by prerogative went away a fallen man, none unbonneting to him in whose presence an hour before no man would have stood covered. The speech by which Pym swept the House on to this bold move, so that, as Clarendon says, "not one man was found to stop the torrent," is known only from Clarendon's outline. But that outline shows how the speaker filled the thoughts of his hearers with a picture of the tyranny, before he named its chief author, the Earl of Strafford; and how he blended with the elements of indignation some lighter passages of the earl's vanity and amours, to mingle indignation with contempt and to banish fear.

Through the report of the Scotch Commissioner Baillie, we see the great trial, to which that of Warren Hastings was a parallel in splendor, but no parallel in interest: Westminster Hall filled with the Peers — the Commons — the foreign nobility, come to learn if they could a lesson in English politics — the ladies of quality, whose hearts (and we can pardon them) were all with

the great criminal who made so gallant and skillful a fight for life, and of whom it was said that like Ulysses he had not beauty, but he had the eloquence which moved a goddess to love. Among the mass of the audience the interest, intense at first, flagged as the immense process went on; and eating, drinking, loud talking, filled the intervals of the trial. But there was one whose interest did not flag. The royal throne was set for the King in his place; but the King was not there. He was with his queen in a private gallery, the latticework of which, in his eagerness to hear, he broke through with his own hands. And there he heard, among other things, these words of Pym: "If the histories of Eastern countries be pursued, whose princes order their affairs according to the mischievous principles of the Earl of Strafford, loose and absolved from all rules of government, they will be found to be frequent in combustions, full of massacres and of the tragical ends of princes."

I need not make selections from a speech so well known as that of Pym on the trial of Strafford. But hear one or two answers to fallacies which are not quite dead yet. To the charge of arbitrary government in Ireland, Strafford had pleaded that the Irish were a conquered nation. "They were a conquered nation," cries Pym. "There cannot be a word more pregnant or fruitful in treason than that word is. There are few nations in the world that have not been conquered, and no doubt but the conqueror may give what law he pleases to those that are conquered; but if the succeeding pacts and agreements do not limit and restrain that right, what people can be secure? England hath been conquered, and Wales hath been conquered; and by this reason will be in little better case than Ireland. If the king by the right of a conqueror gives laws to his people, shall not the people, by the same reason, be restored to the right of the conquered to recover their liberty if they can?" Strafford had alleged good intentions as an excuse for his evil counsels. "Sometimes, my lords," says Pym, "good and evil, truth and falsehood, lie so near together that they are hard to be distinguished. Matters hurtful and dangerous may be accompanied with such circumstances as may make them appear useful and convenient. But where the matters propounded are evil in their own nature, such as the matters are wherewith the Earl of Strafford is charged, as to break public faith and to subvert laws and government, they can never be justified by any intentions, how

good soever they be pretended." Again, to the plea that it was a time of great danger and necessity, Pym replies:—"If there were any necessity, it was of his own making: he, by his evil counsel, had brought the King into a necessity; and by no rules of justice can be allowed to gain this advantage by his own fault, as to make that a ground of his justification which is a great part of his offense."

Once, we are told, while Pym was speaking, his eyes met those of Strafford; and the speaker grew confused, lost the thread of his discourse, broke down beneath the haggard glance of his old friend. Let us never glorify revolution!

THE PURITAN COLONIES

From 'Lectures on the Study of History'

With popular government, the Puritans established popular education. They are the great authors of the system of common schools. They founded a college too, and that in dangerous and pinching times. Nor did their care fail, nor is it failing, to produce an intelligent people. A great literature is a thing of slow growth everywhere. The growth of American literature was retarded at first by Puritan severity, which forced even philosophy to put on a theological garb, and veiled the Necessarianism of Mr. Mill in the Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards. Now, perhaps, its growth is retarded by the sudden burst of commercial activity and wealth, the development of which our monopolies long restrained. One day, perhaps, this wealth may be used as nobly as the wealth of Florence; but for some time it will be spent in somewhat coarse pleasures by those who have suddenly won it. It is spent in somewhat coarse pleasures by those who have suddenly won it at Liverpool and Manchester, as well as at New York. One praise, at any rate, American literature may claim: it is *pure*. Here the spirit of the Pilgrims still holds its own. The public opinion of a free country is a restraining as well as a moving power. On the other hand, despotism, political or ecclesiastical, does not extinguish human liberty. That it may take away the liberty of reason, it gives the liberty of sense. It says to man, Do what you will, sin and shrive yourself; but eschew political improvement, and turn away your thoughts from truth.

The history of the Puritan Church in New England is one of enduring glory, of transient shame. Of transient shame, because there was a moment of intolerance and persecution; of enduring glory, because intolerance and persecution instantly gave way to perfect liberty of conscience and free allegiance to the truth. The founders of New England were Independents. When they went forth, their teacher had solemnly charged them to follow him no farther than they had seen him follow his Master. He had pointed to the warning example of churches which fancied that because Calvin and Luther were great and shining lights in their times, therefore there could be no light vouchsafed to man after theirs. "I beseech you remember it: it is an article of your Church covenant that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God." It was natural that the Puritan settlement should at first be a church rather than a State. To have given a share in its lands or its political franchise to those who were not of its communion would have been to make the receiver neither rich nor powerful, and the giver, as he might well think, poor and weak indeed. But the Communion grew into an Establishment; and the Puritan Synod, as well as the Council of Trent, must needs forget that it was the child of change, and build its barrier, though not a very unyielding one, across the river which flows forever. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, were partly secessions from Massachusetts, led by those who longed for perfect freedom; and in fairness to Massachusetts, it must be said that among those seceders were some in whose eyes freedom herself was scarcely free. The darkness of the Middle Ages must bear the blame if not a few were dazzled by the sudden return of light. The name of Providence, the capital of Rhode Island, is the thank-offering of Roger Williams, to whose wayward and disputatious spirit much may be forgiven if he first clearly proclaimed, and first consistently practiced, the perfect doctrine of liberty of conscience, the sole guarantee for real religion, the sole trustworthy guardian of the truth. That four Quakers should have suffered death in a colony founded by fugitives from persecution, is a stain on the history of the free churches of America, like the stain on the robe of Marcus Aurelius, like the stain on the escutcheon of the Black Prince. It is true there was no Inquisition, no searching of conscience; that the persecutors warned their victims away, and sought to be quit of them, not to take

their blood; that the Quakers thrust themselves on their fate in their frenzied desire for martyrdom. All this at most renders less deep by one degree the dye of religious murder. The weapon was instantly wrested from the hand of fanaticism by the humane instinct of a free people; and the blood of those four victims sated in the New World the demon who in the Old World, between persecutions and religious wars, has drunk the blood of millions, and is scarcely sated yet. If the robe of religion in the New World was less rich than in the Old, it was all but pure of those red stains, compared with which the stains upon the robe of worldly ambition, scarlet though they be, are white as wool. In the New World there was no Inquisition, no St. Bartholomew, no Thirty Years' War; in the New World there was no Voltaire. If we would do Voltaire justice, criminal and fatal as his destructive levity was, we have only to read his 'Cry of Innocent Blood,' and we shall see that the thing he assailed was not Christianity, much less God. The American sects, indeed, soon added to the number of those variations of the Protestant churches, which, contrasted with the majestic unity of Rome, furnished a proud argument to Bossuet. Had Bossuet lived to see what came forth at the Revolution from under the unity of the Church of France, he might have doubted whether unity was so united; as, on the other hand, if he had seen the practical union of the free churches of America for the weightier matters of religion, which Tocqueville observed, he might have doubted whether variation was so various. It would have been too much to ask a Bossuet to consider whether, looking to the general dealings of Providence with man, the variations of free and conscientious inquirers are an absolute proof that free and conscientious inquiry is not the road to religious truth.

In Maryland, Roman Catholicism itself, having tasted of the cup it had made others drink to the dregs, and being driven to the asylum of oppressed consciences, proclaimed the principle of toleration. In Maryland the Church of Alva and Torquemada grew, bloodless and blameless; and thence it has gone forth, as it was in its earlier and more apostolic hour, to minister to the now large Roman Catholic population of the United States, whatever of good and true, in the great schism of humanity, may have remained on the worse and falser side. For in Maryland it had no overgrown wealth and power to defend against the advance of truth. Bigotry, the mildest of all vices, has the worst

things laid to her charge. That wind of free discipline, which, to use Bacon's image, winnows the chaff of error from the grain of truth, is in itself welcome to man as the breeze of evening. It is when it threatens to winnow away, not the chaff of error alone, but princely bishoprics of Strasburg and Toledo, that its breath becomes pestilence, and Christian love is compelled to torture and burn the infected sheep in order to save from infection the imperiled flock.

There have been wild religious sects in America. But cannot history show sects as wild in the Old World? Is not Mormonism itself fed by the wild apocalyptic visions, and the dreams of a kinder and happier social state, which haunt the peasantry in the more neglected parts of our own country? Have not the wildest and most fanatical sects in history arisen when the upper classes have turned religion into policy, and left the lower classes, who knew nothing of policy, to guide or misguide themselves into the truth? New England was fast peopled by the flower of the Puritan party, and the highest Puritan names were blended with its history. Among its elective governors was Vane, even then wayward as pure, even then suspected of being more republican than Puritan. It saw also the darker presence of Hugh Peters. While the day went hard with freedom and the Protestant cause in England, the tide set steadily westward; it turned, when the hour of retaliation came, to the great Armageddon of Westminster and Naseby; after the Restoration it set to the West again. In New England, Puritanism continued to reign with all that was solemn, austere, strange in its spirit, manners, language, garb, when in England its dominion, degenerating into tyranny, had met with a half-merited overthrow. In New England three of the judges of Charles I. found a safer refuge than Holland could afford; and there one of them lived to see the scales once more hung out in heaven, the better part of his own cause triumphant once more, and William sit on the Protector's throne.

Among the emigrants were clergymen, Oxford and Cambridge scholars, high-born men and women; for in that moving age the wealthiest often vied with the poorest in indifference to worldly interest and devotion to a great cause. Even peers of the Puritan party thought of becoming citizens of Massachusetts, but had enough of the peer in them to desire still to have a hereditary seat in the councils of the State. Massachusetts answered this

demand by the hand of one who had himself made a great sacrifice, and without republican bluster: "When God blesseth any branch of any noble or generous family with a spirit and gifts fit for government, it would be a taking of God's name in vain to put such a talent under a bushel, and a sin against the honor of magistracy to neglect such in our public elections. But if God should not delight to furnish some of their posterity with gifts fit for magistracy, we should enforce them rather to reproach and prejudice than exalt them to honor, if we should call those forth whom God doth not to public authority." The Venetian seems to be the only great aristocracy in history, the origin of which is not traceable to the accident of conquest; and the origin even of the Venetian aristocracy may perhaps be traced to the accident of prior settlement and the contagious example of neighboring States. That which has its origin in accident may prove useful and live long; it may even survive itself under another name, as the Roman patriciate, as the Norman nobility, survived themselves under the form of a mixed aristocracy of birth, political influence, and wealth. But it can flourish only in its native soil. Transplant it, and it dies. The native soil of feudal aristocracy is a feudal kingdom, with great estates held together by the law or custom of primogeniture in succession to land. The New England colonies rejected primogeniture with the other institutions of the Middle Ages, and adopted the anti-feudal custom of equal inheritance, under the legal and ancestral name of gavelkind. It was Saxon England emerging from the Norman rule. This rule of succession to property, and the equality with which it is distributed, are the basis of the republican institutions of New England. To transfer those institutions to countries where that basis does not exist would be almost as absurd as to transfer to modern society the Roman laws of the Twelve Tables or the Capitularies of Charlemagne.

In New York, New Jersey, Delaware, settlements formed by the energy of Dutch and Swedish Protestantism have been absorbed by the greater energy of the Anglo-Saxons. The rising empire of his faith beyond the Atlantic did not fail to attract the soaring imagination of Gustavus: it was in his thoughts when he set out for Lützen. But the most remarkable of the American colonies, after the New England group, is Pennsylvania. We are rather surprised, on looking at the portrait of the gentle and eccentric founder of the Society of Friends, to see a very comely

youth dressed in complete armor. Penn was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman; heir to a fine estate, and to all the happiness and beauty, which he was not without a heart to feel, of English manorial life. "You are an ingenious gentleman," said a magistrate before whom he was brought for his Quaker extravagances: "why do you make yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?" In the Old World he could only hope to found a society; in the New World he might hope to found a nation, of which the law should be love. The Constitution he framed for Philadelphia, on pure republican principles, was to be "for the support of power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power. For liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery." He excluded himself and his heirs from the founder's bane of authority over his own creation. It is as a reformer of criminal law, perhaps, that he has earned his brightest and most enduring fame. The codes and customs of feudal Europe were lavish of servile or plebeian blood. In the republic of New England the life of every man was precious; and the criminal law was far more humane than that of Europe — though tainted with the dark Judaism of the Puritans, with the cruel delusion which they shared with the rest of the world on the subject of witchcraft, and with their overstrained severity in punishing crimes of sense. Penn confined capital punishment to the crimes of treason and murder. Two centuries afterward, the arguments of Romilly and the legislation of Peel convinced Penn's native country that these reveries of his, the dictates of wisdom which sprang from his heart, were sober truth. We are now beginning to see the reality of another of his dreams: the dream of making the prison not a jail only, but a place of reformation. Of the two errors in government, that of treating men like angels and that of treating them like beasts, he did something to show that the one to which he leaned was the less grave; for Philadelphia grew up like an olive-branch beneath his fostering hand.

In the Carolinas, the old settlement of Coligny was repeopled with English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Swiss; the motley elements which will blend with Hollander and Swede to form in America the most mixed, and on one theory the greatest of all races. The philosophic hand of Locke attempted to create for this colony a highly elaborate constitution, judged at the time a masterpiece of

political art. Georgia bears the name of the second king of that line whose third king was to lose all. Its philanthropic founder, Oglethorpe, struggled to exclude slavery; but an evil policy and the neighborhood of the West Indies baffled his endeavors. Here Wesley preached, here Whitfield; and Whitfield, too anxious to avoid offense that he might be permitted to save souls, paid a homage to the system of slavery, and made a sophistical apology for it, which weigh heavily against the merits of a great apostle of the poor.

For some time all the colonies, whatever their nominal government,—whether they were under the Crown, under single proprietors, under companies, or under free charters,—enjoyed, in spite of chronic negotiation and litigation with the powers in England, a large measure of practical independence. James I. was weak; Charles I. and Laud had soon other things to think of; the Long Parliament were disposed to be arrogant, but the Protector was magnanimous; and finally, Charles II., careless of everything on this side the water, was still more careless of everything on that side, and Clarendon was not too stiff for prerogative to give a liberal charter to a colony of which he was himself a patentee. Royal governors, indeed, sometimes tried to overact the King, and the folly of Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, all but forestalled—and well would it have been if it had quite forestalled—the folly of Lord North. With this exception, the colonies rested content and proud beneath the shadow of England, and no thought of a general confederation or absolute independence ever entered into their minds.

As they grew rich, we tried to interfere with their manufactures and monopolize their trade. It was unjust and it was foolish. The proof of its folly is the noble trade that has sprung up between us since our government lost all power of checking the course of nature. But this was the injustice and the folly of the time. No such excuse can be made for the attempt to tax the colonies—in defiance of the first principles of English government—begun by narrow-minded incompetence and continued by insensate pride. It is miserable to see what true affection was there flung away. Persecuted and excited, the founders of New England, says one of their historians, did not cry Farewell Rome, Farewell Babylon! They cried, Farewell dear England! And this was their spirit even far into the fatal quarrel. "You have been told," they said to the British Parliament, after the subversion of the chartered liberties of Massachusetts, "you

have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independence. Be assured that these are not facts, but calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the whole empire; we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interest as our own. But if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind; if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the Constitution, nor the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause,—we must then tell you that we will never submit to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for any nation in the world." What was this but the voice of those who framed the Petition of Right and the Great Charter? Franklin alone, perhaps, of the leading Americans, by the dishonorable publication of an exasperating correspondence which he had improperly obtained, shared with Grenville, Townshend, and Lord North, the guilt of bringing this great disaster on the English race.

There could be but one issue to a war in which England was fighting against her better self; or rather, in which England fought on one side and a corrupt ministry and Parliament on the other. The Parliament of that day was not national; and though the nation was excited by the war when once commenced, it by no means follows that a national Parliament would have commenced it. The great national leader rejoiced that the Americans had resisted. But disease, or that worse enemy which hovers so close to genius, deprived us of Chatham at the most critical hour.

One thing there was in that civil war on which both sides may look back with pride. In spite of deep provocation and intense bitterness, in spite of the unwarrantable employment of foreign troops and the infamous employment of Indians on our side, and the exasperating interference of the French on the side of the Americans, the struggle was conducted on the whole with great humanity. Compared with the French Revolution, it was a contest between men with noble natures and a fight between infuriated beasts. Something, too, it is that from that struggle should have arisen the character of Washington, to teach all ages, and especially those which are inclined to worship violence, the greatness of moderation and civil duty. It has

been truly said that there is one spectacle more grateful to Heaven than a good man in adversity,—a good man successful in a great cause. Deeper happiness cannot be conceived than that of the years which Washington passed at Mount Vernon, looking back upon the life of arduous command held without a selfish thought, and laid down without a stain.

The loss of the American colonies was perhaps, in itself, a gain to both countries. It was a gain, as it emancipated commerce, and gave free course to those reciprocal streams of wealth which a restrictive policy had forbidden to flow. It was a gain, as it put an end to an obsolete tutelage, which tended to prevent America betimes to walk alone, while it gave England only the puerile and somewhat dangerous pleasure of reigning over those whom she did not and could not govern, but whom she was tempted to harass and insult. A source of military strength colonies can hardly be. You prevent them from forming proper military establishments of their own, and you drag them into your quarrels at the price of undertaking their defense. The inauguration of free trade was in fact the renunciation of the only solid object for which our ancestors clung to an invidious and perilous supremacy, and exposed the heart of England by scattering her fleets and armies over the globe. It was not the loss of the colonies, but the quarrel, that was one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest disaster that ever befell the English race. Who would not give up Blenheim and Waterloo if only the two Englands could have parted from each other in kindness and in peace; if our statesmen could have had the wisdom to say to the Americans generously and at the right season, "You are Englishmen like ourselves: be, for your own happiness and our honor, like ourselves, a nation"? But English statesmen, with all their greatness, have seldom known how to anticipate necessity; too often the sentence of history on their policy has been that it was wise, just, and generous, but "too late." Too often have they waited for the teaching of disaster. Time will heal this, like other wounds. In signing away his own empire over America, George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue. But though the wound will heal,—and that it may heal, ought to be the earnest desire of the whole English name,—history can never cancel the fatal page which robs England of half the glory and half the happiness of being the mother of a great nation.

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SYDNEY SMITH

(1771–1845)

SYDNEY SMITH'S reputation as an English wit is solid,—if that word can be applied to so volatile a quality. But wit that endures generally implies other characteristics behind it; and Sydney Smith is no exception. He was a man of great intellect; an advanced thinker on politics, philosophy, and religion, and one of the most potent and salutary influences of his day in England. His brilliant social traits should not obscure this fact. Naturally, however, it is the sparkling *bon-mot* that is easiest remembered. He had the art, as had few men of his time, of saying a deep or pregnant thing in a light way.

SYDNEY SMITH

He was the son of an English country gentleman of marked eccentricity of character, and was born at Woodford, Essex, June 3d, 1771. He went to Winchester school; then to Oxford, where he was a Fellow in 1792. A brief residence in Normandy gave him a command of the French language. His subsequent career was that of a talented and ambitious cleric in the Church of England. It is significant that the bar, not the pulpit, was his choice for a profession: it is easy to see that he would have been successful in the former calling. In 1794 he became curate of a remote parish on Salisbury Plains; and in 1796 went to Edinburgh, where he officiated for five years at an Episcopal chapel. It was during this Edinburgh residence that he formed the intimacy with Brougham, Jeffrey, and other clever young literary men, which resulted in 1802 in the foundation of the Edinburgh Review, with Sydney Smith as chief editor. He contributed seven articles to the first number, and kept up his connection with the magazine as a contributor for a quarter of a century. The position taken by this famous review was largely due to the impress given to it by Sydney Smith. From Edinburgh he went to London, and was a popular preacher there until 1806, when he was given the Yorkshire living of Foston-le-Clay; in 1809 he received that of

Heslington near York, where he remained until 1828. It was characteristic of the man that he proved a faithful, hard-working country parson. In this year he received the appointment of canon of Bristol, from which he was transferred to London, as resident canon of St. Paul's, living in the capital for the rest of his days, and dying there on February 22d, 1845. It has always been believed that had he not been throughout a consistent and sturdy Whig, and hence on the unpopular side, he would have died a bishop. For a dozen years or more, in London, he was not only an intellectual force but a social light, famous for his good-fellowship, a *persona grata* in drawing-rooms. His fund of animal spirits was unfailing. The conjunction of such intellectual powers with social gifts and graces is rare indeed. Yet physically, he was bulky and ungraceful, his face heavy and plain; and he was by no means a ladies' man in the usual sense of that term.

The first characteristic publication of Sydney Smith was the 'Letters on the Subject of the Catholics: To my Brother Abraham, who Lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley' (1807–8); it was issued anonymously, and had a decided influence in securing Roman Catholic emancipation. The lectures on moral philosophy — delivered at London, and attracting large and fashionable audiences in spite of the abstruse nature of the subject — were not published till 1849, Jeffrey being the editor. Sydney Smith's other published writings embraced sermons, occasional discourses, and essays on political and social themes. In 1856 appeared 'The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith,' with a biography and notes by E. A. Duyckinck. The memoir by his daughter, Lady Holland, gives an idea of his trenchant table-talk; and valuable material is contained in Stuart J. Reid's 'Life and Times of Sydney Smith' (1884). Any one who takes the trouble to read Sydney Smith's serious writings will see plainly that his wit and satire were but light-arm weapons used for serious purposes and in noble and enlightened causes. Macaulay remarked that he was the greatest master of ridicule in England since Swift. Doubtless this is true. But equally true is Sir Henry Holland's claim that "if he had not been the greatest and most brilliant of wits, he would have been the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers; and if he had not been distinguished for these, he would have been the most eminent and the purest writer of English."

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

A GREAT deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious,—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. . . .

There is in either sex a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other; and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing that a higher degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men. Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest than a cause of contention. Indeed, to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes, is so very ridiculous that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted. The same desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women. We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance. It would appear, from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civilizer of the world. Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant; they manage their household, only because they are ignorant; they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess we have all our lives been so ignorant as not to know the value of ignorance. We

have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women to their being well taught in moral and religious duty; to the hazardous situation in which they are placed; to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action; and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands. After all, let it be remembered we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex,—we would not hazard such a proposition respecting anything; but we are saying that upon the whole, it is the best method of employing time, and that there are fewer objections to it than to any other method. There are perhaps fifty thousand females in Great Britain who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labor: but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilization. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed; the ill treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence and without the power of complaining: and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day; of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theatre for a woman is the sick-chamber;" "Nothing so honorable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of *Noodledom*, are grown into commonplaces upon the subject; and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned

virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence, all of short duration, or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister, and brother, if they want it: it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations; when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a plowman, and the third a merchant; and then, acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education. . . .

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation; and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalies and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology—though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images, and illustrations; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for

observing that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life; teach them that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine, not to gratify his palate but to forget his cares: he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes; it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years: they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart; if they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself

is respected for what it once contained. But women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard everything upon one cast of the die: when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill,—they are flowers destined to perish: but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connection between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle; and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing these effects. It might almost be supposed, from the dread which the propagation of knowledge has excited, that there was some great secret which was to be kept in impenetrable obscurity; that all moral rules were a species of delusion and imposture, the detection of which, by the improvement of the understanding, would be attended with the most fatal consequences to all, and particularly to women. If we could possibly understand what these great secrets were, we might perhaps be disposed to concur in their preservation; but believing that all the salutary rules which are imposed on women are the result of true wisdom, and productive of the greatest happiness, we cannot understand how they are to become less sensible of this truth in proportion as their power of discovering truth in general is increased, and the habit of viewing questions with accuracy and comprehension established by education. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger: their dread of abuses is so much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries, and libels. It is true that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on

its application. But trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad,—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself with infusing the mere ability to acquire; but giving the power, he gives it with a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power: so that an educated person is not only one with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity, a disposition better cultivated, and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted: Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of better and higher things,—we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceed from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please which is productive of the greatest part of civilization and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which in a great majority of instances are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of man. If women knew more, men must learn more; for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favors public morals: it provides for every season of life, as well as for the

brightest and the best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge,—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.

JOHN BULL'S CHARITY SUBSCRIPTIONS

THE English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

"OUR Wise Ancestors"—"The Wisdom of our Ancestors"—"The Wisdom of Ages"—"Venerable Antiquity"—"Wisdom of Old Times."—This mischievous and absurd fallacy springs from the grossest perversion of the meaning of words. Experience is certainly the mother of wisdom, and the old have of course a greater experience than the young; but the question is, Who are the old? and who are the young? Of *individuals* living at the same period, the oldest has of course the greatest experience; but among *generations* of men, the reverse of this is true. Those who come first (our ancestors) are the young people, and have the least experience. We have added to their experience the experience of many centuries; and therefore, as far as experience goes, are wiser and more capable of forming an opinion than they were. The real feeling should be, *not*, Can we be so presumptuous as to put our opinions in opposition to those of our ancestors? but, Can such young, ignorant, inexperienced persons as our ancestors necessarily were, be expected to have understood a subject as well as those who have seen so much more, lived so much longer, and enjoyed the experience of so many centuries?

All this cant, then, about our ancestors, is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas (as we have before observed) of living men the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience; of generations the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience. Our ancestors, up to the Conquest, were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne: and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply. We are not disputing with our ancestors the palm of talent, in which they may or may not be our superiors; but the palm of experience, in which it is utterly impossible they can be our superiors. And yet, whenever the Chancellor comes forward to protect some abuse, or to oppose some plan which has the increase of human happiness for its object, his first appeal is always to the wisdom of our ancestors; and he himself, and many noble lords who vote with him, are to this hour persuaded that all alterations and amendments on their devices are an unblushing controversy between youthful temerity and mature experience! and so in truth they are; only that much-loved magistrate mistakes the young for the old and the old for the young, and is guilty of that very sin against experience which he attributes to the lovers of innovation.

We cannot, of course, be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently maintain, that when we find it expedient to change anything which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they. The quantity of talent is always varying in any great nation. To say that we are more or less able than our ancestors, is an assertion that requires to be explained. All the able men of all ages, who have ever lived in England, probably possessed, if taken altogether, more intellect than all the able men now in England can boast of. But if authority must be resorted to rather than reason, the question is, What was the wisdom of that single age which enacted the law, compared with the wisdom of the age which proposes to alter it? What are the eminent men of one and the other period? If you say that our ancestors were wiser than us, mention your date and year. If the splendor of names is equal, are the circumstances the same? If the circumstances

are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure.

It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricolous persons in the Commons, crying out, "Ancestors, Ancestors! *hodie non!* Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig, help us! Howel, Ethelwolf, protect us!" Any cover for nonsense — any veil for trash — any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and of duty!

LATIN VERSES

That vast advantages, then, may be derived from classical learning, there can be no doubt. The advantages which are derived from classical learning by the English manner of teaching, involve another and a very different question; and we will venture to say that there never was a more complete instance in any country of such extravagant and overacted attachment to any branch of knowledge, as that which obtains in this country with regard to classical knowledge. A young Englishman goes to school at six or seven years old; and he remains in a course of education till twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. In all that time, his sole and exclusive occupation is learning Latin and Greek: he has scarcely a notion that there is any other kind of excellence; and the great system of facts with which he is the most perfectly acquainted are the intrigues of the heathen gods: with whom Pan slept? — with whom Jupiter? — whom Apollo ravished? These facts the English youth get by heart the moment they quit the nursery; and are most sedulously and industriously instructed in them till the best and most active part of life is passed away. Now, this long career of classical learning we may, if we please, denominate a foundation; but it is a foundation so far above-ground, that there is absolutely no room to put anything upon it. If you occupy a man with one thing till he is twenty-four years of age, you have exhausted all his leisure time: he is called into the world, and compelled to act; or is surrounded with pleasures, and thinks and reads no more. If you have neglected to put other things in him, they will never get in afterward; if you have fed him only with words, he will remain a narrow and limited being to the end of his existence.

The bias given to men's minds is so strong, that it is no uncommon thing to meet with Englishmen, whom, but for their gray hairs and wrinkles, we might easily mistake for schoolboys. Their talk is of Latin verses; and it is quite clear, if men's ages are to be dated from the state of their mental progress, that such men are eighteen years of age, and not a day older. Their minds have been so completely possessed by exaggerated notions of classical learning, that they have not been able, in the great school of the world, to form any other notion of real greatness. Attend, too, to the public feelings; look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! a scholar! a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning: it is chemistry or political economy — not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of "scholar," is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μι. The picture from which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws his *beau idéal* of human nature — his top and consummation of man's powers — is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist, of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith or Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, Bentley and Heyne? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubt whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μι.

Another misfortune of classical learning as taught in England is, that scholars have come, in process of time and from

the effects of association, to love the instrument better than the end; not the luxury which the difficulty incloses, but the difficulty; not the filbert, but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself. It is not so much the man who has mastered the wisdom of the ancients, that is valued, as he who displays his knowledge of the vehicle in which that wisdom is conveyed. The glory is to show I am a scholar. The good sense and ingenuity I may gain by my acquaintance with ancient authors is matter of opinion; but if I bestow an immensity of pains upon a point of accent or quantity, this is something positive; I establish my pretensions to the name of a scholar, and gain the credit of learning while I sacrifice all its utility.

Another evil in the present system of classical education is the extraordinary perfection which is aimed at in teaching those languages; a needless perfection; an accuracy which is sought for in nothing else. There are few boys who remain to the age of eighteen or nineteen at a public school, without making above ten thousand Latin verses,—a greater number than is contained in the Æneid; and after he has made this quantity of verses in a dead language, unless the poet should happen to be a very weak man indeed, he never makes another as long as he lives. It may be urged, and it is urged, that this is of use in teaching the delicacies of the language. No doubt it is of use for this purpose, if we put out of view the immense time and trouble sacrificed in gaining these little delicacies. It would be of use that we should go on till fifty years of age making Latin verses, if the price of a whole life were not too much to pay for it. We effect our object; but we do it at the price of something greater than our object. And whence comes it that the expenditure of life and labor is totally put out of the calculation, when Latin and Greek are to be attained? In every other occupation, the question is fairly stated between the attainment and the time employed in the pursuit: but in classical learning, it seems to be sufficient if the least possible good is gained by the greatest possible exertion; if the end is anything, and the means everything. It is of some importance to speak and write French, and innumerable delicacies would be gained by writing ten thousand French verses; but it makes no part of our education to write French poetry. It is of some importance that there should be good botanists; but no botanist can repeat by heart the names of all the plants in the known world: nor is any astronomer acquainted with the appellation and magnitude of every star in

the map of the heavens. The only department of human knowledge in which there can be no excess, no arithmetic, no balance of profit and loss, is classical learning.

The prodigious honor in which Latin verses are held at public schools is surely the most absurd of all absurd distinctions. You rest all reputation upon doing that which is a natural gift, and which no labor can attain. If a lad won't learn the words of a language, his degradation in the school is a very natural punishment for his disobedience or his indolence; but it would be as reasonable to expect that all boys should be witty, or beautiful, as that they should be poets. In either case, it would be to make an accidental, unattainable, and not a very important gift of nature, the only, or the principal, test of merit. This is the reason why boys who make a very considerable figure at school so very often make no figure in the world; and why other lads, who are passed over without notice, turn out to be valuable, important men. The test established in the world is widely different from that established in a place which is presumed to be a preparation for the world; and the head of a public school, who is a perfect miracle to his contemporaries, finds himself shrink into absolute insignificance, because he has nothing else to command respect or regard but a talent for fugitive poetry in a dead language.

The present state of classical education cultivates the imagination a great deal too much, and other habits of mind a great deal too little; and trains up many young men in a style of elegant imbecility, utterly unworthy of the talents with which nature has endowed them. It may be said there are profound investigations, and subjects quite powerful enough for any understanding, to be met with in classical literature. So there are: but no man likes to add the difficulties of a language to the difficulties of a subject; and to study metaphysics, morals, and politics in Greek, when the Greek alone is study enough without them. In all foreign languages, the most popular works are works of imagination. Even in the French language, which we know so well, for one serious work which has any currency in this country, we have twenty which are mere works of imagination. This is still more true in classical literature, because what their poets and orators have left us is of infinitely greater value than the remains of their philosophy: for as society advances, men think more accurately and deeply, and imagine more tamely; works of reasoning advance, and works of fancy decay. So that

the matter of fact is, that a classical scholar of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age is a man principally conversant with works of imagination. His feelings are quick, his fancy lively, and his taste good. Talents for speculation and original inquiry he has none; nor has he formed the invaluable habit of pushing things up to their first principles, or of collecting dry and unamusing facts as the materials of reasoning. All the solid and masculine parts of his understanding are left wholly without cultivation; he hates the pain of thinking, and suspects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend his opinions and prove his assertions.

MRS. SIDDONS

I NEVER go to tragedies: my heart is too soft. There is too much real misery in life. But what a face she had! The gods do not bestow such a face as Mrs. Siddons's on the stage more than once in a century. I knew her very well, and she had the good taste to laugh heartily at my jokes; she was an excellent person, but she was not remarkable out of her profession, and never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to *stab* the potatoes; and said, "Boy, give me a knife!" as she would have said, "Give me the dagger!"

DOGS

NO, I DON'T like dogs: I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" but she did not think it sentimental enough. You remember the story of the French marquise, who, when her pet lap-dog bit a piece out of her footman's leg, exclaimed, "Ah, poor little beast! I hope it won't make him sick." I called one day on Mrs. ——, and her lap-dog flew at my leg and bit it. After pitying her dog, like the French marquise, she did all she could to comfort me by assuring me the dog was a Dissenter, and hated the Church, and was brought up in a Tory family. But whether the bite came from madness or Dissent, I knew myself too well to neglect it; and went on the instant to a surgeon and had it cut out, making a mem. on the way to enter that house no more.

HAND-SHAKING

On meeting a young lady who had just entered the garden, and shaking hands with her, "I must," he said, "give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. Lister, when he was here, illustrated some of them. Ask Mrs. Sydney to show you his sketches of them when you go in. There is the *high official*,—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin. There is the *mortmain*,—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The *digital*,—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the *shakus rusticus*, where your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the Metropolis; but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the *retentive shake*,—one which, beginning with vigor, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you. There are other varieties, but this is enough for one lesson."

SMALL MEN

An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person; and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with,—his intellect is improperly exposed."

MACAULAY

To take Macaulay out of literature and society, and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence.

"Oh yes! we both talk a great deal; but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice," he exclaimed laughing. "Sometimes when I have told a good story, I have thought to

myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that."

I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches.

Yes, I agree, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title, before him in vain. He has an honest genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests.

SPECIE AND SPECIES

Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion that of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, and that his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

REVIEW OF THE NOVEL 'GRANBY'

The main question as to a novel is, Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects, it is good; if it does not,—story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it

must do that, or it does nothing. Now, 'Granby'* seems to us to answer this test extremely well: it produces unpunctuality, makes the reader too late for dinner, impatient of contradiction, and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman lately from the Pyramids or the Upper Cataracts is let loose upon the drawing-room. The objection indeed to these compositions, when they are well done, is, that it is impossible to do anything or perform any human duty while we are engaged in them. Who can read Mr. Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' or extract the root of an impossible quantity, or draw up a bond, when he is in the middle of Mr. Trebeck and Lady Charlotte Duncan? How can the boy's lesson be heard, about the Jove-nourished Achilles, or his six miserable verses upon Dido be corrected, when Henry Granby and Mr. Courtenay are both making love to Miss Jermyn? Common life palls in the middle of these artificial scenes. All is emotion when the book is open; all dull, flat, and feeble, when it is shut.

Granby, a young man of no profession, living with an old uncle in the country, falls in love with Miss Jermyn, and Miss Jermyn with him; but Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn, as the young gentleman is not rich, having discovered by long living in the world, and patient observation of its ways, that young people are commonly Malthus-proof and have children, and that young and old must eat, very naturally do what they can to discourage the union. The young people, however, both go to town; meet at balls; flutter, blush, look and cannot speak; speak and cannot look; suspect, misinterpret, are sad and mad, peevish and jealous, fond and foolish: but the passion, after all, seems less near to its accomplishment at the end of the season than the beginning. The uncle of Granby, however, dies, and leaves to his nephew a statement, accompanied with the requisite proofs, that Mr. Tyrrel, the supposed son of Lord Malton, is illegitimate, and that he, Granby, is the heir to Lord Malton's fortune. The second volume is now far advanced, and it is time for Lord Malton to die. Accordingly Mr. Lister very judiciously dispatches him; Granby inherits the estate; his virtues (for what shows off virtue like land?) are discovered by the Jermyns; and they marry in the last act.

* 'Granby,' a novel by Thomas Henry Lister, noticed by Sydney Smith in the Edinburgh Review of February 1826.

Upon this slender story, the author has succeeded in making a very agreeable and interesting novel: and he has succeeded, we think, chiefly by the very easy and natural picture of manners as they really exist among the upper classes; by the description of new characters, judiciously drawn and faithfully preserved; and by the introduction of many striking and well-managed incidents And we are particularly struck throughout the whole with the discretion and good sense of the author. He is never *nimious;* there is nothing in excess: there is a good deal of fancy and a great deal of spirit at work, but a directing and superintending judgment rarely quits him. . . .

Tremendous is the power of a novelist! If four or five men are in a room, and show a disposition to break the peace, no human magistrate (not even Mr. Justice Bayley) could do more than bind them over to keep the peace, and commit them if they refused. But the writer of the novel stands with a pen in his hand, and can run any of them through the body,—can knock down any one individual and keep the others upon their legs; or like the last scene in the first tragedy written by a young man of genius, can put them all to death. Now, an author possessing such extraordinary privileges should not have allowed Mr. Tyrrel to strike Granby. This is ill managed; particularly as Granby does not return the blow, or turn him out of the house. Nobody should suffer his hero to have a black eye, or to be pulled by the nose. The Iliad would never have come down to these times if Agamemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the Æneid if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious Æneas in the fourth book. Æneas may have deserved it; but he could not have founded the Roman Empire after so distressing an accident.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

(1721–1771)

BY PITTS DUFFIELD

SMOLLETT is probably one of the least "literary" of the names that live in English literature. For a long time, it is true, the critics took him over-seriously. The people who first had the task of writing his biography and estimating his genius set the example. There is an edition of his works in 1797, twenty-six years after his death, in which Dr. John Moore, before beginning the life of his subject, feels obliged to expend himself upon 'A View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance.' It is a dissertation which the eighteenth-century folks would have called "learned and ingenious." It begins with a "contrast between the manners of the Greeks and Romans and those of the Goths," examines the condition of knight-errantry in the Middle Age, postulates Prince Arthur and Charlemagne as the two original heroes of romance, touches upon the troubadours, Dante, Cervantes, and concludes with the products of Tobias Smollett. Subsequent writers, continuing the inquiries thus set on foot, have tried, though in vain, to ascribe to him some special contribution to letters, or some special importance in the evolution of the English novel. The fact is, that Smollett himself would have been the first to jeer at these attempts to deal scientifically with him. He might have exclaimed, as he makes some one do in 'Humphrey Clinker,' that he would as soon expect "to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale" deriving itself from the feudal system. Altogether, it is not hard to find reasons why his popularity survives most genuinely among people whose interests are uncritical and unliterary.

SMOLLETT

For one thing, he is nothing if not typical of the English writers who, without the genius which invents or the subtler genius which makes old matter new, succeed nevertheless by the sheer force of their British vigor in gaining a place by their more laborious brothers. In all Smollett's novels, where there is little anyway that is not

external in its aspects and observations, one finds nothing which has not its origin in the actual experiences of his own life. Born in 1721 in Dalquhurn, in Dumbartonshire, of a good family but of a younger son, he was dependent all his life on what he could earn himself; and believing himself to be of a literary taste, he set out, after some education and an apprenticeship to a surgeon in Glasgow, upon the high-road to London. His tragedy, with which he had armed himself,—'The Regicide,' a story drawn from the powerful romance of Scottish history, but treated in the hopeless pseudo-classic manner,—came to nothing; and in 1741 he got an appointment as surgeon's mate on one of the ships of the expedition to Carthagena. It was on this voyage that he met Miss Anne Lascelles, a reputed Jamaica heiress, whose name he characteristically converted into Nancy Lassells. Next, after unsuccessful attempts at practice in London and in Bath, he cooked up some of his adventures in 'Roderick Random,' and for the first time was fairly successful. 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom,' a translation of 'Don Quixote,' the editorship of the Critical Review, his 'History of England,' 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' and occasional poems and satires, were some of the means by which he sought subsistence. In the mean time he had traveled for his health in France and Italy; in 1771, soon after finishing 'Humphrey Clinker,' he died at Leghorn; and is celebrated there, and on the banks of the Leven in Scotland, by monuments with ponderous Latin epitaphs. One of the epitaphs is on the theme of genius unappreciated; and the life on the whole was indeed not happy. Macaulay is not much too rhetorical when he says Smollett was most of the time "surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers."

It is from such company and such adventures — the same, be it noted, which are supposed to be valuable in the modern reporter's stock in trade — that Smollett gets his distinguishing characteristic: a fund of coarse but lively humor. Dr. John Moore says somewhat mildly that "in the ardor of his satirical and humorous chase, Dr. Smollett sometimes leaves delicacy too far behind." The frankest and healthiest way to state the question is to say that it is not a question of delicacy at all. A certain coarseness of fibre in the English, often their strength and not always their reproach, was first touched upon fearlessly by the shrewd and observant Hawthorne. What many brave or useful or wise men in many ages have seldom been completely without, can hardly be condemned in Smollett because with him it is undisguised. He had not the grace of the French, the specious pathos of Sterne, or the deliberate euphemism of the mawkish modern drama, to conceal the primal instincts of his nature. People have called Smollett foul; but this, in certain moods,

may seem as wide of the mark as to call him simply indelicate. 'The Adventures of an Atom' are mentioned with a shudder when it is necessary to mention them at all, yet they are scarcely worse than the occasional conversation of very reputable medical students in all times. It may be questioned, finally, whether it is any hurt to a language to have nothing but specifically vulgar names for vulgar things, and so escape the deification of lubricity to which less robust nations commit themselves. Vigorous and outspoken, irreverent, and sometimes too high-tempered, Smollett is a pervading exemplar of the British humorist. He has indeed the scorn of affectation, which, in spite of his exclusion from any evolutionary scheme of things, may be regarded as one distinguishing trait of the modern funny man. His attitude toward the Venus de Medici and the Pantheon in Rome — which, in the case of the Venus at any rate, is after all not so very discordant with modern æsthetic appreciation — may be said, half in earnest, to stand for the kind of thing Mark Twain and others have done in our own day. «The Pantheon,» he declares, «after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit open at the top;» and the world of connoisseurs was in arms at once. Sterne satirized him as the «learned Smelfungus, who set out with the spleen and the jaundice.» But whether it was the jaundice or the spleen, the people who read Smollett — who are rarely the people who read only for the name of the thing — are just the ones to like him for being thoroughly, if a bit brutally, honest. People who read him to study him, moreover, may remember with advantage that it is just this direct and unaffected habit of expression that gives him his hold on life. Editions of his works have been numerous and handy; and many a reader who would yawn over more delicate tales, however seductive, finds himself diverted by his pages. «Since Granville was turned out,» he says, «there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig.» That is the way to say things for the average man, bent less on the speculations of art than on hearty sense. The coarseness, or the foulness, which people condemn in him, is perhaps the same at bottom with the instinct that makes his style to-day still readable and vigorous.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Sir Walter Scott — both interesting critics — have made what later critics call the mistake of crediting Smollett with the gift of invention. Lady Mary was perhaps the more excusable, since the extraordinary variety of incident in his novels could not have been known to her to be transcripts from the man's life. The language and the characters of British seamen and surgeons' apprentices — the idiosyncrasies of Commodore Trunnion, Pipes, Hatchway, and the famous Tom Bowling — had in the eighteenth century a novelty which must have seemed more than mere

reproductions. Thackeray, though he did abundant justice to Smollett's humor, discerned that he depended less on invention than on copying. The point now is that he had the resources to copy from, and instinctively drew upon them. In this again he may have foreshadowed a modern method of procedure, which travels about the earth in search of literary capital. In Smollett are found many of the types which have since been elaborated in special departments of fiction. His sea people, of course, may have had their prototypes in the drama and in some of the older romances; but Smollett goes further in carefully reproducing their talk, and the scenes and incidents of their lives. Similarly, though unconsciously, his medical episodes and similitudes may be forerunners of the medico-literary and psycho-physical novels which find vogue in our own days. Winifred Jenkins, also, in 'Humphrey Clinker,' is one of the most laughable of the Malaprop breed; and her bad spelling, though it has been often imitated, has rarely been improved on. So that if Smollett cannot have been a force in evolution, he may at least have had a few germs, whether of good or evil.

It is to be remembered lastly, whatever strictures may be passed on his life and writings, that his valedictory was becoming. 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker' is remarkable for the transformation and chastening which overspread his method and his manner. That his vicissitudes troubled him, and sharpened his temper, may be excused in the fact that when all was done he looked beneficently on the world, and was willing to amuse it without making it laugh over-loudly or cruelly. If his literary reputation suffers by what the exigencies of his times and fortunes compelled him to do, he lived through them to retrieve it. The style of 'Humphrey Clinker' is easy and familiar, and the epistolary form in it more than usually adapted to the desultory manner in which the narrative goes forward. Here the critics are willing to admit that Smollett created characters over and above mere types, and put himself for once in a line with Sterne and Fielding. Tabitha Bramble, Matthew Bramble, and Lismahago, are really charming additions to the galleries of English portraiture. Smollett is unusually hard to represent by a limited number of excerpts; his range is too wide to be surely represented by less than a variety of his pages. Yet if one selection were to be made, it should in justice to him be taken from the book in which the worker has lived through the years of drudgery to become at last, for once anyway, the artist.

Like his great contemporary Fielding, the author of 'Humphrey Clinker' was born to the lot of literary hack. His case has many resemblances to the literary workers of these days,—the days of innumerable hacks. He had in more ways than one the instincts, the

temper, and the method of the modern newspaper man. The journalist who travels about confessedly to get material differs not essentially from the writer who uses what fortuitous travel has brought him. A ready humor, quick wit, and real though acrid sympathy, are other details of the analogy. The sequel is only too apt to be a story of dull routine and ultimate mediocrity. In the obscurity of hackdom it must be, in some essence at least, a fine nature that will not relax its efforts to do well what it has to do, and ends by doing it better than ever. Smollett was, throughout his twenty-five years of work, a conscientiously careful employer of the English language. Perhaps, therefore, a point of view more grateful to him and more adequately estimating him, would be not that which compares him disadvantageously on the same level with Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne; but that which credits him with having raised himself from lower regions to a place near them.

Percy Dunsheath

A NAVAL SURGEON'S EXAMINATION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From 'Roderick Random'

MR. JACKSON'S exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was scarce able to stand: which being perceived by a plump gentleman who sat opposite to me with a skull before him, he said Mr. Snarler was too severe upon the young man; and turning towards me, told me I need not be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm; then bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well satisfied with my answers.

The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen an amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head and said, "What! upon a dead subject, I suppose? If," continued he, "during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head shot off, how would you behave?" After some hesitation, I owned such a case had never come under my observation, neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed

for such an accident in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer or the archness of the question, I know not; but every member of the board deigned to smile except Mr. Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risible* in his constitution.

The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus: "Suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?" I answered, "I would bleed him immediately." "What," said he, "before you had tied up his arm?" But this stroke of wit not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him, and who, with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines. I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers; which he heard to an end, and then said with a supercilious smile, "So you think by such a treatment the patient might recover?" I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise. "That may be," resumed he; "I won't answer for your foresight: but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed?" I answered I did not: and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine; but he stopped me by saying with some precipitation, "Nor never will. I affirm that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal." "Pardon me, brother," says the fat gentleman, "there is very good authority—" Here he was interrupted by another with—"Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nullius in verba.* I stand upon my own bottom." "But, sir, sir," replied his antagonist, "the reason of the thing shows—" "A fig for reason," cried this sufficient member: "I laugh at reason,—give me ocular demonstration." The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and observed that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts would advance such an extravagant assertion. This innuendo enraged the other so much that he started up, and in a furious tone exclaimed, "What, sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?" By this time all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or the other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together; when the chairman commanded silence, and ordered me to withdraw.

In less than a quarter of an hour I was called in again, received my qualification sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings. I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and stood

some time until one of them bade me begone: to this I replied, "I will, when I have got my change;" upon which another threw me five shillings and sixpence, saying I would not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and sixpence to the beadles, and a shilling to an old woman who swept the hall. This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteen pence halfpenny, with which I was sneaking off; when Jackson, perceiving it, came up to me and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town as soon as his examination should be over.

I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend; but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion. His head was covered with an old smoked tie-wig that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dustman; his neck was adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twisted and fixed in the buttonhole of a shabby greatcoat that wrapt up his whole body; his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles and a beard of his own painting. When I expressed my surprise at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect.

I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in: but whether the oddness of his appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board, or his behavior was not suitable to his figure, I know not; he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to bridewell. So that instead of seeing him come out with a cheerful countenance and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner, and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion; when he called with a lamentable voice and piteous aspect to me, and some others who knew him, "For God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual, John Jackson, who served as surgeon's

second mate on board the Elizabeth,—or else I shall go to bridewell.» It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and address: we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expense, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the prisoner was dismissed, and in a few moments resumed his former gayety; swearing, since the board had refused his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the same time inviting us all to favor him with our company.

RODERICK IS «PRESSED» INTO THE NAVY

From 'Roderick Random'

I saw no resource but the army or navy; between which I hesitated so long that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old schoolfellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behavior; for as I crossed Tower Wharf, a squat, tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, «Yo! ho! brother: you must come along with me!» As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar and began to drag me along. Not being in a humor to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses: and after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing-tender; where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable

wretches, the sight of whom well-nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure sold it before my face to a bumboat woman then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time that unless my hurts were dressed I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be d—d." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the mean time, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed with the noisome stench of the place to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the Thunder, than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? "Know Lieutenant Bowling?" said he, "odds my life! and that I do: and a good seaman he is as ever stepped upon forecastle; and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit: none of your guinea-pigs, nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a tough gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, aloft or alow; in heaven or in hell; all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connection he expressed an inclination to serve me; and when he was relieved.

brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together.

While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who I found was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having by accident in my pocket my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor (whose name was Jack Rattlin) for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents,—which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had written to his landlord in Deal, he cried,—"Body o' me! that was old Ben Block: he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer.—Well, well, we must all die, that's certain; we must all come to port sooner or later, at sea or on shore; we must be fast moored one day; death's like the best bower-anchor, as the saying is,—it will bring us all up."

I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections; and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle, which he explained in this manner. "Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough; besides, he's my commander: but what's that to me? I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's-end. Now the report goes as how he's a lord, or baron-knight's brother, whereby, d'ye see me, he carries a straight arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof mayhap they may be as good men in the main as he. Now, we lying at anchor in Tuberoon Bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch: and as he always kept a good lookout, he made, d'ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him swab and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and laying hold of a rattan,

came athwart Mr. Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain that if he was not his commander he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore; whereby in the morning watch the captain went ashore in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore; and so they, leaving the boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d'ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapped on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough ahead before we knew anything of the matter, so that we could never after get sight of him; for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief; for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behavior gave me no advantageous idea of his character; and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was, with the other pressed men, put on board the Thunder, lying at the Nore. When we came alongside, the mate who guarded us thither ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busy in doing this friendly office for me,—"Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? have we not thieves enow among us already?" Another, observing my wounds which remained exposed to the air, told me my seams were uncalked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice that my bows were manned with the red ropes instead of my side. A fourth asked me if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side. After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed; and had actually got as far as the middle deck—for our ship

carried eighty guns — in my way to the cockpit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender. He, seeing me free from my chains, asked with an insolent air who had released me?

To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts, "Whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried, "You ——, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer." So saying, he bestowed on me several stripes with a supple-jack he had in his hand; and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me that I was immediately put in irons by the master-at-arms, and a sentinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could; and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds.

This mate was no other than my old friend Thompson, with whom I became acquainted at the navy office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognize me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion; and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested that he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name: which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow at seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master-at-arms came to the place of my confinement and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck; where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behavior to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship;

part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master-at-arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr. Thompson, who had represented me in such a favorable light to the surgeon that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead.

RODERICK VISITS A GAMING-HOUSE

From 'Roderick Random'

At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavored to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron. But these promises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances, than uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed, "In the name of God, what shall we do!" In order to comfort him, I said that many of my acquaintance who were in a worse condition than we, supported notwithstanding the character of gentlemen; and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invincible affection for me, still retained notions of economy and expense suitable to the narrowness of his education; nevertheless he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces on the sword in a twinkling. This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank: for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection that the prospect of want seldom affected me much, let it be never so near. And now indeed it was nearer than I imagined: my landlord, having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas for lodging, and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would

excuse his importunity and discharge the debt. Though I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavalier manner; after he had written a discharge, telling him with an air of scorn and resentment I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books: while Strap, who stood by and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether-lip, and turned yellow with despair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner a party was accordingly made in the coffee-house, from whence we adjourned to the tavern; where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good-humor as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven. In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper; the wine had lost its effect upon me, and far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted), perceived my anxiety, and when we broke up reproached me with pusillanimity, for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of. I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune; and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration he cried, "Pshaw! is that all?" and assured me there were a thousand ways of living in town without a fortune, he himself having subsisted many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of becoming acquainted with some of these methods; and he, without further expostulation, bade me follow him.

He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow who demanded them at the foot of the staircase, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming-tables, loaded in a manner with gold and silver. My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scotch lord, who, using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming-tables, from the profits of which he drew a

comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *betters;* characterized the first as "old hooks," and the last as "bubbles": and advised me to try my fortune at the silver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture anything, I considered the company more particularly; and there appeared such a group of villainous faces that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight. I signified my surprise to Banter, who whispered in my ear that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices who having embezzled their masters' cash, made a desperate push in this place to make up their deficiencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance; but at length, being teased by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to everybody, I began by risking one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play. I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table, and lost in a moment. He would have borrowed another; but finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet. Meanwhile my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire for more increased in proportion; so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw: and fortune still favoring me, I became a *sitter*, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day; when I found myself, after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if anybody would take my place, and made a motion to rise; upon which an old Gascon who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying, "Restez, restez: il faut donner moi mon ravanchio!" At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other insinuated that I was more beholden to art than to fortune for what I had got; that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greasy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamor against me, especially among the losers; who threatened, with many oaths and imprecations, to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair by refunding the greatest part of my winning. Though I

was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatened in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster: but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue; and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropped their plea and made way for me to withdraw. I would not, however, stir from the table until the Israelite had retracted what he had said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall raw-boned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black thick eyebrows, a pigtail wig of the same color, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel than he roared out in a tremendous voice, "Blood and wounds! what's that for?" I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him: but the more I humbled myself the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with; so that I gave a loose to my passion, returned his billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats which I neither dreaded nor distinctly heard; but descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the doorkeeper, whom I gratified with a guinea according to the custom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-MAKING: AN OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING

From 'Peregrine Pickle'

PEREGRINE, whose health required the enjoyment of fresh air after his long confinement, sent a message to Emilia that same night announcing his arrival, and giving her notice that he would breakfast with her next morning; when he and our hero, who had dressed himself for the purpose, taking a hackney-coach, repaired to her lodging, and were introduced into a parlor adjoining that in which the tea-table was set. Here

they had not waited many minutes when they heard the sound of feet coming down-stairs; upon which our hero's heart began to beat the alarm. He concealed himself behind the screen, by the direction of his friend, whose ears being saluted with Sophy's voice from the next room, he flew into it with great ardor, and enjoyed upon her lips the sweet transports of a meeting so unexpected; for he had left her in her father's house at Windsor.

Amidst these emotions, he had almost forgotten the situation of Peregrine; when Emilia, assuming her enchanting air,—"Is not this," said she, "a most provoking scene to a young woman like me, who am doomed to wear the willow, by the strange caprice of my lover? Upon my word, brother, you have done me infinite prejudice in promoting this jaunt with my obstinate correspondent, who, I suppose, is so ravished with this transient glimpse of liberty that he will never be persuaded to incur unnecessary confinement for the future." "My dear sister," replied the captain tauntingly, "your own pride set him the example; so you must e'en stand to the consequence of his imitation." "'Tis a hard case, however," answered the fair offender, "that I should suffer all my life by one venial trespass. Heigh ho! who would imagine that a sprightly girl such as I, with ten thousand pounds, should go a-begging? I have a good mind to marry the next person that asks me the question, in order to be revenged upon this unyielding humorist. Did the dear fellow discover no inclination to see me, in all the term of his releasement? Well, if ever I catch the fugitive again, he shall sing in his cage for life."

It is impossible to convey to the reader a just idea of Peregrine's transports while he overheard this declaration,—which was no sooner pronounced, than, unable to resist the impetuosity of his passion, he sprung from his lurking-place, exclaiming, "Here I surrender!" and rushing into her presence, was so dazzled with her beauty that his speech failed: he was fixed like a statue to the floor; and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Indeed she was now in the full bloom of her charms, and it was nearly impossible to look upon her without emotion. The ladies screamed with surprise at his appearance, and Emilia underwent such agitation as flushed every charm with irresistible energy.

While he was almost fainting with unutterable delight, she seemed to sink under the tumults of tenderness and confusion,

when our hero, perceiving her condition, obeyed the impulse of his love and circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Not all the pleasures of his life had amounted to the ineffable joy of this embrace, in which he continued for some minutes totally entranced. He fastened upon her pouting lips with all the eagerness of rapture; and while his brain seemed to whirl round with transport, exclaimed in a delirium of bliss, "Heaven and earth! this is too much to bear."

His imagination was accordingly relieved, and his attention in some measure divided, by the interposition of Sophy, who kindly chid him for his having overlooked his old friends: thus accosted, he quitted his delicious armful, and saluting Mrs. Gauntlet, asked pardon for his neglect; observing that such rudeness was excusable, considering the long and unhappy exile which he had suffered from the jewel of his soul. Then turning to Emilia,—"I am come, madam," said he, "to claim the performance of your promise, which I can produce under your own fair hand: you may therefore lay aside all superfluous ceremony and shyness, and crown my happiness without farther delay; for upon my soul! my thoughts are wound up to the last pitch of expectation, and I shall certainly run distracted if I am doomed to any term of probation."

His mistress, having by this time recollected herself, replied with a most exhilarating smile, "I ought to punish you for your obstinacy with the mortification of a twelvemonth's trial; but it is dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition, and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power."

"You are willing then to take me for better for worse, in presence of Heaven and these witnesses?" cried Peregrine kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips.

At this interrogation, her features softened into an amazing expression of condescending love; and while she darted a side glance that thrilled to his marrow, and heaved a sigh more soft than Zephyr's balmy wing, her answer was, "Why—ay—and Heaven grant me patience to bear the humors of such a yokefellow."

"And may the same powers," replied the youth, "grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love. Meanwhile I have eighty thousand pounds, which shall be laid in your lap."

So saying, he sealed the contract upon her lips, and explained the mystery of his last words, which had begun to operate upon the wonder of the two sisters. Sophy was agreeably surprised with the account of his good fortune: nor was it, in all probability, unacceptable to the lovely Emilia; though from this information she took an opportunity to upbraid her admirer with the inflexibility of his pride, which, she scrupled not to say, would have baffled all the suggestions of passion had it not been gratified by this providential event.

Matters being thus happily matured, the lover begged that immediate recourse might be had to the church, and his happiness ascertained. He fell at her feet in all the agony of impatience; swore that his life and intellects would actually be in jeopardy by her refusal: and when she attempted to argue him out of his demand, began to rave with such extravagance that Sophy was frightened into conviction; and Godfrey enforcing the remonstrances of his friend, the amiable Emilia was teased into compliance. . . .

He accordingly led her into the dining-room, where the ceremony was performed without delay; and after the husband had asserted his prerogative on her lips, the whole company saluted her by the name of Mrs. Pickle. . . .

An express was immediately dispatched to Mrs. Gauntlet with an account of her daughter's marriage; a town-house was hired, and a handsome equipage set up, in which the new-married pair appeared at all public places, to the astonishment of our adventurer's fair-weather friends and the admiration of all the world: for in point of figure such another couple was not to be found in the whole United Kingdom. Envy despaired, and detraction was struck dumb, when our hero's new accession of fortune was consigned to the celebration of public fame; Emilia attracted the notice of all observers, from the pert Templar to the Sovereign himself, who was pleased to bestow encomiums upon the excellence of her beauty. Many persons of consequence, who had dropped the acquaintance of Peregrine in the beginning of his decline, now made open efforts to cultivate his friendship anew: but he discouraged all these advances with the most mortifying disdain; and one day when the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged came up to him in the drawing-room, with the salutation of "Your servant, Mr. Pickle," he eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, saying, "I suppose your

Lordship is mistaken in your man," and turned his head another way in presence of the whole court.

When he had made a circuit round all the places frequented by the *beau monde*, to the utter confusion of those against whom his resentment was kindled, paid off his debts, and settled his money matters in town, Hatchway was dismissed to the country, in order to prepare for the reception of his fair Emilia. In a few days after his departure, the whole company (Cadwallader himself included) set out for his father's house; and in their way took up Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother, who was sincerely rejoiced to see our hero in the capacity of her son-in-law.

HUMPHREY CLINKER IS PRESENTED TO THE READER

From a letter to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., in 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker'

DEAR SIR,—Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach-and-four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes; and calling to the postilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough downs. There one of the fore-horses fell. in going down-hill at a round trot; and the postilion behind, endeavoring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly but the Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window as nimble as a grasshopper: the man (who had likewise quitted his horse) dragged this forlorn

damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frightened but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our Aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle; and being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister Furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage; but she cried in a tone of distraction,—"Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case. Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick,—a benediction which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago, his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered; and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene,—"You say nothing, Matt," cried she; "but I know your mind—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honor!" replied the squire with a sarcastic smile: "I should be incapable of harboring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive, even if he had not the happiness to be your favorite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire for revenge, came in and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death, on the supposition that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he who had been bit by him would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion; observing that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed if he was not sure that he ran no risk

of infection. Nevertheless Thomas continued obstinate; and at length declared that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horsewhipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred. Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion, who, she affirmed, had overturned the coach from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country-fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without further impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offense, which indeed she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postilion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion.

"This is a heinous offense indeed," cried my uncle; "let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin; his complexion was of a sickly yellow: his looks denoted famine; and . . . Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone; observing that he would fill the room with vermin.

Her brother darted a significant glance at her as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? When he answered that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine host was immediately called, and being interrogated on the subject, said that the young fellow's name was Humphrey Clinker; that he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in

the workhouse, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out; that he had for some time worked under his hostler as a helper and extra postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread; that having sold or pawned everything he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard anything to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets?" "I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house."

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels: who shall presume to censure the morals of the age when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender,—you stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want; but as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving a word of advice,—get a shirt with all convenient dispatch."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stept into the coach, she observed with some marks of satisfaction that the postilion who rode next to her was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the castle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in loose parcels; and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphrey Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favorable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested

the affront. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying she supposed her brother had taken him into favor because he had insulted her with his obscenity; that a fool and his money were soon parted: but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we proposed to dine. There the first person that came to the side of the coach and began to adjust the footboard was no other than Humphrey Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house; my uncle was embarrassed, and asked peevishly what had brought him hither? The fellow said his Honor had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life, without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or to laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? What are you good for?" "An' please your Honor," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel him; . . . I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I can make hog's puddings and hobnails, mend kettles and tin saucepans—" Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of. "I know something of single-stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker: "I can play upon the jew's-harp, sing 'Black-eyed Susan,' 'Arthur O'Bradley,' and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and 'Nancy Dawson'; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches when I'm in heart; and (under correction) I can find a hare when your Honor wants a bit of game." "Foregad, thou art a complete fellow!" cried my uncle, still laughing: "I have a mind to take thee into my family. Prithee, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister; thou hast given her much offense."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha,—"May it please

your Ladyship's Worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offenses, and with God's assistance, I shall take care never to offend your Ladyship again. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner; God bless your noble countenance, I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabitha; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness, and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphrey was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture, gaping with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me;—here it is: kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an't please your Ladyship,—it will daub the room: give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the roadside." To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately." "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle; "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offense." "Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphrey. "I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden: "he acts by your direction, and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you,—for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence but now you shall part with

that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from a dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice to gratify the rancor of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble! I will now propose an alternative in my turn: either discard your four-footed favorite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu; for I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may.*" Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner; and after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt!" said she. "And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire with a peremptory look. "Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection!" Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek; he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed; Win Jenkins cackled; Chowder capered; and Clinker skipt about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived in London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and (in a day or two) will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant.

J. MELFORD.

DENTON J. SNIDER

(1841–)

APPRECIATION of the Greek spirit by the modern generation may find expression in scrupulous scholarship, comprehending the literature of Greece in its philological aspect; or it may manifest itself as the very poetry of criticism — as a temper of mind which can reconstruct the old Greek world out of a line from Homer, or from a fragment of a temple. Mr. Denton J. Snider possesses to a high degree this imaginative appreciation of the golden world of Greece. His scholarship is subordinated to his fine sympathy with the never-dying soul of a great age.

DENTON J. SNIDER

In his 'Walk in Hellas,' he describes a pedestrian tour through Greece, which he made alone. The journey was as much of the mind as of the body. It was not undertaken merely to see portions of the peninsula rarely visited by strangers. Its chief object was to recover the ancient classic time, partly by power of the imagination, partly by the aid of haunted spring and grove and ruin. It was to see Aristotle walking with his disciples on the slopes of Lycabettus; to see the Platæans filing through the brushwood of Mount Kotroni, to aid the Athenians on the plain of Marathon; to see the statues of Phidias emerge from the ancient quarries of Pentelic marble,— white, godlike forms of eternal youth; to see the sapphire skies beyond spotless temples to Diana; to remember Theocritus in the scent of the thyme; above all, to seek for Helen, the incarnation of the divine Greek beauty. "He is in pursuit of Helen; her above all human and divine personalities he desires to behold, even speak with face to face, and possibly to possess. But who is Helen? You are aware that on her account the Trojan War was fought; that all Greece, when she was stolen, mustered a vast armament, and heroically struggled ten years for her recovery; and did recover her and bring her back to her native land. Nor is the legend wanting that there in her Grecian home she is still just the blooming bride who

was once led away by the youthful Menelaos to the shining palace of Sparta. So the wanderer is going to have his Iliad too — an Iliad not fought and sung, but walked and perchance dreamed, for the possession of Helen, the most beautiful woman of Greece; nay, the most beautiful woman of the world. There she stands in the soft moonlight of fable, statue-like, just before the entrance to the temple of history. Thither the cloudy image, rapidly growing more distinct and more persistent, beckons and points."

It is this dream of Helen the beautiful that Mr. Snider has in mind continually, on his pilgrimage through the enchanted country of which she is the personification. She is always in the purple distance, beckoning to him from the porch of a temple, from the green slope of some sacred mountain, from the azure of the sky, from the depths of some wild sea splendor. He follows this vision from Athens to Pentelicus, from Marathon to Marcopoulo, from Aulis to Thebes, from Chæroneia to Parnassus. His idealism reconstructs the world of Helen and her descendants; but his keen powers of observation take account also of the modern Greece through which he is passing. The charm of 'A Walk in Hellas' lies in this poetical union of the Greece of Helen with the Greece of King George. Mr. Snider's journey through Greece was undertaken in 1877, when he was young enough to enjoy even its hardships. He was born January 9th, 1841, at Mount Gilead, Ohio. In 1862 he graduated at Oberlin College, and in 1867 became instructor in the St. Louis High School. Since 1887 he has been co-worker in the literary schools of Chicago, and in the kindergarten; also a peripatetic lecturer. He has published commentaries on what he terms "the literary Bibles," — Shakespeare's dramas, Goethe's 'Faust,' Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and Dante's 'Divine Comedy.' These are concerned chiefly with the ethical and spiritual import of the masterpieces, and less with the usual subject of criticism, literary form. Mr. Snider recognizes what many critics overlook, that the greatest artist is the greatest moralist. In his commentary on Shakespeare he writes: "The all-pervading greatness of Shakespeare lies in his comprehension of the ethical order of the world;" his dramas are "the truest literary product of the time, because the most perfect and concrete presentation of realized rationality." It is this recognition of a supreme truth which fits Mr. Snider to be an interpreter of Macbeth and Lear, of the Faust Legend and Dante's Vision. In his commentary on Goethe's 'Faust,' there is much subtle criticism. "Margaret has not intellect, at least not intellect unfolded into conscious reason: she has the rational principle within her, but in the form of feeling. She is not, therefore, the self-centred woman, the one who is able to meet Faust, the intellectual destroyer of her world. Such is the word of the great poet

of the century on woman. The great philosopher of the century has said about the same thing:—

«'Man is the active, objective principle, woman is the passive, subjective; man is thought, woman is feeling; man clings to the Universal, woman to the Individual,—she can possess fancy, wit, culture, but not philosophy. If this be the finality of her, then she is and must remain a tragic character; or if she be saved, her salvation depends on her not meeting a Faust. Such probably has been her lot in the past: but the new woman assuredly must take possession of her intellectual birthright, and therein be all the more a woman; I say she will be able to meet a Faust on his own ground, and not only Faust, but Mephisto himself. We can see such a woman in training in our Western world; but Goethe never beheld her, Hegel never beheld her, never could behold her in that European life.'»

Mr. Snider has been a voluminous writer in the fields of philosophy, psychology, and education. He has also published several volumes of poems on classical subjects. Among his miscellaneous writings are (World's-Fair Studies,) a novel of Western life; (The Freebargers); (The State) (1902); (Architecture) (1905), and (A Tour in Europe) (1907).

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

From (A Walk in Hellas.) Copyright 1881 and 1882, by Denton J. Snider

But as I turn around a little thicket and emerge on the other side, behold! The whole valley, green with alternate patches of shrubs and grain-fields, gracefully narrow and curving, stretches out before me. Through it a silvery ribbon of water is winding brightly along: it is the river Marathon. Toward the further end of the vale is a pleasant village lying quietly between the hills in sunny repose: it is the village Marathon. In the distance through the opening between two mountains, following with the eye the course of the stream, I can behold a plain spreading out like a fan, and stretching along the blue sparkling rim of the sea: it is the plain of Marathon. The whole landscape sweeps into the vision at once from the high station; something struggles within the beholder, wings can be felt growing out of the sides: let us fly down into the vale without delay from this height. . . .

Just as I was prepared to start once more, a new appearance I notice coming down the road: it is the traveling merchant, with his entire store of goods laden on the back of a little donkey.

His salute is friendly, his manner is quick and winning; we go along together toward the village, talking of many things. He tells me that he is from Oropus, a town on the Attic border famous in antiquity; that his name is Aristides, that he is going to Marathon, and will show me a place to stay during the night. There is something new and peculiar about this man, the like of which I have not yet seen in these rural portions of Greece. He walks with a quick, alert step, he has a shrewdness and brightness of intellect, a readiness and information which are remarkable in comparison to the ordinary intellectual gifts found in the country; his features and his physical bearing, his keen dark eye and nervous twitch, distinguish him in the most striking manner from the stolid Albanian peasant. He is a Greek of pure blood, he tells me: manifestly we have met with a new and distinctive type.

I enter the village of Marathon with Aristides, who brings me to the chief wine-shop, where lodgings are to be had as well as refreshing beverage. First a thimbleful of mastic, a somewhat strong alcoholic drink, with my merchant, who then leaves me and goes to his business. A number of people are in the wine-shop; they are the Albanian residents of the village: all look curiously at the new arrival. The merchant soon passed around the word that I was from America — a fact which I had imparted to him on the way. But of America they had very little notion. The strangest sort of curiosity peeped out of their rather small eyes: the news spread rapidly through the town that a live American had arrived; what that was, they all hastened to see. So they continued to pour in by twos and threes till the spacious wine-shop was nearly full. Not a word they said, but walked along in front of the table where I sat, and stared at me; they kept their kerchiefed heads drawn down in their shaggy capotes, being dressed in tight breeches like close-fitting drawers, with feet thrust into low shoes, which run out to a point at the toes and curl over. Thus they move before me in continuous procession; when they had taken a close survey of me, they would sit down on a bench, roll a cigarette in paper, strike fire from a flint, and begin to smoke. A taciturn, curious, but not unfriendly crowd. — I called for recinato.

Presently a man clad in European garments appeared among them, and in courteous manner addressed me, talking good Greek but very bad French: it was the village schoolmaster, whom the

people familiarly called Didaskali. I hailed him joyfully as a fellow-craftsman in a foreign land, and lost no time in announcing to him that I too was a schoolmaster in my country. Professional sympathy at once opened all the sluices of his heart: we were friends on the spot. He was not an Albanian, but a Greek born in the Turkish provinces; I do not think he was as bright as my merchant Aristides, though he was probably better educated. I took a stroll with him around the town; he sought to show me every possible kindness, with the single exception of his persistency in talking French. One neat little cottage I noticed: it was the residence of the Dikastes or village judge; but the most of the houses were low hovels, with glassless windows, often floorless. Women were shy, hiding forehead and chin in wrappage at the approach of a stranger,—who perhaps was too eager in trying to peer into their faces, as if in search of some visage lost long ago in this valley. Still human nature is here, too, in Marathon; for I caught a young girl giving a sly peep through the window after we had passed, which she had pretended to close when she saw the stranger approaching.

But it is growing dark; I have done a pretty good day's work; I must put off the rest of the sight-seeing till to-morrow. Only half a mile below is the Marathonian plain, which one can see from the village, but it must now be turned over to darkness. At my request the Didaskali goes back with me to the wine-shop, when he excuses himself, promising soon to return. There I had a supper which was eminently satisfactory after a day's walk: five eggs fried in goat's butter, large quantities of black bread, and abundance of recinato at one cent a glass,—good-sized glasses at that.

While I sat there eating, the people began to assemble again. The Papas, the village priest, came and listened,—the untrousered man, with dark habit falling down to his heels like a woman's dress, and with long raven hair rolled up in a knot on the back of his head, upon which knot sat his high, stiff ecclesiastical cap; the Dikastes or village judge came,—an educated man, who had studied at the University of Athens, and who dressed in European fashion, possessing, in noticeable contrast to the rest of the Marathonians, the latest style of Parisian hat; a lame shopkeeper came, a Greek of the town; bright, full of mockery, flattering me with high titles—in order to get me to hire his mules for my journey, as I had good reason to suspect; finally the

schoolmaster and the traveling merchant appeared again, both in excellent humor, and expecting a merry evening. There was no doctor present: I asked for him; they told me that there was none in the valley, though it is scourged with malarial fever in summer; one man in particular complained of the health of the place. All the representative citizens of Marathon were before me, looking at me eating in the wine-shop on a wooden table. Some one asked me about my native language. "This is the language that I understand best," said I, raising a mouthful of egg and bread to my lips: "you seem to understand it too." This jest, for whose merit I do not make any high claims, caused all the Albanians to laugh, and set the whole wine-shop in a festive mood. It is manifest that this audience is not very difficult to please.

Finally my long repast was finished; long both on account of the work done and on account of the continued interruptions caused by question and answer. The people still held out; there they were before me, more curious than ever, now with a laughing look on account of that one sterile jest,—laughing out of the corner of the eye, and with head already somewhat drawn out of the shaggy capote from expectation. What next? I was on the soil of illustrious Marathon; expectant gazes were centred upon me: what had I, as a true American, to do for the honor of my country? My duty was clear from the start: I must make a speech. I should have been unfaithful to my nationality had I not done so at Marathon. Accordingly I shoved the table aside, pulled out my bench, and in the full happiness of hunger and thirst satisfied — perhaps, too, a little aglow with the golden recinato — I began to address them as follows: —

Andres Marathonioi — Ye men of Marathon —

At this point I confess I had to laugh myself, looking into that solid Albanian stare of fifty faces; for the echo of the tremendous oath of Demosthenes, in which he swears by the heroes of Marathon, rung through my ears, and made the situation appallingly ludicrous. Still, in spite of my laugh, you must know that I was in deep earnest and full of my theme; moreover, there were at least four persons before me who could understand both my Greek and my allusions. As to my Greek, I affirm that Demosthenes himself would have understood it had he been there.—

though he might have criticized the style and pronunciation. But I resumed:—

Ye men of Marathon, I never was gladder in my life than I am to be with you to-night. I crossed over the mountains on foot from Stamata; every step that I took was lighter with thinking of Marathon. When from yonder summit I first caught a glimpse of your village and valley, and gave a distant peep into the plain beyond to the sea, I had to shed tears of joy. Your name is indeed the greatest, the most inspiring in all history. In every age it has been the mighty rallying-cry of freedom; nations oppressed, on hearing it, have taken hope and risen, smiting to earth their tyrants. It has been the symbol of courage to the few and weak against the many and strong; the very utterance of the name inspires what is highest and noblest in the human breast,—courage, devotion, liberty, nationality. Under a banner inscribed with that word Marathon, our Western civilization has heroically marched and fought its battle: here was its first outpost, here its first and greatest triumph,—and the shout of that triumph still re-echoes and will go on re-echoing forever through history. But Marathon is not merely here; it has traveled around the world along with man's freedom and enlightenment. Among all civilized peoples the name is known and cherished; it is familiar as a household word,—nay, it is a household prayer. In the remote districts of America I have often heard it uttered—and uttered with deepest admiration and gratitude. There, in my land, thousands of miles from here, I first learned the name of Marathon in a log schoolhouse by the side of the primitive forest; it fell from the lips of a youth who was passionately speaking of his country. It had in its very sound, I can still recollect, some spell, some strange fascination, for it seemed to call up, like an army of spirits, the great heroes of the past along with the most intense feelings of the soul. There you can hear it among the people in their little debates; also you can hear it from great orators in senate halls. Marathon, I repeat, is the mightiest, most magical name in history, by which whole nations swear when they march out in defense of their Gods, their families, and their freedom. By it too they compare their present with their past, and ever struggle upwards to fulfill what lies prophetically in their great example. Now I am in the very place: I can hardly persuade myself that it is not a dream, and that you are not shadows flitting here before

me. In that log schoolhouse I did not even dare dream of this moment; but it has arrived. I have already had to-day a glimpse where the old battle-field reposes in the hazy distance; to-morrow I shall visit it, run over it, spend the whole day upon it, looking and thinking; for I desire to stamp its features and its spirit into my very brain, that I may carry Marathon across the ocean to my land, and show it to others who may not be able to come here and see it for themselves. Nor shall I refrain from confessing to you a secret within me: I cannot help thinking that I have been here before; everything looks familiar to me; I beheld yon summit long ago,—the summit of old Kotroni; I have marched down the Marathonian stream as I marched to-day; I seem to be doing over again the same things that I have done here before; I made a speech on this spot ages ago in Greek,—a much better one, I think, than I am now making. And further let me tell you what I believe: I believe that I too fought along at Marathon, that I was one of those ten thousand Athenian soldiers that rushed down yonder hillside and drave the Oriental men into the sea. I can now behold myself off there charging down a meadow toward a swamp, amid the rattle of arms and the hymn of battle, with shield firmly grasped and with spear fiercely out-thrust,—on the point of which, spitted through and through, I can feel a quivering Persian.

At this strange notion, and still more at the accompanying gesture made in a charging attitude, the mirthful Greeks could hold in no longer, but burst suddenly into a loud and prolonged laugh, in which the Albanians joined; they all laughed, laughed inextinguishably like the blessed gods on Olympus, and the whole wine-shop was filled with wild merriment. Whereat the speech was brought to a close which may be modestly called a happy one: thus let it be now.

As soon as the speech had come to an end, I rose and looked out of the wine-shop; desiring to take a short stroll before going to bed, in order to catch a breath of fresh air, and to see a Greek evening in the Marathonian vale. Though long after sunset, it appeared light out of doors everywhere; that vague flicker from the sky it was which gives a mystical indefiniteness to the things of nature, and produces such a marked contrast to the clear plastic outlines of daytime. The schoolmaster went along, and we walked up the stream of Marathon, which often gurgled into a momentary gleam over the pebbles, and then fell back into

darkness. The mountains on each side of us were changed into curious fantastic shapes which played in that subtle light; caprice of forms now ruled the beautiful Greek world, as begotten in the sport of a Northern fancy; Hecate with her rout of witches and goblins had broken loose from her dark caverns in the earth, and was flitting across glimmering patches of twilight up and down the hillsides. Below the peaks, the dells and little seams of valleys running athwart one another were indicated by lines of darkness, so that their whole figure came to resemble a many-legged monster crawling down the slant; while above on the summits was the dreamy play of light with the dance of the fairies. But these shapes let us shun in Greece: we may allow them to sport capriciously before us for a few moments in the evening, though in truth they belong not here. Let us then hasten back to the wine-shop and await to-morrow the return of Phœbus Apollo, the radiant Greek god, who will slay these Pythons anew with his shining arrows, and put to flight all the weird throng, revealing again our world in clear clean-cut outlines bounded in this soft sunlight.

When we arrived there, we still found the priest,—the long-haired, dark-stoled Papas,—though nearly everybody else had gone home. He began to catechize me on the subject of religion, particularly its ceremonies; of which examination I, knowing my weakness, tried to keep shy. But he broke out directly upon me with this question: Were you ever baptized? Therein a new shortcoming was revealed to myself, for I had to confess that I actually did not know; I did not recollect any such event myself, and I had always forgotten to ask my father whether the rite had ever been performed over me when an infant. The priest thought that this was bad, very bad—*kakon*, *polù kakon* was his repeated word of disapprobation; then he asked me if I never intended to be baptized. This question, here at Marathon, drove me to bed; I at once called for a light. But it was only one of the frequent manifestations that will be observed in modern Greece, of a tendency to discuss religious subtleties. The ecclesiastical disputes of the Byzantine Empire—Homoousian and Homoiousian—will often to-day be brought up vividly to the mind of the traveler. Especially the ceremonies of the Eastern Church are maintained with much vigor and nice distinction in a very fine-spun, and consequently very thin, tissue of argumentation.

After excusing myself from the Papas, who in company with me performs a slight inner baptism of himself with a glass of recinato as the final ceremony of the day, I ask to be conducted to my quarters, and am led to an adjoining building up-stairs. The room is without furniture. In one corner of it lies a mattress covered with coarse sheeting and a good quilt, on the floor — for in Greece bedsteads are not much in vogue: they are considered to be in the way, and to take up unnecessary room; so the bedclothes are spread out on the floor along the hearth every evening, and packed away every morning. This bed was considered a particularly good one; intended for strangers who might visit Marathon, and who had to pay for it two francs a night. Indeed, during a great portion of the year in this hot climate, the bed is not only unnecessary but a nuisance, in which one can only roll and swelter; hence the family bed has no such place in the Greek as in the Northern household.

The light which is left me is also worthy of a passing notice. It consists of a cup two-thirds filled with water; on the water lies half an inch of olive oil; on the surface of the oil is floating a small piece of wood, to which a slender wick is attached reaching into the oil; the upper end of this wick is lighted, and painfully throws its shadowy glimmer on the walls. A truly pristine light,— going back probably to old Homer, thinks the traveler, by which the blind bard could have sat and hymned his lines to eager listeners around the evening board; an extremely economical light, burning the entire night without any diminution of the oil apparently, and giving a proportionate illumination; it is a hard light to read by, still harder to write by. There is no tallow in the country for candles; the little wax which is produced is used for tapers in the churches. There is no desk or chair in the room; one must write on the floor in some way, if he wishes to send a line to the dear ones, or take a note.

Accordingly the traveler goes to bed, props himself upon his elbow, opens his book on the floor near the light,— but the eyes swim for a moment, the head totters, back it falls upon the mattress: that is the end of one day's adventure; he will rapidly descend into Lethe, where, though in dream she fight the great battle over again alongside of Miltiades at one moment, and the next moment argue the question of baptism with the Papas, he will lie in sweet unconscious repose, till the Sun-god, rising from his bath in the ocean, stretch his long golden fingers through the

window, gently open the eyelids, and whisper to the slumberer, who will hear though half awake: "Rise, it is the day of Marathon." Thereupon the traveler leaps from his couch,—for he knows that it is the voice of a god, and he dares not disobey: if he have any winged sandals, he now puts them on, for to-day he will have to make an Olympian flight; if he have that staff of Hermes with which the Argus-slayer conducts departed souls out of Hades and into it, he will seize the same and sally forth; for to-day he will have to call up from the past many mighty spirits,—those colossal shades which still rise at Marathon.

When I came out of my high-sounding chamber in the morning, I met my good host with a ewer of water, which he proceeded to pour upon my hands for the purpose of ablution; unpoetical wash-basins do not exist, or were refused me, perchance on account of my Homeric habits. After a breakfast quite like the supper on the previous evening, I begin the march for the battle of Marathon, having filled a small haversack with a piece of black bread and some cheese for luncheon, and having slung around my shoulder a canteen of recinato. Nor do I forget my chief weapons,—two books and the maps, which I hold tightly under my arm. Thus equipped, I tread along,—with becoming modesty I trust, yet with no small hopes of victory.

But there is no hurry: let the gait still be leisurely. As I pass down the road through the village which is spread out on the banks of the stream, I meet many an acquaintance made the evening before at the wine-shop; each recognizes me by a slight nod of the head, with a pleasant smile. All of them seemed still to be laughing at the idea of my being an ancient hoplite now revisiting former scenes of activity. Such friendly greeting on every side, together with the genial sunshine of the morning, puts the traveler into a happy mood, slightly transcendental perhaps. Whatever he now does is an adventure worth recording to future ages; whatever he now sees is a divine revelation.

Passing along to a shelving place in the stream, he beholds the washers: one hundred women or more, at work with furious muscle, pounding, scouring, rubbing, rinsing the filth-begrimed fustanellas of their husbands, brothers, sons. There is a strength, vigor, and I should say anger in their motions, that they seem animated by some feeling of revenge against those dirty garments, and in my opinion with good reason. One Amazonian arm is wielding a billet of wood, quite of the weight and somewhat

resembling the shape of the maul with which the American woodman drives wedges into the gnarled oak. Upon a flat smooth stone are laid the garments, boiled, soaped, and steaming, when they are belabored by that maul. None of our modern machinery is seen; even the wash-board is very imperfect, or does not appear at all. Somehow in this wise the ancient Nausicaas must have blanched their linen at the clear Marathonian stream; one will unconsciously search now with eager glances for the divine Phæacian maid, to see whether she be not here still. At present the washers are strewn along the marble edge of the water for quite a distance,— dressed in white, bare-armed, mostly bare-footed and bare-legged, in the liveliest, fiercest muscular motion, as if wrestling desperately with some fiend. Look at the struggling, wriggling, smiting mass of mad women,— Mænads under some divine enthusiasm,— while the sides of old Kotroni Mountain across the river re-echo with the thud of their relentless billets. A truly Marathonian battle against filth, with this very distinct utterance: "For one day at least we are going to be clean in Marathon."

But it is impossible to look at the washers all the time, however fascinating the view; indeed, I had almost forgotten that I am on my way to the field of the great battle — which does not speak well for an ancient hoplite. I still pass along the stream, with its white lining of marble through which flows the current pellucid; — what! are the eyes deceived, or is the water actually diminishing in the channel? Yes, not only has it diminished, but now a few steps further it has wholly vanished, sunk away into the earth, leaving merely a dry rocky bed for the wildest torrent of the storm. Thus that crisp joyous mountain stream which gave us such delight in its dance down the hill through the valley, when we looked at it coming to Marathon, now disappears with its entire volume of water, to rise again in the marshes beyond, or perchance in the sea. . . .

So one saunters down that short neck which attaches the village to the plain, joyously attuned by the climate, and trying to throw himself back into that spirit which created the old Greek mythology, determined to see here what an ancient Greek would see. Nature begins to be alive; she begins to speak strange things in his soul, and to reveal new shapes to his vision; an Oread skips along, the mountain with him, while the Naiads circle in a chorus round the neighboring fountain. Such company

he must find if he truly travel in Greece. Not as a sentimental play of the fancy, not as a pretty bauble for the amusement of a dreary hour, but as a vital source of faith and action, as a deep and abiding impulse to the greatest and most beautiful works, will the loyal traveler seek to realize within himself these antique forms.

But that shape at yonder spring drawing water — what can it be? Clearly not a Naiad: dark eyes flashing out from blooming features that lie half hidden among her hair falling down carelessly on both sides of her forehead, a short dress drooping over her luxuriant frame in romantic tatters of many colors, under which the bosom swells half exposed, cause the white water-nymphs to vanish into viewless air, and leave a seductive image behind, which will long accompany the traveler in spite of himself; rising at intervals and dancing through his thoughts even at Marathon. It is the Wallachian maiden who has come down from her mountain lodge for water, which in two large casks she puts on the back of a donkey. A wild beauty, fascinating on account of wildness, not devoid of a certain coy coquetry, she seems not displeased to have attracted the marked attention of that man in Frankish garments who is passing along the road; for her dark eyes shoot out new sparkles from under the falling tresses, tempered with subdued smiles. She has nothing to do with the villagers of Marathon: she is a child of the mountains; she belongs to a different world. Slowly she passes out of sight with her charge into the brushwood; looking back at the last step, she stoops and plucks a flower; then she springs up and vanishes among the leaves.

It is a slight disappointment, perhaps; but look now in the opposite direction, and you will behold in the road going toward the plain a new and very delightful appearance: three white robes are there moving gracefully along through the clear atmosphere, and seem to be set in high relief against the hilly background. Three women — evidently of the wealthier people of the village, for their garments are of stainless purity and adjusted with unusual care, — appear to be taking a walk at their leisure down the valley. Their dress is a long loose gown flowing freely down to the heels; all of it shows the spotless white except a narrow pink border. Over this dress is worn a woolen mantilla, also white with a small border. At the view there arises the feeling which will often be experienced in other localities of

Greece with even greater intensity: the feeling of a living plastic outline which suggests its own copy in marble. No costume can possibly be so beautiful and so distinct in this atmosphere; there they move along, as if statues should start from their pedestals and walk down from their temples through the fields. Why the white material was taken by the old artists for sculpture, becomes doubly manifest now: here is the living model in her fair drapery; yonder across the river is the marble, Pentelic marble, cropping out of the hills. Unite the twain: they belong together; both have still a mute longing to be joined once more in happy marriage. I have not the least doubt that the ancient Marathonian woman in the age of the battle paced through this valley in a similar costume, producing similar sensations in this bluish transparent air.

But the three shapes draw near; one will look into their faces as they pass: they are Albanian women,—not beautiful by any means, not with features corresponding to their costumes, you will say. Therefore we must add something very essential to bring back that ancient Greek woman; for she had brought body into the happiest harmony with dress, if we may judge of those types which have come down to us. Still this is a delightful vision of antique days, passing with stately gait through the clear sunlit landscape;—forms of white marble in contrast to the many-colored tatters of the Wallachian maiden, who, having no sympathy of dress with the climate, shows that she does not belong to Marathon.

Now we have arrived—if you have succeeded in keeping up with me—at the point where the bed of the river passes into the plain, in full view of which we at present stand. It sweeps around almost crescent-shaped, like the side of a vast amphitheatre cut into the mountains: the line from tip to tip of the arc is said to measure about six miles. That line, seen from the spot where we now are, has a beautiful blue border of sparkling water,—the Euripus, which separates the mainland from the island Eubœa. There is upon the plain but one tree worthy of the name,—a conifer which rises strange and solitary about in the centre of it, and looks like a man, with muffled head in soldier's cloak standing guard, still waiting for some enemy to come out of the East. The plain is at present largely cultivated, vineyards and fields of grain are scattered through it, but the ancient olives are wanting. At the northern horn of the crescent is a

large morass running quite parallel to the sea; a smaller one is at the southern horn. Into the plain two villages debouch, both having roads from Athens. There is a beautiful shore gradually shelving off into deep water with a gravel bottom; here the traveler will sit long and look at the waves breaking one after another upon the beach. This coast, however, is but a narrow strip for several miles; just behind it lies amid the grass the deceptive marsh, not visible at any considerable distance. This morass and its conformation will explain the great miracle of the battle: namely, its decisiveness, notwithstanding the enormous disparity in the numbers of the two contending armies. For the morass was the treacherous enemy lurking in ambuscade at the rear and under the very feet of the Persians.

In regard to the battle of Marathon we have only one trustworthy account: this is given by Herodotus, the Father of History. It is short, and omits much that we would like to know, indeed must know in order to comprehend the battle. Still, a view of the ground will suggest the general plan, with the help of the old historian's hints, and of one contemporary fact handed down by the traveler Pausanias. The battle was a fierce attack in front, aided by the enemy in the rear,—the morass, which had a double power. It on the one hand prevented the foe from getting assistance, which could only come from the ships by a long detour round the narrow strip of coast easily blocked by a few soldiers. On the other hand, broken or even unbroken lines being forced into the swampy ground would become hopelessly disordered, and would have enough to do fighting the enemy under their feet.

Imagine now this line of coast with the vessels drawn up sternwards along the shelving bank; then comes the narrow strip of shore on which a portion of the Persian army lies encamped; then follows the marshy tract, then the plain upon which another portion of the Persian army is drawn up; still further and beyond the plain is the slope of the mountain, where with good vision you can see the Athenians arrayed in order of battle. At the mouth of one of the two villages, doubtless near the modern hamlet of Vrana, they have taken position; since they could easily pass round the road and protect the other valley, if a movement should be made in that direction by the enemy. Single-handed of all the States of Greece they stand here; they had sent for aid to the Spartans, who refused to come on account of a religious festival. Still the suspicion lives, and will

forever live through history, that this was a mere pretense; that the Spartans would gladly have seen their rival destroyed, though at the peril of Greek freedom.

But who are these men filing silently through the brushwood of Mount Kotroni, in leather helmets and rude kilts, hurrying forward to the aid of the Athenians? They are the Platæans, a small community of Bœotia,—in all Greece the only town outside of Attica that has the courage and the inclination to face the Persian foe. One thousand men are here from that small place,—a quiet rural village lying on the slopes of Kithæron: the whole male population, one is forced to think, including every boy and old man capable of bearing arms, is in that band; for the entire community could hardly number more than three or four thousand souls. Yet here they are to the last man: one almost imagines that some of the women must be among them in disguise,—as to-day the Greek women of Parnassus often handle the gun with skill, and have been known to fight desperately in the ranks alongside of their fathers and brothers. But think of what was involved in that heroic deed: the rude villagers assemble when the messenger comes with the fearful news that the Persian had landed just across at Marathon; in the market-place they deliberate, having hurried from their labor in the fields, in coarse rustic garb with bare feet slipped into low sandals; uncouth indeed they seem, but if there ever were men on the face of this earth, they were in Platæa at that hour. No faint-hearted words were there, we have the right to assume—no half-hearted support; no hesitation: every man takes his place in the files, the command to march is given, and they all are off. Nor can we forget the anxiety left behind in the village: the Greek wife with child on her arm peers out of the door, taking a last look at the receding column winding up Kithæron, and disappearing over its summit; there is not a husband, not a grown-up son remaining in Platæa. What motive, do you ask? I believe that these rude Greek rustics were animated by a profound instinct which may be called not only national but world-historical,—the instinct of hostility to the Orient and its principle, in favor of political autonomy and individual freedom. Also another ground of their conduct was gratitude toward the Athenians who had saved them from the tyranny of Thebes, their overbearing neighbor: now their benefactors are in the sorest need; patriotism and friendship alike command; there can be no hesitation. So those thousand men on a September day wind

through the pines and arbutes of Kotroni with determined tread, are received with great joy by the Athenians, and at once take their position on the left wing ready for the onset. Let any village in the world's history match the deed! Well may the Athenians after that day join the Platæans with themselves in public prayers to the gods in whose defense both have marched out.

Scarcely have these allies arrived, we may suppose, when the moment of battle is at hand. Doubtless it was the most favorable moment, and as such eagerly seized by Miltiades: why it was so favorable, no one at this late day can know. Perhaps the much-feared Persian cavalry were absent on a foraging expedition; perhaps the enemy were negligent, or were embarking; or as Herodotus says, because it was Miltiades's day of command, —alas, who can tell? At any rate the order to charge is given; down the declivity the Greeks rush, over the plain for a mile. The deep files on the wings of their army bear everything before them; but the centre is defeated for a time and driven back, for it had apparently been weakened to strengthen the wings. Such is the first fierce attack.

Now comes the second stage of the struggle, the battle at the marshes. The front of the enemy, pressed by the Greeks, and consolidated into a mass of panic-stricken fugitives, bore the rear backwards; thus the whole hostile army pushed itself into the swamp. Whoever has seen a regiment of infantry in a morass, reeling, struggling with broken lines, sinking under their equipments, soldiers extricating one foot only to sink deeper with the other, cursing their stars and damning the war,—that is, a complete loss of all discipline, and a sort of despair on account of the new victorious enemy underfoot,—such a person can imagine the condition of a large part of the Persian army after that attack. The Greek lines stood on the edge of the marsh, and smote the struggling disordered mass with little or no loss to themselves. They also prevented succor from coming round the narrow tongue of coast till the battle at the morass was over, wholly victorious for the Greeks.

The narrative of Herodotus omits entirely this second stage of the conflict, and modern historians have slurred it over with little or no separate attention. Thus, however, the whole battle is an unaccountable mystery. Fortunately this struggle at the morass and its result are vouched for by an authority at once

original and contemporaneous,— an authority even better than Herodotus, who was a foreigner from Asia Minor. It was the picture in the Pœkile at Athens painted not long after the battle. Of the details of that picture we have several important hints from ancient authors. Says Pausanias, evidently speaking of its leading motive, it shows "the barbarians fleeing and pushing one another into the swamp." There can be no doubt that this was the salient and decisive fact of the battle: the barbarians fled and pushed one another into the swamp. By the fierce onset of the Greeks the front lines of the enemy were driven upon the rear, and the whole multitude was carried by its own weight into the treacherous ground, numbers only increasing the momentum and the confusion. Such was the conception of the artist painting the battle before the eyes of the very men who had participated in it; such therefore we must take to be the contemporary Athenian conception. The picture may well be considered to be the oldest historical document we have concerning the fight, and as even better evidence than the foreign historian. The ground, moreover, as we look at it to-day, tells the same story. A skillful military commander of the present time, other things being equal, would make the same plan of attack. Thus too the great miracle of the battle — the defeat of so many by so few, and the small loss of the victors — is reasonably cleared up.

The third stage of the conflict was the battle at the ships, while the enemy were embarking. This, to be successful, had to take place partly upon the narrow strip of shore to which the Greeks must penetrate at a disadvantage. In their zeal they rushed into the water down the shelving pebbly bottom in order to seize the fleet; still the faithful traveler visiting the scene will, after their example, wade far out into the sea. Seven vessels were taken out of six hundred, the enemy making good their embarkation. Many Greeks here suffered the fate of brave Kynegeirus, brother of the poet Æschylus, who, seizing hold of a vessel, had his arms chopped off by a Persian battle-axe. In general, the Greeks were repulsed at the battle of the ships; but this third stage, since the enemy were leaving, is the least important of the whole conflict.

Not a word does Herodotus say about the numbers engaged on either side: a strange, unaccountable omission. Yet he must have conversed with men who fought at the battle,— with the leaders possibly,— and he gives with the greatest care the loss on

both sides,—6,400 Persians, 192 Athenians. The omission leads to the conjecture that he could not find out the true figures; yet why not at Athens, where they must have been known? It is a puzzle: let each one solve it by his own conjecture, which is likely to be as good as anybody else's.

Ancient writers much later than the battle give to the Persians from 210,000 to 600,000 men; to the Athenians and Platæans 10,000 men. Modern writers have sought through various sources to lessen this immense disparity, by increasing the Athenian and diminishing the Persian numbers. Indeed, Marathon became the topic of the wildest exaggeration for the Greek orators and rhetoricians: 300,000 were said to have been slain by less than 10,000; Kynegeirus, already mentioned, is declared to have had first the right hand cut off, then the left hand, then to have seized the vessel with his teeth like a wild animal; Callimachus, a brave general who was slain, is represented to have been pierced by so many weapons that he was held up by their shafts. It was the great commonplace of Athenian oratory; thence it has passed to be the world's commonplace. Justly, in my opinion: for it is one of the supreme world-events, and not merely a local or even national affair; thus the world will talk of its own deeds. Do not imagine with the shallow-brained detractor that rhetoric has made Marathon; no, Marathon rather has made rhetoric, among other greater things.

Far more interesting than these rhetorical exaggerations of a later time are the contemporary accounts which come from the people and show their faith,—the legends of supernatural appearances which took part in the fight. For there was aught divine, the people must believe, at work visibly upon the battle-field that day. Epizelus, a soldier in the ranks, was stricken blind, and remained so during life, at the vision of a gigantic warrior with a huge beard, who passed near him and smote the enemy. Theseus the special Athenian hero, Hercules the universal Greek hero, were there and seen of men; no doubt of it, the heroes all did fight along, with very considerable effect too. Nor were the gods absent: the god Pan, regardless of slighted divinity, met the courier Phidippides on the way to Sparta for aid, and promised his divine help if the Athenians would neglect him no longer. Finally, Athena herself, the protecting goddess of the city, in helm and spear strode there through the ranks, shaking her dreadful ægis, visible to many—nay, to all—Athenian eyes.

Even a new hero appears, unheard of before; in rough rustic garb, armed with a plowshare he smote the Oriental foe who had invaded his soil. After the battle he vanishes: who was he? On consulting an oracle, the Athenians were merely told to pay honors to the Hero Echetlus. On the whole the most interesting and characteristic of all these appearances — the rustic smiter he is, who reveals the stout rude work put in by the Attic peasant on that famous day. Indeed, all who fell were buried on the sacred ground of the battle, and were worshiped as heroes with annual rites. Still in the time of the traveler Pausanias, about a hundred and fifty years after Christ, the air was filled at night with the blare of trumpets, the neighing of steeds, and the clangor of battle. Says he: "It is dangerous to go to the spot for the express purpose of seeing what is going on; but if a man finds himself there by accident without having heard about the matter, the gods will not be angry." Greece was, at the period of Pausanias, extinct in Roman servitude; yet the clash of that battle could be heard — loud, angry, even dangerous — over six hundred years after the event. Still the modern peasant hears the din of combat in the air sometimes; I asked him, he was a little shy of the matter; the noise, however, has become to him comparatively feeble, — still there is a noise. But long will it be, one may well think, before that noise wholly subsides.

So the heroes and gods fought along with the Athenians at Marathon, visible, almighty, and in wrath. Thus it has been delivered to us on good authority: thus I, for one, am going to believe, for the event shows it; far otherwise had been the story if the gods had not fought along on that day. There would have been no Marathonian victory, no Athens, no Greek literature, for us at least. But now Theseus, the deserving hero, will have a new temple, beautiful, enduring, at this moment nearly perfect, after almost twenty-four centuries. Athena also will have a new temple, larger and more beautiful than any heretofore, still the unattained type of all temples; it shall be called, in honor of the virgin goddess, the Parthenon. Attic song will now burst forth, Attic art too, celebrating just this Marathon victory; that long line of poets, orators, philosophers, historians, will now appear, all because the gods fought along at Marathon. . . .

The most prominent object on the plain of Marathon is an artificial mound, perhaps thirty feet high at present; upon it is

growing some low brushwood. It is generally considered to be the tomb of the 192 Athenians who were buried on the battlefield, and had there a monument on which their tribe and their names were written. To the summit of this mound the traveler will ascend and sit down; he will thank the brambles growing upon it that they have preserved it so well in their rude embrace from the leveling rains. He may reasonably feel that he is upon the rampart which separates the East from the West. Yonder just across this narrow strait are the mountains of Eubœa, snow-capped and loftily proud; yet they stooped their heads to the Persian conqueror. All the islands of the sea submitted; Asia Minor submitted. But here upon this shore, defiantly facing the East, was the first successful resistance to the Oriental principle; its supporters could hardly do more than make a landing upon these banks, when down from the mountains swept fire and whirlwind, burning them up, driving them into the sea. Here then our West begins or began in space and time,—we might say upon this very mound; that semicircular sweep of hills yonder forms the adamantine wall which shut out Orientalism. Regard their shape once more: they seem to open like a huge pair of forceps, only in order to close again and press to death.

Strange is the lot of the men buried here—the unconscious instruments of a world's destiny—nameless except two or three possibly. Yet they had some mighty force in them and back of them: one is quite inclined to think that they must have remotely felt in some dim far-off presentiment what lay in their deed for the future, and that such feeling nerved their arms to a hundredfold intensity. Here upon the mound this question comes home to us before all others: What is man but that which he is ready to die for? Such is his earthly contradiction: if he have that for which he is willing to give his life, then he has a most vital, perdurable energy; but if he have naught for which he would die, then he is already dead, buried ignobly in a tomb of flesh.

But what is this Greek principle which Marathon has preserved for us against the Orient? It is not easy to be formulated in words, to anybody's complete satisfaction. Politically, it is freedom; in art, it is beauty; in mind, it is philosophy; and so on through many other abstract predicables. Perhaps we may say that the fundamental idea of Greece is the self-development

of the individual in all its phases,—the individual State, the individual city or town, the individual man. Henceforth the task is to unfold the germ which lies within, removed from external trammels; to give to the individual a free, full, harmonious development. Thus will be produced the great types of States, of men, of events; still further, these types will then be reproduced by the artist in poetry, in marble, in history, and in many other forms. This second production or reproduction is indeed, of all Grecian things, the most memorable.

The battle of Marathon is itself a type, and has always been considered by the world as a supreme type of its kind, representing a phase of the spiritual. Athens from this moment has the spirit of which the Marathonian deed is only an utterance. Soon that spirit will break forth in all directions, producing new eternal types, just as Marathon is such a type in its way. Athenian plastic art, poetry, philosophy, are manifestations of this same spirit, and show in a still higher degree than the battle, the victory over Orientalism. The second Persian invasion came, but it was only a repetition of the first one; it too was defeated at Marathon, which was the primitive Great Deed, the standing image to Greece of herself and all of her possibilities. Hence the use of it so often by her writers and speakers, as well as by those of the entire Western world.

With Marathon, too, history properly begins; that is, the stream of history. Now it becomes a definite, demonstrable, unbroken current, sweeping down to our own times. Before Marathon indeed there is history, and much history; but it is in flashes, short or long, then going out in darkness. The history of Greece itself before Marathon is merely an agglomeration of events quite disconnected. The head-waters take their start at Marathon; Oriental bubblings there are in abundance, but no stream. In fact it could not be otherwise: such is just the character of the Orient,—to be unable to create this historical continuity. But the West has it, and it was won at Marathon, marking the greatest of all transitions both in the form and in the substance of history. Moreover, the historic consciousness now arises; history for the first time is able to record itself in an adequate manner. If you now scan him closely, you will find that man has come to the insight that he has done in these days something worthy of being remembered forever. But where is the scribe to set it down? Behold, here he comes, old Herodotus, the Father of

History, with the first truly historical book; in which he has written, together with the rest of the Persian war, the noble record of just this great Marathonian deed. Thus with the worthy action appears the man worthy of transmitting its glory.

Still the traveler remains upon the top of the mound, asking himself, Why is Marathon so famous? Other battles have had the same disparity of numbers between the two sides, and the same completeness of victory, while they have had the same principle of freedom and nationality at stake. The battle of Morgarten, with its sixteen hundred Swiss against twenty thousand Austrians, is often cited, and is sometimes called the Swiss Marathon. But Morgarten to the world is an obscure skirmish: it is not one of the heroic deeds which determined a civilization; it is not one of the hallowed symbols of the race. This then must be the cause: Greece has created to a large extent what we may call the symbols of our Western world,—the typical deeds, the typical men, the typical forms which are still the ideals by which we mold our works, and to which we seek, partially at least, to adjust our lives.

Marathon therefore stands for a thousand battles: all other struggles for freedom, of which our Occident has been full, are merely echoes, repetitions, imitations to a certain extent, of that great primitive action. And Greece is just the nation in history which was gifted with the power of making all that she did a type of its kind. The idea of the West she first had, in its instinctive form, in its primal enchanting bloom; most happily she embodied that idea in her actions, making them into eternal things of beauty.

That is, all the deeds of Greece are works of art. In this sense the battle of Marathon may be called a work of art. Grandeur of idea with perfect realization is the definition of such a work, and is that quality which elevates the person who can rightly contemplate it into true insight. It fills the soul of the beholder with views of the new future world, and makes him for a time the sharer of its fruits. Marathon is only that single wonderful event, yet it is symbolical of all that are to come after it,—you may say, embraces them all; it tells the race for the first time what the race can do, giving us a new hope and a new vision. So indeed does every great work of art and every great action: but this is the grand original; it is the prophecy of the future standing there at the opening of history, telling us

what we too may become,—imparting to us at this distance of time a fresh aspiration.

One step further let us push this thought, till it mirror itself clearly and in completeness. The Athenians were not only doers of beautiful deeds, they were also the makers of beautiful things to represent the same: they were artists. Not only a practical, but an equal theoretic greatness was theirs: in no people that has hitherto appeared were the two primal elements of human spirit—will and intelligence—blended in such happy harmony; here as in all their other gifts there was no overbalancing, but a symmetry which becomes musical. They first made the deed the type of all deeds, made it a Marathon; then they embodied it in an actual work of art. They were not merely able to enact the great thought, but also to put it into its true outward form, to be seen and admired of men. Their action was beautiful, often supremely beautiful,—but that was not enough; they turned around after having performed it, and rescued it from the moment of time in which it was born and in which it might perish, and then made it eternal in marble, in color, in prose, in verse.

Thus we can behold it still. On the temple of Wingless Victory at Athens is to be seen at this day a frieze representing the battle of Marathon. There is still to be read that tremendous war poem, the 'Persæ' of Æschylus, who also fought at Marathon; the white heat of this first conflict and of the later Persian war can still be felt in it through the intervening thousands of years. Upon the summit of the mound where we now stand, ancient works of art were doubtless placed; the stele inscribed with the names of the fallen is mentioned by Pausanias. Only a short distance from this tomb ancient substructions can still be observed: temples and shrines, statues and monuments, must have been visible here on all sides; to the sympathetic eye the whole plain will now be whitened with shapes of marble softly reposing in the sunshine. The Greeks are indeed the supreme artistic people: they have created the beautiful symbols of the world; they have furnished the artistic type and have embodied it in many forms; they had the ideal and gave to it an adequate expression. Moderns have done other great things, but this belongs to the Greeks.

So after the mighty Marathonian deed there is at Athens a most determined struggle, a supreme necessity laid upon the people, to utter it worthily, to reveal it in the forms of art, and

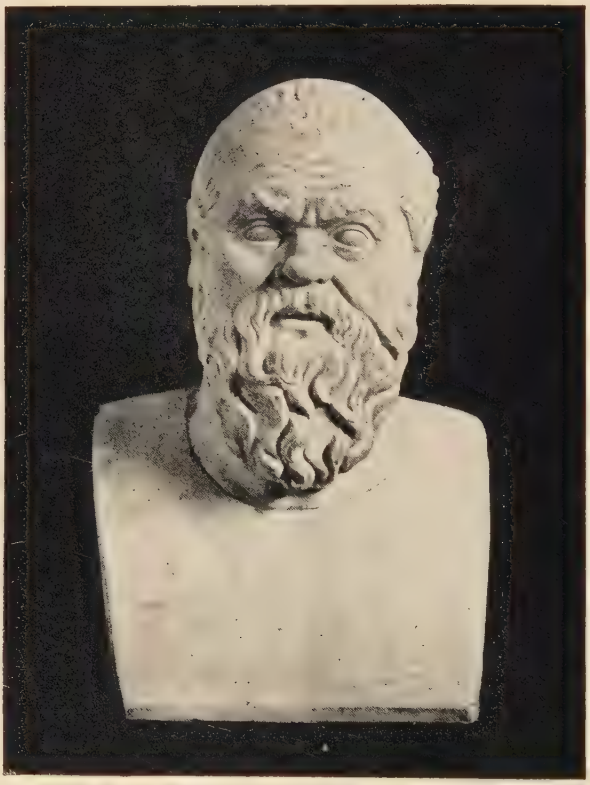
thus to create beauty. Architecture, sculpture, poetry, spring at once and together to a height which they have hardly since attained, trying to express the lofty consciousness begotten of heroic action; philosophy, too, followed; but chiefest of all, the great men of the time, those plastic shapes in flesh and blood, manifesting the perfect development and harmony of mind and body, rise in Olympian majesty, and make the next hundred years after the battle the supreme intellectual birth of the ages; — and all because the gods fought along at Marathon and must thereafter be revealed.

But let us descend from this height, for we cannot stay up here all day: let us go down from the mound, resuming our joyous sauntering occupation; let our emotions, still somewhat exalted, flow down quietly and mingle once more with the soft pellucid Marathonian rill. The declining sun is warning us that we have spent the greater part of a day in wandering over the plain, and in sitting on the shore and the tumulus. Let us still trace the bed of the river up from the swamp: everywhere along its bank and in its channel can be seen fragments of edifices. Here are ancient bricks with mortar still clinging to them; there is the drum of a column lying in the sand half buried; pieces of ornamented capitals look up at you from the ground with broken smiles. Remains of a wall of carefully hewn stone speak of a worthy superstructure: the foundation of a temple of Bacchus was discovered here a few years ago, together with a curious inscription still preserved in the town. The fragments scattered along and in the channel for half a mile or more tell of the works once erected on this spot to the heroes and gods of the plain, and which were things of beauty. The traveler will seek to rebuild this group of shrines and temples, each in its proper place and with suitable ornament; he will fill them with white images, with altars and tripods; he will call up the surging crowd of merry Greek worshipers passing from spot to spot at some festival.

As one walks slowly through the fields in the pleasant sun, a new delight comes over him at the view of the flowers of Marathon. Everywhere they are springing up over the plain, though it be January still,— many of them and of many kinds, daisies, dandelions, and primroses,— looking a little different from what they do at home, yet full as joyous. The most beautiful is a kind of poppy unknown to me elsewhere; so let me call it the

Marathonian poppy. In most cases it wraps its face in a half-closed calyx, as the Greek maiden covers forehead and chin in her linen veil: still you can look down into the hood of leaves and there behold sparkling dark eyes. Some of the flowers, however, are entirely open, some only in bud yet; then there is every variety of color,—red, purple, and blue, with infinite delicate shadings. One tarries among them and plays after having gone through the earnest battle; he will stoop down and pluck a large handful of them in order to arrange them in groups passing into one another by the subtlest hues. So, after being in such high company, one gladly becomes for a time a child once more amid the Marathonian poppies. . . .

But will this city [St. Louis] ever mean to the world the thousandth part of what Marathon means? Will it ever make a banner under which civilization will march? Will it ever create a symbol which nations will contemplate as a thing of beauty and as a hope-inspiring prophecy of their destiny? Will it rear any men to be exemplars for the race? Alas! no such man has she yet produced; very little sign of such things is here at present: we are not a symbol-making people, do not know nor care what that means; our ambition is to make canned beef for the race—and to correct the census. St. Louis has some fame abroad as a flour market, but she is likely to be forgotten by ungrateful man as soon as he has eaten his loaf of bread or can get it from elsewhere. A great population she has doubtless, greater than Athens ever had; but I cannot see, with the best good-will, that in the long run there is much difference between the 350,000 who are here, and the 150,000 who are not but were supposed to be. Marathon River is often a river without water; but will turbid Mississippi with her thousands of steamboats—stop! this strain is getting discordant: at Marathon should be heard no dissonance, least of all the dissonance of despair. Yes, there is hope; while the future lasts—and it will be a long time before that ceases—there is hope. The Marathonian catabothron is certain to rise here yet, with many other catabothrons, and form with native rivers a new stream unheard of in the history of the world. Who of us has not some such article of faith? When this valley has its milliard of human beings in throbbing activity over its surface, we all of us, I doubt not, shall look back from some serene height and behold them; we shall then see that so many people have created their beautiful symbol.



SOCRATES

SOCRATES

(469?–399 B. C.)

BY HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

GREAT teachers are not often great writers: some indeed have written nothing, and among these the greatest is Socrates. If the qualities of his genius made Socrates a teacher through the spoken, not through the written word, he created a literature in which, through the devotion of his pupils, his message to the world has been transmitted to us. It is fortunate that Xenophon and Plato were so different in character and aptitudes. If the historian was incapable of grasping the full significance of his master's search for truth and its transforming power, he pictures for us the homelier side of the life of Socrates,—his practical virtues, his humanity,—and defends him from calumny and reproach. In the larger vision of Plato the outlines of the man were merged into the figure of the ideal teacher. To disengage with certainty the man Socrates from the dialectician into whose mouth Plato puts his own transcendental philosophy, is beyond our powers; but in the pages of Xenophon, unillumined indeed by Plato's matchless urbanity and grace, we have a record of Socrates's conversations that bears the mark of verisimilitude.

The life of Socrates falls in a period of the history of thought when the speculations of a century and more had arrived at the hopeless conclusion that there was no real truth, no absolute standard of right and wrong, no difference between what is essential and what is accidental; and that all man can know is dependent upon sensation, and perception through the senses. But the position of Socrates in history is not to be understood by a mere statement of his methods, or his results in regenerating philosophical investigation.

Born in 469, or perhaps 471, the son of the statuary Sophroniscus and Phænarete a midwife, he received the education of the Athenian youth of the time in literature,—which embraced chiefly the study of Homer,—in music, and in geometry and astronomy. He is said to have tried his hand for a time at his father's trade; and a group of the Graces, currently believed to be his work, was extant as late as the second century A. D. Like the Parisian, whose world is bounded by the boulevards, Socrates thought Athens world enough for him.

He remained in his native city his entire life; unlike the Sophists, who traveled from city to city making gain of their wisdom. On one occasion indeed he attended the games at Corinth; and as a soldier underwent with fortitude the privations of the campaign at Potidæa, where he saved the life of Alcibiades, whose influence, directly or indirectly, was to work ruin alike to Athens and his master. He was engaged in the battles of Delium in 424 and Amphipolis in 422. His life was by preference free from event. Warned by the deterrent voice of his "divine sign," he took no part in public affairs except when he was called upon to fulfill the ordinary duties of citizenship. Until his trial before the court that sentenced him to death, he appeared in a public capacity on only two occasions; in both of which he displayed his lofty independence and tenacity of purpose in the face of danger. In 406, withstanding the clamor of the mob, he alone among the presidents of the assembly refused to put to vote the inhuman and illegal proposition to condemn in a body the generals at Arginusæ; and during the Reign of Terror in 404 he disobeyed the incriminating command of the Thirty Tyrants to arrest Leon, whom they had determined to put to death.

He seems at an early age to have recoiled from speculations as to the cause and constitution of the physical world; believing that they dealt with problems not merely too deep for human intellect but sacred from man's finding out. "Do these students of nature's laws," he indignantly exclaimed, "think they already know human affairs well enough, that they begin to meddle with the Divine?"

To Socrates "the proper study of mankind is man." In the market-place he found material for investigation at once more tangible and of a profounder significance than the atomic theory of Democritus. "Know thyself" was inscribed on the temple of the god of Delphi; and it was Socrates's conviction that a "life without self-examination was no life at all." Since the Delphian oracle declared him to be the wisest of men, he felt that he had a Divine mission to make clear the meaning of the god, and to seek if haply he might find some one wiser than himself; for he was conscious that he knew nothing.

To this quest everything was made subordinate. He was possessed of nothing, for he had the faculty of indigence. Fortunately, as Renan has put it, all a Greek needed for his daily sustenance was a few olives and a little wine. "To want nothing," said Socrates, "is Divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest possible approach to the Divine life." Clad in shabby garments, which sufficed alike for summer and winter, always barefoot (a scandal to Athenian propriety), taking money from no man so as not to "enslave himself," professing with his "accustomed irony" to be unable to teach anything

himself, he went about year after year,—in the market-place, in the gymnasium, in the school,—asking continually, "What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honorable and the base? What is the just and the unjust? What is temperance or unsound mind? What is the character fit for a citizen? What is authority over men? What is the character befitting the exercise of such authority?" Questioning men of every degree, of every mode of thought and occupation, he discovered that each and all of the poets, the politicians, the orators, the artists, the artisans, thought that "because he possessed some special excellence in his own art, he was himself wisest as to matters of another and a higher kind." The Athenian of the day multiplied words about equality, virtue, justice; but when examined as to the credentials of their knowledge, Socrates found all alike ignorant. Thus it was that he discovered the purport of the divine saying—others thought they knew something, he knew that he knew nothing.

The Sophists claimed to have gained wisdom, which they taught for a price: Socrates only claimed to be a lover of wisdom, a philosopher. Though he continued to affect ignorance, in order to confound ignorance, he must have been conscious that if in truth he was the "wisest of men," he had a heaven-attested authority for leading men to a right course of thinking. Only by confessing our ignorance, he said, and by becoming learners, can we reach a right course of thinking; and by learning to think aright, according to his intellectual view of ethics, we learn to do well. God alone possesses wisdom; but it is man's duty to struggle to attain to knowledge, and therewith virtue. For virtue is knowledge, and sin is the fruit of ignorance. Voluntary evil on the part of one who knows what is good, is inconceivable.

In his search for knowledge, Socrates found that it was imperative to get clear conceptions of general notions. These he attained by the process of induction.

"Going once, too, into the workshop of Cleito the statuary, and beginning to converse with him, he said, 'I see and understand, Cleito, that you make figures of various kinds, runners and wrestlers, pugilists and pancratiasts; but how do you put into your statues that which most wins the minds of the beholders through the eye—the lifelike appearance?' As Cleito hesitated, and did not immediately answer, Socrates proceeded to ask, 'Do you make your statues appear more lifelike by assimilating your work to the figures of the living?' 'Certainly,' said he. 'Do you not then make your figures appear more like reality, and more striking, by imitating the parts of the body that are drawn up or drawn down, compressed or spread out, stretched or relaxed, by the gesture?' 'Undoubtedly,' said Cleito. 'And the representation of the passions of men engaged in any act, does it not excite a certain pleasure in the spectators?' 'It is natural, at least, that it should be so,' said he.

'Must you not, then, copy the menacing looks of combatants? And must you not imitate the countenance of conquerors, as they look joyful?' 'Assuredly,' said he. 'A statuary, therefore,' concluded Socrates, 'must express the workings of the mind by the form.'" (Xenophon, in the 'Memorabilia.')

There is no deadlier weapon than the terrible cut-and-thrust process of cross-examination by which the great questioner could reduce his interlocutor to the confession of false knowledge. Sometimes, we must confess, Socrates seems to have altogether too easy a time of it, as he wraps his victim closer and closer in his toils. If we tire of the men of straw who are set up against him, and our fingers itch to take a hand in the fight, we cannot but realize that the process destructive of error is a necessary preliminary to the constructive process by which positive truth is established.

If Greek thought was saved from the germs of disintegration by Socrates's recognition of the certainty of moral distinctions, it is his incomparable method of teaching that entitles him to our chief regard. He elicited curiosity, which is the beginning of wisdom; he had no stereotyped system of philosophy to set forth,—he only opened up vistas of truth; he stimulated, he did not complete, investigation. Hence he created, not a school, but scholars; who, despite the wide diversity of their beliefs, drew their inspiration from a common source.

If his fertility of resource, his wit and humor, his geniality, his illustrations drawn from common life, his well-nigh universal sympathy, charmed many, the significance of his moral teachings inspired the chosen few. Those who could recover from the shock of discovering that their knowledge was after all only ignorance, were spurred by his obstinate questionings to a better life. He delivered their minds of the truths that had unconsciously lain in them.

With his wonted art, Plato has made the most dissolute of Socrates's temporary followers the chief witness to his captivating eloquence. In the 'Banquet,' Alcibiades says:—

"I shall praise Socrates in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature; and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth I say, then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them. I say also that he is like Marsyas the satyr.

"And are you not a flute-player? That you are; and a far more wonderful performer than Marsyas. For he indeed with instruments charmed the souls of men by the power of his breath, as the performers of his music do still; for the melodies of Olympus are derived from the teaching of Marsyas, and these—whether they are played by a great master or by a miserable flute-girl—have a power which no others have,—they alone possess the soul and

reveal the wants of those who have need of gods and mysteries, because they are inspired. But you produce the same effect with the voice only, and do not require the flute; that is the difference between you and him. When we hear any other speaker,—even a very good one,—his words produce absolutely no effect upon us in comparison; whereas the very fragments of you and your words, even at second-hand, and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the souls of every man, woman, and child who comes within hearing of them.

«I have heard Pericles and other great orators: but though I thought that they spoke well, I never had any similar feeling; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But this Marsyas has often brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading (this, Socrates, you admit); and I am conscious that if I did not shut my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would detain me until I grew old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do,—neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians; therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. And he is the only person who ever made me ashamed,—which you might think not to be in my nature; and there is no one else who does the same. For I know that I cannot answer him, or say that I ought not to do as he bids; but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me. And therefore I run away and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. And many a time I wish that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad if he were to die: so that I am at my wits' end.»

Socrates must have seemed in very truth a satyr to the large body of Athenians careless of his mission. How could they, who had been taught that the «good is fair» and that the «fair is good,» believe that good should issue from those thick, sensual lips; or realize that within that misshapen body, with its staring eyes and upturned nose with outspread nostrils, there resided a soul disparate to its covering? Surely this rude creature of the world of Pan could not speak the words of Divine wisdom! Then too his eccentricities. Like Luther, he combined common-sense with mysticism. He would remain as if in a trance for hours, brooding over some problem of the true or good. As early as 423, Aristophanes made him the scapegoat for his detestation of the natural philosophers and of the Sophists, who were unsettling all traditional belief.

Strepsiades—But who hangs dangling in the basket yonder?
Student— HIMSELF.
Strepsiades— And who's Himself?
Student— Why, Socrates.
Strepsiades—Ho, Socrates! Call him, you fellow—call loud.
Student— Call him yourself—I've got no time for calling.
[*Exit in-doors.*

Strepsiades — Ho, Socrates! Sweet, darling Socrates!
Socrates — Why callest thou me, poor creature of a day?
Strepsiades — First tell me, pray, what *are* you doing up there?
Socrates — I walk in air, and contemplate the sun.
Strepsiades — Oh, *that's* the way that you look down on the gods—
You get so near them on your perch there — eh?
Socrates — I never could have found out things divine,
Had I not hung my mind up thus, and mixed
My subtle intellect with its kindred air.

The ethical inquirer here is pilloried by the caricaturist for the very tendency against which his whole life was a protest. When in 399 Socrates was brought to trial, he confesses that the chief obstacle in the way of proving his innocence is those calumnies of his "old accusers"; for even if Aristophanes was able to distinguish between Socrates and the Sophists, he did not, and the common people could not.

The indictment put forward by Meletus, Anytus, and Lycon, who were merely the mouthpieces of hostile public opinion, read as follows: —

"Socrates offends against the laws in not paying respect to those gods whom the city respects, and introducing other new deities; he also offends against the laws in corrupting the youth."

It is not difficult to see why Socrates provoked a host of enemies. Those who, like Anytus, felt that he inflamed their sons to revolt against parental authority; those who regarded the infamous life and treason of Alcibiades, and the tyranny of Critias, as the direct result of their master's teachings; those who thought him the gadfly of the market-place, and who had suffered under his merciless exposure of their sham knowledge; those who saw in his objection to the choice of public officers by lot, a menace to the established constitution,— all these felt that by his death alone could the city be rid of his pestilential disputatiousness.

For his defense, Socrates made no special preparation. "My whole life," said he, "has been passed with my brief in view. I have shunned evil all my life; — that I think is the most honorable way in which a man can bestow attention upon his own defense:" words that anticipate those spoken on a still more memorable occasion,— "But when they shall deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak."

If the accusations were false, the trial was legal. Against the count of the indictment on the score of impiety, Socrates could set his reverence for the gods. His *daimonion* was no new deity, and it had spoken to him from his youth up. He had discharged the religious duties required by the State; he even believed in the

manifestations of the gods through signs and oracles when human judgment was at fault, and this at a time when the "enlightened" viewed such faith with contempt. He recognized with gratitude the intelligent purpose of the gods in creating a world of beauty. "No one," says Xenophon, "ever knew of his doing or saying anything profane or unholy." He was temperate, brave, upright, endowed with a high sense of honor. Though he preserved the independence of his judgment, he had been loyal to the existing government. A less unbending assertion of this independence, and a conciliatory attitude toward his judges, would have saved Socrates from death. But he seems to have courted a verdict that would mark him as the "first martyr of philosophy."

[NOTE.— The chief ancient authorities for the life and teaching of Socrates are Xenophon's 'Memorabilia,' or Memoirs of the philosopher, and his 'Symposium'; Plato's 'Apology,' 'Crito,' and parts of the 'Phædo.' Such dialogues as the 'Lysis,' 'Charmides,' 'Laches,' 'Protagoras,' 'Euthyphro,' deal with the master's conception of the unity of virtue and knowledge; and are called "Socratic" because they are free from the intrusion of features that are specifically Platonic, such as the doctrine of the Ideas, and the tripartite division of the soul. The 'Apology' included among the writings of Xenophon is probably spurious. The 'Life' by Diogenes Laertius is an ill-assorted and uncritical compilation, filled with trivial gossip.]

Herbert Weir Smyth

SOCRATES REFUSES TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON

From Plato's 'Crito'

SOCRATES — Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. And shall that be the premise of our argument? Or

do you decline and dissent from this? For this has been of old and is still my opinion; but if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step.

Crito—You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

Socrates—Then I will proceed to the next step, which may be put in the form of a question: Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

Crito—He ought to do what he thinks right.

Socrates—But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just? What do you say?

Crito—I cannot tell, Socrates; for I do not know.

Socrates—Then consider the matter in this way: Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say, "what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole State—as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a State can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Any one, and especially a clever rhetorician, will have a good deal to urge about the evil of setting aside the law which requires a sentence to be carried out; and we might reply, "Yes; but the State has injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

Crito—Very good, Socrates.

Socrates—"And was that our agreement with you?" the law would say; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the State?" And if I were to express astonishment at their saying this, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us what complaint you have to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the State? In the first place, did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who

regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you were trained? Were not the laws which have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastics?" Right, I should reply. "Well then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true, you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands? You would not say this. And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued, and higher and holier far, than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and if not persuaded, obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him, or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

Crito—I think that they do.

Socrates—Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. For after having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good that we had to give, we further proclaim and give the right to every Athenian, that if he does not like us when he has come of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him; and none of us laws will forbid him or

interfere with him. Any of you who does not like us and the city, and who wants to go to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, and take his goods with him. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the State, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong: first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are wrong; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us;—that is what we offer, and he does neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose I ask, Why is this? they will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city; which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games,—except once when you went to the Isthmus,—or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had you any curiosity to know other States or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our State; we were your special favorites, and you acquiesced in our government of you; and this is the State in which you begat your children, which is a proof of your satisfaction. Moreover, you might if you had liked have fixed the penalty at banishment in the course of the trial: the State which refuses to let you go now would have let you go then. But you pretended that you preferred death to exile, and that you were not grieved at death. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and pay no respect to us the laws, of whom you are the destroyer; and are doing what only a miserable slave would do,—running away and turning your back upon the compacts and agreements which you made as a citizen."

SOCRATES AND EUTHYDEMUS

From Xenophon's 'Memorabilia'

SOCRATES, having made the letters as he proposed, asked, "Does falsehood then exist among mankind?" "It does assuredly," replied he.—"Under which head shall we place it?" "Under injustice, certainly."—"Does deceit also exist?" "Unquestionably."—"Under which head shall we place that?" "Evidently under injustice."—"Does mischievousness exist?" "Undoubtedly."—"And the enslaving of men?" "That too prevails."—"And shall neither of these things be placed by us under justice, Euthydemus?" "It would be strange if they should be," said he. "But," said Socrates, "if a man, being chosen to lead an army, should reduce to slavery an unjust and hostile people, should we say that he committed injustice?" "No, certainly," replied he.—"Should we not rather say that he acted justly?" "Indisputably."—"And if, in the course of the war with them, he should practice deceit?" "That also would be just," said he. —"And if he should steal and carry off their property, would he not do what was just?" "Certainly," said Euthydemus; "but I thought at first that you asked these questions only with reference to our friends." "Then," said Socrates, "all that we have placed under the head of injustice, we must also place under that of justice?" "It seems so," replied Euthydemus. "Do you agree, then," continued Socrates, "that having so placed them, we should make a new distinction,—that it is just to do such things with regard to enemies, but unjust to do them with regard to friends, and that towards his friends our general should be as guileless as possible?" "By all means," replied Euthydemus.

"Well, then," said Socrates, "if a general, seeing his army dispirited, should tell them, inventing a falsehood, that auxiliaries were coming, and should by that invention check the despondency of his troops, under which head should we place such an act of deceit?" "It appears to me," said Euthydemus, "that we must place it under justice."—"And if a father, when his son requires medicine and refuses to take it, should deceive him, and give him the medicine as ordinary food, and by adopting such deception should restore him to health, under which head must we place such an act of deceit?" "It appears to me that we must put it under the same head."—"And if a person, when his friend was in despondency, should, through fear that he might

kill himself, steal or take away his sword, or any other weapon, under which head must we place that act?" "That, assuredly, we must place under justice."—"You say, then," said Socrates, "that not even towards our friends must we act on all occasions without deceit?" "We must not indeed," said he; "for I retract what I said before, if I may be permitted to do so." "It is indeed much better that you should be permitted," said Socrates, "than that you should not place actions on the right side. But of those who deceive their friends in order to injure them (that we may not leave even this point unconsidered), which of the two is the more unjust,—he who does so intentionally or he who does so involuntarily?" "Indeed, Socrates," said Euthydemus, "I no longer put confidence in the answers which I give; for all that I said before appears to me now to be quite different from what I then thought: however, let me venture to say that he who deceives intentionally is more unjust than he who deceives involuntarily?"

"Does it appear to you, then, that there is a way of learning and knowing what is just, as there is of learning and knowing how to read and write?" "I think there is."—"And which should you consider the better scholar, him who should purposely write or read incorrectly, or him who should do so unawares?" "Him who should do so purposely; for whenever he pleased, he would be able to do both correctly."—"He therefore that purposely writes incorrectly may be a good scholar, but he who does so involuntarily is destitute of scholarship?" "How can it be otherwise?"—"And whether does he who lies and deceives intentionally know what is just, or he who does so unawares?" "Doubtless he who does so intentionally."—"You therefore say that he who knows how to write and read is a better scholar than he who does not know?" "Yes."—"And that he who knows what is just is more just than he who does not know?" "I seem to say so; but I appear to myself to say this I know not how."—"But what would you think of the man who, wishing to tell the truth, should never give the same account of the same thing, but in speaking of the same road, should say at one time that it led towards the east, and at another towards the west, and in stating the result of the same calculation, should sometimes assert it to be greater and sometimes less,—what, I say, would you think of such a man?" "It would be quite clear that he knew nothing of what he thought he knew."

"Do you know any persons called slave-like?" "I do."—"Whether for their knowledge or their ignorance?" "For their ignorance, certainly."—"Is it then for their ignorance of working in brass that they receive this appellation?" "Not at all."—"Is it for their ignorance of the art of building?" "Nor for that."—"Or for their ignorance of shoemaking?" "Not on any one of these accounts; for the contrary is the case, as most of those who know such trades are servile."—"Is this, then, an appellation of those who are ignorant of what is honorable, and good, and just?" "It appears so to me."—"It therefore becomes us to exert ourselves in every way to avoid being like slaves." "But, by the gods, Socrates," rejoined Euthydemus, "I firmly believed that I was pursuing that course of study by which I should, as I expected, be made fully acquainted with all that was proper to be known by a man striving after honor and virtue; but now, how dispirited must you think I feel, when I see that with all my previous labor, I am not even able to answer a question about what I ought most of all to know, and am acquainted with no other course which I may pursue to become better!"

DUTY OF POLITICIANS TO QUALIFY THEMSELVES

From Xenophon's 'Memorabilia'

"It is plain, Glaucon, that if you wish to be honored, you must benefit the State." "Certainly," replied Glaucon. "Then," . . . said Socrates, . . . "inform us with what proceeding you will begin to benefit the State? . . . As, if you wished to aggrandize the family of a friend, you would endeavor to make it richer, tell me whether you will in like manner also endeavor to make the State richer?" "Assuredly," said he.—"Would it then be richer if its revenues were increased?"—"That is at least probable," said Glaucon. "Tell me then," proceeded Socrates, "from what the revenues of the State arise, and what is their amount; for you have doubtless considered, in order that if any of them fall short, you may make up the deficiency, and that if any of them fail, you may procure fresh supplies." "These matters, by Jupiter," replied Glaucon, "I have not considered." "Well then," said Socrates, . . . "tell me at least the annual expenditure of the State; for you undoubtedly mean to retrench whatever is superfluous in it." "Indeed," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet had time to turn my attention to that subject."

"Then," said Socrates, "we will put off making our State richer for the present; for how is it possible for him who is ignorant of its expenditure and its income to manage those matters? . . . Tell us the strength of the country by land and sea, and next that of our enemies." "But, by Jupiter," exclaimed Glaucon, "I should not be able to tell you on the moment, and at a word." "Well then, if you have it written down," said Socrates, "bring it; for I should be extremely glad to hear what it is." "But to say the truth," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet written it down." "We will therefore put off considering about war for the present," said Socrates. . . . "You propose a vast field for me," observed Glaucon, "if it will be necessary for me to attend to such subjects." "Nevertheless," proceeded Socrates, "a man cannot order his house properly, unless he ascertains all that it requires, and takes care to supply it with everything necessary; but since the city consists of more than ten thousand houses, and it is difficult to provide for so many at once, how is it that you have not tried to aid one first of all?—say that of your uncle, for it stands in need of help." . . . "But I would improve my uncle's house," said Glaucon, "if he would only be persuaded by me." "Then," resumed Socrates, "when you cannot persuade your uncle, do you expect to make all the Athenians, together with your uncle, yield to your arguments? . . . Do you not see how dangerous it is for a person to speak of, or undertake, what he does not understand? . . . If therefore you desire to gain esteem and reputation in your country, endeavor to succeed in gaining a knowledge of what you wish to do."

BEFORE THE TRIAL

From Xenophon's 'Memorabilia'

HERMOGENES son of Hipponicus . . . said that after Meletus had laid the accusation against him, he heard him speaking on any subject rather than that of his trial, and remarked to him that he ought to consider what defense he should make; but that he said at first, "Do I not appear to you to have passed my whole life meditating on that subject?" and then, when he asked him "How so?" he said "he had gone through life doing nothing but considering what was just and what unjust, doing the just and abstaining from the unjust; which he conceived to be the best meditation for his defense." Hermogenes said

again, "But do you not see, Socrates, that the judges at Athens have already put to death many innocent persons, on account of being offended at their language, and have allowed many that were guilty to escape?" "But, by Jupiter, Hermogenes," replied he, "when I was proceeding, awhile ago, to study my address to the judges, the dæmon testified disapprobation." "You say what is strange," rejoined Hermogenes. "And do you think it strange," inquired Socrates, "that it should seem better to the divinity that I should now close my life? Do you not know that down to the present time, I would not admit to any man that he has lived either better or with more pleasure than myself? for I consider that those live best who study best to become as good as possible; and that those live with most pleasure who feel the most assurance that they are daily growing better and better. This assurance I have felt, to the present day, to be the case with respect to myself; and associating with other men, and comparing myself with others, I have always retained this opinion respecting myself: and not only I, but my friends also, maintain a similar feeling with regard to me; not because they love me (for those who love others may be thus affected towards the objects of their love), but because they think that while they associated with me they became greatly advanced in virtue. If I shall live a longer period, perhaps I shall be destined to sustain the evils of old age, to find my sight and hearing weakened, to feel my intellect impaired, to become less apt to learn and more forgetful, and in fine, to grow inferior to others in all those qualities in which I was once superior to them. If I should be insensible to this deterioration, life would not be worth retaining; and if I should feel it, how could I live otherwise than with less profit, and with less comfort? If I am to die unjustly, my death will be a disgrace to those who unjustly kill me; for if injustice is a disgrace, must it not be a disgrace to do anything unjustly? But what disgrace will it be to me, that others could not decide or act justly with regard to me? Of the men who have lived before me, I see that the estimation left among posterity with regard to such as have done wrong, and such as have suffered wrong, is by no means similar; and I know that I also, if I now die, shall obtain from mankind far different consideration from that which they will pay to those who take my life: for I know they will always bear witness to me that I have never wronged any man, or rendered any man less virtuous, but that I have always endeavored to make those better who conversed with me."

SOLON

(638?–559? B. C.)

POETRY is older than prose. Familiar as this assertion is, it yet rings like a paradox, and is still often received with incredulity. Indeed, it needs exposition, if not qualification. Of course the rude beginnings of human speech — whatever their origin — were not rhythmical in any high artistic sense. But as soon as men invoked the aid of "Memory, mother of the Muses," when they wished to fix firmly, in the mind of the individual or of the clan, some basic principle of justice, some heroic exploit, some tragic incident,— then a regular recurrent movement of language, effectively accompanied by drum or foot beat, would almost instinctively be sought and found. Hence the early and all-but universal rise of the popular ballad, the "folk-song."

SOLON

That two great masses of hexameter verse, and naught else, crossed successfully the gulf into which the Homeric civilization fell, is not perhaps so strange. Similarly a Nibelungenlied, the Sagas, the Lays of the Troubadours, float to us, bringing almost the only distinct tidings from phases of life else utterly sunken and forgotten.

But when the grave practical problems of civic organization and foreign war were first effectively debated in the Athens of Solon, it does strike us with surprise, that even the great lawgiver habitually "recited a poem." The dominant influence of Homeric epic doubtless aided largely here also. There are few loftier or stronger orations left us, even by the ten orators of the canon, than the speeches in which Achilles justifies his withdrawal from the war, or Priam pleads for mercy toward Hector dead. Then too, even this ruder early Athenian folk can have been no ordinary race of tradesmen or farmers. Many generations of artistic growth must have preceded Æschylus and Phidias. Their language itself is sufficient evidence of a shaping and molding instinct pervading a whole people. Indeed, that language is already the plastic material waiting for the poet; just as the melodious Italian speech performs beforehand for the improvisator more than half his task.

Moreover, even the prose of Demosthenes and his rivals is itself no less truly rhythmical. It is subject to euphonic law which it easily obeys, and of which — like great poetry — it makes a glorious ornament instead of a fetter.

Solon's elegies, then, are poetical in form, largely because artistic prose was not yet invented, and because Solon wished his memorable words to be preserved in the memory of his Athenians. They are not creative and imaginative poetry at all. Full of sound ethical teaching, shot through by occasional graces of phrase and fancy, warming to enthusiasm on the themes of patriotism and piety, they still remain at best in that borderland where a rhymed satire by Dr. Johnson or a versified essay of Pope must also abide. Nearly everything they offer us could have been as well and effectively said outside the forms of verse. This is the just and final test of the poet's gold, but how much, even of what we prize, would bear that test without appreciable loss?

Among creators of constitutions, Solon deservedly holds a very high — perhaps the highest — place. His first public proposal, indeed, was one to which he could hope to rally the support of all classes: the reconquest of the lovely island of Salamis, lying close to the Attic shores, and destined to give its name to the proudest day in Athenian annals. With Spartan help it was actually wrested again from Megara.

This success hastened the selection of Solon as mediator between the bitterly hostile factions of a people on the verge of civil war. By the desperate remedy of a depreciated coinage the debtor class was relieved. Imprisonment or enslavement of innocent debtors was abolished. Solon's political reforms left the fulcrum of power, at least temporarily, among the wealthier and landed classes; and tended at any rate to educate the common people to wield wisely that civic supremacy which he may have foreseen to be inevitably theirs in subsequent generations.

The story of Solon's prolonged voluntary exile — in order to cut off any proposals for further change while his institutions endured the test of years — may be pure invention. Certainly his famous meeting with Crœsus of Lydia, at the height of that monarch's power, must be given up. Solon died before Crœsus can have become lord of Western Asia. On the other hand, his fearless disapproval of his young kinsman, the "tyrant" Pisistratus, is at least probable. His answer when asked what made him thus fearless: — "Old age!" — reminds us of Socrates. Solon's larger measures outlived the too aggressive protectorate of Pisistratus. and remained the permanent basis of the Athenian constitution. The tolerant, genial, self-forgetful, and fearless character of the man was a legacy hardly less precious to his countrymen; and they were nowise ungrateful to his memory.

Solon's poetry comes to us almost wholly in the elegiac couplet. This variation on the hexameter was the first invented form of *stanza*, and appears to have been hit upon in the seventh century B. C. It had for a time almost as many-sided currency as our own heroic couplet or rhymed pentameter; but was soon displaced in great degree by the iambic trimeter, which, like our "blank verse," was extremely close to the average movement of a colloquial prose sentence. This latter rhythm (which is also used by Solon) became the favorite form, in particular, for the dialogue of Attic drama. Hence, even in the fifth century, both hexameter proper and the elegiac had already come to be somewhat archaic and artificial. This is still truer of such verse in Latin; though Ovid wears the bonds of elegiac with consummate ease and grace. In modern speech it is all-but impossible. Longfellow composed, in his later years, clever renderings from several of Ovid's 'Tristia'; but the best isolated examples are Clough's preludes to the 'Amours de Voyage,' especially the verses on the undying charm of Rome:—

> "Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim transalpine,
> Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?
> Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
> Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?"

But he would be a bold adventurer who would attempt to make our Anglo-Saxon speech dance in this measure, while fast bound to the practical prosaic ideas of Solon's political harangues!

There is no satisfactory annotation or translation of Solon's fragments. They have been somewhat increased by citations in the recently discovered Aristotelian 'Constitution of Athens'; and would make a fruitful subject for a monograph, in which poetical taste, knowledge of history, and philological acumen, might all work in harmony.

[NOTE.—The essentially prosaic character of Solon's thought makes him doubly ineffective in translation. He seems to be hardly represented at all in English versions. Neither of the experiments here appended satisfies the translator himself. Solon's iambics are not quite so slow and prose-like as our "blank verse." On the other hand, the Omar-like quatrain into which Mr. Newcomer has fallen is both swifter and more ornate than the unapproachable elegiac couplet of the Greeks.]

DEFENSE OF HIS DICTATORSHIP

MY WITNESS in the court of Time shall be
The mighty mother of Olympian gods,
The dusky Earth,—grateful that I plucked up
The boundary stones that were so thickly set;

So she, enslaved before, is now made free.
To Athens, too, their god-built native town,
Many have I restored that had been sold,
Some justly, some unfairly; some again
Perforce through death in exile. They no more
Could speak our language, wanderers so long.
Others, who shameful slavery here at home
Endured, in terror at their lords' caprice,
I rendered free again.
This in my might
I did, uniting right and violence;
And what I had promised, so I brought to pass.
For base and noble equal laws I made,
Securing justice promptly for them both.—
Another one than I, thus whip in hand,
An avaricious evil-minded man,
Would not have checked the folk, nor left his post
Till he had stolen the rich cream away!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by W. C. Lawton.

SOLON SPEAKS HIS MIND TO THE ATHENIANS

NEVER shall this our city fall by fate
Of Zeus and the blest gods from her estate,
So noble a warder, Pallas Athena, stands
With hands uplifted at the city's gate.

But her own citizens do strip and slay,
Led by the folly of their hearts astray,
And the unjust temper of her demagogues,—
Whose pride will tumble to its fall some day.

For they know not to hold in check their greed,
Nor soberly on the spread feast to feed;
But still by lawless deeds enrich themselves,
And spare not for the gods' or people's need.

They take but a thief's count of thine and mine;
They care no whit for Justice's holy shrine,—
Who sits in silence, knowing what things are done,
Yet in the end brings punishment condign.

See this incurable sore the State consume!
Oh, rapid are her strides to slavery's doom,
Who stirs up civil strife and sleeping war
That cuts down many a young man in his bloom.

Such are the evils rife at home; while lo,
To foreign shores in droves the poor-folk go,
  Sold, and perforce bound with disfiguring chains,
And knowing all the shame that bondsmen know.

So from the assembly-place to each fireside
The evil spreads; and though the court-doors bide
  Its bold assault, over the wall it leaps
And finds them that in inmost chambers hide.—

Thus to the Athenians to speak, constrains
My soul: Ill fares the State where License reigns;
  But Law brings order and concordant peace,
And fastens on the unjust, speedy chains.

She tames, and checks, and chastens; blasts the bud
Of springing folly; cools the intemperate blood;
  Makes straight the crooked;—she draws after her
All right and wisdom like a tide at flood.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by
A. G. Newcomer

TWO FRAGMENTS

I GAVE the people freedom clear—
  But neither flattery nor fear;
  I told the rich and noble race
To crown their state with modest grace:
And placed a shield in either's hand,
Wherewith in safety both might stand.

THE people love their rulers best
When neither cringed to nor opprest.

From an article on 'Greek Elegy' in British Quarterly Review, Vol. xlviii., page 87

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